

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

*LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.*

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DECEMBER, 1868.

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## THE RECORD OF DORCAS BENTLY.

THERE was the farm and the shop. If Dorcas decided to carry on both, she might do as she pleased about it. For his part, he (Hosea) had decided on what should be done. He stood, a young man not yet thirty years of age, in his shop door—it was a blacksmith's shop in the shade of old apple trees, by the road-side—waiting till the stage should pass that would take him down to Charlotte—Charlotte, not a woman, but a steamboat landing. When it came in sight, the old red wagon, with its oil-cloth curtains flapping in the wind, he beckoned to the driver, who stopped. What had Hosea Bently to say? He said—

“Room there for a passenger?”

“I reckon,” was the answer. The stage was empty: the blacksmith took his seat, and the driver drove on.

The act was momentous, for Manchester, this man had decided, should not see his face again. He was going to blot out the last dozen years of his life, and begin again. He had come to the conclusion that a person of his years and abilities could do vastly better than plod on as he had been plodding in that slow old farming town. He was mortally tired of those level fields, and the sight of the old farm-houses and the

barns was enough to make a Rip Van Winkle of a man. He had been a long time thinking that if he could swing out into the world perfectly free of all incumbrances, he should get rid of this lethargy and make his mark. Dorcas would thrive as well without him, and he was as tired of her as he was of the fields. Children were always a nuisance: like millstones around a man's neck, they kept him down.

So Mr. Hosea had gone off in his best clothes and left the shop door wide open, while the song-sparrow sang and little Joe played around the heap of old iron. If a customer came by and by, Joe would run and tell his mother when he saw that his father was nowhere about, and sooner or later she would understand that he had gone off because he wished to go, and, like the sensible woman she was—for Dorcas had sense enough—she would adjust herself to circumstances.

It was the very best way, to go and leave her in doubt for a while: of this he felt satisfied as he reflected in the corner of the old stage during the pauses in the talk of the driver. (Dan afterward reported that he never saw Hosea in better spirits or in a more talking mood than on that morning as he went down

to Charlotte.) It was the best way, because in the uncertainty Dorcas would be sure to keep the farm and the shop going, and make money. She would take pride in that, he supposed, for more than once she had offended him by saying that she would make as much out of either as he could. Now let her try it! He almost laughed aloud to think what a capital opportunity for making the trial she was going to have.

Dorcas did try it. For one month she continued to look every moment for the return of Hosea and to be startled by every sound she heard. Her eyes acquired a habit of watching painful to see. They were always wandering toward door, window, gate and road. When the stage came rattling down the turnpike, her heart beat as if it would burst.

But only once she went out to ask the driver about her husband. That was the evening of the day on which Hosea departed. She was standing at the gate when he came down the road with his tin horn at his lips. He drew up in beautiful style when he saw her, for he reckoned there was something to be learned about Bently's going.

"Did you carry my man off with you, Dan?" said she.

"I did," he answered,

"That beats all! Whereabouts?"

"Well, it does beat all if you don't know," he said. "I asked him where he was going when I put him down to the steamboat landing, and he said he was going on a voyage of discovery. I asked him if he meant a-whaling, and he said, 'Maybe.'"

Dorcas grew red, then pale:

"Was that all he said, Dan Rogers?"

"Every darned word, Miss Bently."

Dorcas lingered a moment or two, and then turned away without another word. And on no subsequent occasion did she ask Dan any other question in regard to that drive. Whether Hosea would ever come back again remained to be seen. His wife did not believe that he would. He had an unsettled, dissatisfied disposition. He had married her because it was a difficult thing to do

and so long seemed impossible. It was peculiar to him to covet a thing until he possessed it; then it lost charm and value. She recalled now—in the light of her failure recalled with indignation—her vain efforts to soothe his unrest and lessen his dissatisfactions; and she thought of his conduct toward the children: he had never been a tender, loving father. Then she remembered the boast she had made that she could prove that the old farm was not worn-out, exhausted, if she once had it under her management; and she felt in honor bound to make good her words. But as she recalled all this, the courage of the woman seemed to forsake her, and it was a long time before she rallied so far as to be able to undertake the performance of any duties.

It was in the fall that Hosea Bently rode out of Manchester by the morning light, in the old stage, bound for Charlotte and the steamboat Ontario.

The winter passed slowly away. Neighbors were kind to the deserted family, showing their sympathy in friendly acts rather than in words. It was difficult to talk with Mrs. Bently on a subject about which she had so little to say, about which so little was to be said. There was nothing for her to conceal. The suspicion that she knew whither Hosea had gone and his reason for going was not sustained by any failure on her part to pay the few debts he was owing. When need arose for more ready money than she had, she rented the blacksmith's shop, and finally she sold it with all that it contained.

In the spring, when all things are created new, her impulse was to take her boy and girl and depart from the old place. She felt that her children must not grow up in the region where their father had dishonored them. If she should take them to some large town or city—like New York, for instance—they would be in no danger of ever hearing of this disgraceful tale. She would instruct them that their father was dead. Dead he was—to them. In time, Joe would connect his death immediately with the recollection he retained of his

departure in the stage-coach that morning. But this impulse Dorcas conquered. She conquered it as she did the care and fret which were transforming her young face into the face of age, and care and fret withdrew the tokens of their triumphs. The face regained its composure: it became calm as that of a marble image. The countenance that had been pleasing became impressive, and the form of the woman, as if inspired by a new spirit, commanding.

Seven years she stayed on the farm, and she justified her boast that she could make a fruitful and productive place of it. The seasons as they passed away saw the fields one after another increasing in value, the fences "looked up" all over the farm: every indication was given of watchfulness and thrift. No wonder the woman occasionally felt almost a pang of desire that Hosea should return and see what she had done. But that he should cross her threshold for her own sake ceased, almost with his departure, to be her wish. Yet had he come for her children's sake, she could have welcomed him and spared her reproaches. Clearly, the marriage had not been of Heaven's willing. And yet, in spite of her reluctance before the persistence of the suitor who finally conquered her will, she had begun to believe that it was. If Hosea had wooed Dorcas for any other reason than because she was the best match in the region, and was herself not favorably disposed toward him—with any tenderness, with any faithfulness of spirit—he could have proved it to have been verily a match of Heaven's making.

At the end of those seven years, Joseph being twelve years old, and Julia nearly eight, Mrs. Bently determined that the time had come for her to act upon the impulse which she had before repressed, and go where the best advantages might be secured for her children. But she could not bring herself to sell the farm; accordingly, she rented it to good advantage. In making this change in her place of residence her object was no secret. She spoke freely about it to her old friends and neighbors. The people

who rented the place could, at any time, give to any one who desired it information as to where she was to be found. Dorcas Bently went away from Manchester, feeling that she had nothing to conceal from her old companions. If Hosea should ever come, there should be no difficulty in his way to squaring their reckoning.

So she went to New York, hired two rooms in a decent quarter, and promised herself that she would toil for her children until the great object of her life should be accomplished, and Joseph's name be known as one of the ornaments of the legal profession. The boy shared his mother's ambition: he had her spirit—he was a noble fellow. Perhaps it was the knowledge that the law had taken cognizance of such wrongs as hers that induced her to dedicate her son to the profession. Thus she would pay her debt of gratitude.

A woman watchful of her children's growth, their varying wants and needs, is happily unconscious of the flight of time. In the great city how fast these young things grew, and in every direction! Dorcas had a busy time following them and answering to their needs.

When Joseph was about to enter college, she was tempted to sell the farm, and she made a journey to Manchester with this intent, but she went alone. On that unhallowed ground neither of these young lives should ever tread again. She stayed at the old place but a single day, and in that time had decided to relet the farm to its tenant. Railroads had shortened the distance between her old home and the great city since she started, full of apprehensions, with her children, for the world. It had taken her a week to perform that journey—a day and a night now restored her to her family.

She returned with a softened heart to her boy and girl, to tell them that somehow they would get on, but the old place must not be sold. Did she still think of a domestic life renewed there?—of Hosea returned? Was it possible that for him she would keep those doors opened?

The rent of the farm had by no means paid their way in town. Joseph and Julia worked with their own hands to help defray the expenses of their education, and these were constantly increasing. They must work more diligently then, their mother decided when she had resolved to keep the farm.

Mr. Troll, the engraver, who had rooms on the floor above them, had instructed Julia in etching, and secured for her many a profitable job. Joseph usually spent his evenings copying law-papers or in posting books for the firm with which Mr. Troll was associated. Dorcas herself was not idle, and she knew there was no end to the employment given to women in the ready-made clothing establishments, in one of which she had already proved her skill. So she might well go back to Cottage Place with her mind unclouded by a doubt of their ability to go through college triumphantly.

She had made no mistake in these calculations. In her twentieth year Julia was looking forward to the diploma which was to crown it. Joseph in the Law School anticipated the chancellor's commendation; and both were of course making friends, as well as plans for life.

Mrs. Bently was beginning to be somewhat concerned about Mr. Enos, who was in Mr. Mann's office, where Joe spent so much time; and indeed watchful all round. For Julia was not a girl who would escape or avoid observation. At present she was absorbed by school duties, and much taken up by school companions; but who could tell what an hour might bring forth?

Already the stout nerves of the mother had been shaken by the romantic attachment Julia had formed at Mrs. Burnham's school with a young girl of her own name, Miss Clara Bently, the daughter of rich parents, who had a country-seat somewhere up the river. "We have had enough of that name already," she thought, and she regretted that she had taken Julia from the Twelfth Street school merely that she might graduate from Mrs. Burnham's fashionable establishment. Joe was astonished

that she did it, and she would not have liked to own why the transfer was made. But the fact was, that Mrs. Dorcas was as ambitious for her daughter as she was for her son. Julia, too, had her way in the world to make, and polish of manner and grace of accomplishment any woman, not a mother even, could see would greatly help her in doing it.

When Julia would sometimes speak about this child Clara, so rich, beautiful, bewitching, her mother would look about her and think: "That girl seems to have had her own way pretty much. I wish she would insist upon coming into this house. I would give a great deal just to look at her."

This wish was answered in a remarkable manner—not at first literally, but thus: Julia one day informed her mother, "Clara's father is an iron merchant. He has iron mines, and supplies half the railroads in the country with iron: he must be very rich. And, mother, his name is Hosea."

Now, was it likely that there was more than *one* Hosea Bently in the world? Dorcas Bently thought not. And if she thought correctly, should she attempt to defeat Providence by taking her daughter from Mrs. Burnham's school while her hand was stretched out for the diploma? Dorcas thought her way through a jungle of hissing serpents, and swam through a sea of fire: at last she landed on a lonely rock, on whose bald pinnacle never a spear of grass grew, or even a shell was tossed from the dark deep, and there she sat and waited. From that height she could scan the horizon round: not a sail could spread, not a cloud could gather, but she, the watcher, would know.

Miss Clara Bently had been entrusted to Mrs. Burnham's care, when her parents went abroad, with many injunctions. Looking about her with intelligent eyes, the young lady, who had begun to find the isolation to which these injunctions condemned her intolerable, discovered that Julia Bently was the best scholar in the school, the brightest girl too, and exceedingly "well-behaved." She had



found her selected companions, Judge Shankland's daughters, dull and cold, the Mulfords coarse, the Peytons antagonistic. The allotted friendships she declined. Acquaintance with Julia Bently, who had almost nothing to do with any of the girls, she determined to seek, though there was a distance of several years between them. It had almost the charm of an adventure, for she had to go out of her way, not to say out of her sphere, in the seeking.

The girls had gone so far as to exchange many a secret thought and cherished hope, and to confess the conviction that some mysterious attraction drew them together, when Miss Clara obtained permission of Mrs. Burnham to go to Beech Grove, forty miles up the Hudson, in company with Miss Austin, the governess, on a Friday afternoon. Her parents had written that they would return by the next steamer, and she must see that the place was in perfect readiness for them. They had not requested it, but Mrs. Burnham perceived that the wish was a reasonable one, and the reasonable wishes were those she was to grant. Forthwith, then, Clara conceived the wish that Julia should be of the little party.

That was why Julia went home on Thursday looking as bright as if she had been illuminated. If her mother gave consent, then to-morrow about this time they would be riding to the depôt, or perhaps already on the train, whizzing up the river. On the stair she met Joe and shared her pleasant anticipation with him, and he thought so well of the plan that he expressed his hope that their mother would see nothing objectionable in it. But the mother saw so much more than she could express that was objectionable that Julia was obliged to go back to Clara the next morning and say, "No Beech Grove for me."

That was not the termination which was usually given to Miss Clara's plans, and she promptly said,

"I shall put off my trip until next week, then, and go see your mother about it. Mrs. Burnham will have to let me out this very afternoon."

"It will do no good," Julia answered. She had never invited Clara into the rooms they occupied, and did not intend to do so now. "Mother is not to be persuaded when she has made up her mind. And she will not like being teased. I shall not go any sooner for your teasing. I warn you, let that alone."

"She will not refuse to see me, I suppose," said Clara, a little proudly. "She—I beg your pardon, Julia, but I am going to be just as rude as possible—and you need not put on airs with me as if I were an infant: I am as old as you are, every day; and I shall go home with you, unless you run away and leave me lost in the streets. Oh, Jule, you don't know me yet!"

"I shall not run away from you, you may depend, Clara; and I hope Mrs. Burnham will give you permission." Julia answered with dignity: *she* was a little touched by Clara's last words, and it now occurred to her that if Mrs. Burnham *did* give consent, perhaps Joe would be about, and much she wanted Clara should see that splendid brother of hers. *He* was somebody to be proud of.

"You may just imagine, if you can, what my condition would have been by this time, shut up in this great prison, without you. I hate it, and everything about it. You have kept me alive. I want to tell your mother that. She don't half appreciate you, or she would have been glad enough to send you out of town for a breath of fresh air, when you know how much you need it." So Clara went on.

The bell rang—the young ladies took their places. When they next saw each other, Clara nodded gayly at Julia, in a way that made the owner of every desk intervening smile, and Julia knew that she had gained her point and would go home with her in the afternoon. It was positively not to be helped. The visit was decreed.

Clara went home with Julia, and found herself in the home of decent poverty which respected itself. Perceiving this, she quietly attempted to ignore the facts. She would have walked into

Mrs. Bently's arms had they but opened to receive her. It seemed a strange thing to her, who had all her life found doors opening to her even in the most unexpected places, that she made so little progress here. It was as if a door had been shut in her face, instead of opened, as she followed Julia up the stairs into the room occupied by her mother. The look of surprise with which Dorcas turned from her daughter to the youthful stranger was not lost on Clara, for whom it was perhaps intended, but she, undaunted, felt that she could make her way. At Beech Grove she never met with opposition, and the training had prepared her to advance through the world by any path she was pleased to take.

"I came to beg you not to teach me how to take 'no' for an answer, Mrs. Bently," she said, when a few words not easily chosen had passed between them. "Is it because we are strangers—our families, I mean—that you do not like to have Julia go with me? That fault can be remedied. We need not be strangers any longer, need we?"

She sat down beside Mrs. Bently. She was the most beautiful girl in the world, Julia had said: she had the most winning voice. Dorcas, looking at Clara, was not disposed to question it. She had her wish now. The girl was under her roof, and grave and stern were the questioning eyes she fixed upon her. What was there in the gaze to terrify? As Clara met it, she turned quickly toward Julia, for she felt in her secret heart frightened; but Julia had gone across the room, and was drawing the blinds together. With nervous trepidation she went on, waiting only an instant for the answer, which in that instant was not given.

"I brought some photographs with me," she said, "of mother and the place—Beech Grove, you know. I thought you would like to see just where I was going to take Julia; and this is my mother. And here is father, but it is not in the least like him. He is ever so much better-looking. And younger. I think him very handsome. But, you

see, he looks like quite an old man here."

Miss Clara in her haste drew Mrs. Bently's work-table toward her, and in that haste there was quite as much desire to cover the strange confusion she felt as determination to gain her cause. Whether Mrs. Bently cared to see the pictures or not, was not her question. She spread them out, and Julia, painfully excited by the reception Clara had met, hovered around smiling. And now all at once the atmosphere of the room seemed to change. Mrs. Bently betrayed a kindly interest and sympathy, of which the moment before she had seemed incapable. This was Beech Grove—was it?—the place about which her daughter had dreamed and talked so much? And these were Miss Clara's parents—were they?—her father and her mother?

Beech Grove had indeed abundant representation. There were views of the house taken from east, west, north and south. Lawn, garden, grove, rustic arbors, rustic fences, fountains, croquet-ground, statuary, every attraction the place presented had been reflected by the sun—each picture enlivened by family groups and favorite animals. Hosea was everywhere, the owner of all this beauty. Yes, there was but one Hosea in the world: the heart of Dorcas had instructed her aright. Mrs. Bently studied all these as if she would hereafter demand of Memory every point of each, while Clara chatted on. "And that is where you have always lived? You were born there?" said she as she gathered the photographs together, leaving none upon the table except those of Clara's father and mother.

"Yes, I was born there. How long ago, do you think? Nearly thirteen years. It was only rough country when father bought the place," Clara answered with sweet filial satisfaction. "Papa made Beech Grove, all except the site."

"And this is your mother?"

"Yes, and don't you love her?"

"She has a most lovable face." Then Dorcas studied, feature by feature,

line by line, the portrait of Hosea. Her study was interrupted, but how long it had continued Dorcas could never have told. It was interrupted by Clara saying, "Julia is like a sister, I am sure. You know I have none—none but her. She makes me studious and keeps me humble. Now you *will* let her go to my home with me? You see it is a pretty place."

"Some time—not yet. Do not urge it: it is simply impossible." That was the answer Miss Clara was to have after all her pains. It was spoken not unkindly, and yet the verdict was one that did not admit of argument.

"Your mother is very strange about it," she said to Julia, who escorted her to the avenue where she was to take the car which passed the street in which Mrs. Burnham's school was located.

"It can't be helped. I knew there was no use in teasing her," answered Julia. Clara, displeased for a moment, at that turned and kissed her friend.

"I'll not go myself, then!" said she. "I am not going all that way merely to show Miss Austin. So, you see, we will all be disappointed together." And then all was as before.

All as before! Yes, with the young girls in their ignorance.

But what was Dorcas to do?

She was not by nature vindictive, revengeful; but with these facts before her should she not, ought she not, to await the arrival of Hosea as a judge the judgment-day? That she had never really loved the man, that her heart did not now break in the certainty of knowledge, was nothing to the point. He had wronged her and her children. And here was this other wife and mother, and this other child! Wealth, station and luxury on one hand—privation and labor on the other. What must she do? Acquaint her children? Acquaint Mr. Troll? She thought she could see the blaze of light which would leap from that good man's eyes at such a tale.

Clara did not repeat her invitation. Her parents came home in the early spring: in due time the school closed. Julia received her diploma, and immedi-

ately set to work on the etchings for the set of "juveniles" about which good Mr. Troll had talked for a year past. The publication had been delayed solely that Julia might prepare the designs.

At Beech Grove the daughter of the house found quite other occupation for her time. The days flew: the house was always full of company. There was early horseback riding and late driving—croquet, dancing and billiards filled up the intervals.

"But you have told me hardly anything about Mrs. Burnham and the school," Clara's father said to her one evening after dinner. He was on the piazza, apparently very much absorbed in the evening newspaper, but he had noticed that for some time his daughter had been flitting around as if she would like to attract his attention; and this could never happen without his feeling it, so sensitive was he to her delicate presence. She drew a chair toward him and sat down. "I never told you the best thing of all, papa," she said. "There was the dearest girl at school, a day scholar, and her name was Bently. And what was so strange, her father's name was Hosea. He died before she was two years old."

"Ah!" said Mr. Bently; "what did you think of that?"

It was as if a blow he had been seeking to evade for years had suddenly been delivered and had hit him in the face. The light hand of his darling had dealt it! what other hand so heavily? He spoke quietly, with wonderful self-control; but perhaps it was well for him to be enveloped as he was in the newspaper at that moment: he would not have chosen to meet just then his daughter's eye.

"I thought it was delightful," she answered. "I wanted to share you with her."

"Me! myself?" he asked with a tone almost savage in his voice, "or something else? Money, for instance? Was it that?"

"Papa and money are not the same to me," said Clara in a low voice, full of emotion.

"My dear little girl, I am quite sure of that?"

"But it does seem such a shame that such a girl should be poor!"

"Eh! Poor is she?"

"Poor enough. They live in rooms, but neat as a bandbox. You wouldn't believe that people could be packed in that way so close, yet so nice and comfortable, papa. She must work for her living. She seems to like it well enough, though. She is going to be an artist: she has talent. Once, toward the end of the year, she got so run down that I invited her to come up here with me to see that the house was all ready for you and mamma. She could not come, and so I didn't."

This was actually a confession. It had been on Clara's mind for some time, and now she had made it. Her father knew that she had extended her school acquaintance beyond the prescribed limit—out of her sphere. But, she had acknowledged it: now she was happy again.

"Did she come here?" he asked.

"Her mother would not let her," answered his daughter.

"Sensible woman. I would not wish my daughter to accept an invitation given by an irresponsible young person, as—I beg your pardon!—you *were* at that time, Clara."

"Then, papa, I do wish you and mamma would invite her!"

"I have been thinking of doing a very different thing, pet. In the first place, it would really be no kindness to the young lady. All her associations are with a different class of persons, and she is accustomed to an entirely different life. If you had her here, take my word for it, you would not know what to do with her. As I was going to say, there is a fine opportunity for you to go abroad just presented, Clara: Judge Shankland is going with his family in the Scotia, and they will be very glad to have you join the party. You had better let alone school-books for a while."

"Thank you, dear papa, but oh if you knew those girls as I do! I really think

a year of that kind of enjoyment would kill me."

"Don't you know, my child, that you may carry your fastidiousness to an absurd and inhuman pitch?"

"Papa, I accepted just one invitation to Judge Shankland's house while I was in town. You tell me I should mortify my pride. It would not be any mortification of it at all to associate with such good, sensible people as Julia's family, but it would be to be seen abroad with the Shanklands."

"Is Julia a confectioner?"

"Julia is my Julia, the daughter of Dorcas and Hosea. And there is a famous brother, Joseph. I am so glad her name is Julia. She is the only friend I have of that name."

"Bring me a cigar, Clara, please."

While she went and came, Mr. Bently folded the newspaper, which he need not attempt to read any longer. Suppose this girl of his had talked as freely with those people, with Dorcas, as she had talked with him? He would like to ask about Dorcas—to know what time had done for her. What wave had borne her from that quiet nook in which he left her into the great sea of life? What had she attempted? What had she done?

This Julia was a girl his Clara could love! And she was poor, working for her living, yet had graduated from Mrs. Burnham's school—one of the very best schools for the education of young ladies in the city! What did *that* mean? That, he finally concluded, was Dorcas all over.

"Did you bring that young school-mate of yours up here with you?" he asked, as if he had missed the point of Clara's simple story.

"Why no, papa: her mother would not consent to it. I showed her the photographs of the place, and yours and mamma's, to convince her that I was not inviting Julia into savage Africa, but she would not consent; so Julia never came. She isn't so very young, papa."

Mr. Bently puffed his cigar a few minutes in silence.

"Don't fret about that," he said: "she will come some time, no doubt."

The house was gay with company, and there was now a call for music. Clara went in—she was “always so obliging”—and, finding the dancers in their places, sat down at the piano. With march, galop and waltz she helped the guests through the hours, herself thinking of her Julia.

But what music could charm out of Mr. Bently's path the spectre which had risen in it? It was not the spectre of Remorse, but Fear. Yet he had been conscious of pain when he heard his daughter commiserating the poverty of the dear girl for making whose acquaintance she had actually seemed to apologize to him. Would it be possible, through his daughter Clara, to alleviate that poverty?

He was reflecting on this question when his wife came and sat in Clara's place.

“How happy I shall be when this shocking business of yours will leave you alone, through the summer-time at least!” said she. “I see you as little as if you were the husband of some other woman, Hosea. You no sooner come than you are gone again. *Must* you go to-morrow?”

To hear such words from such lips was almost enough to make Mr. Bently forget the words which had preceded them.

“These journeys will soon cease to be so important,” he answered. “It is actually necessary just now that I should look sharply after all the irons I have in the fire. Besides, you shouldn't call anything shocking that is turning out so splendidly.”

Then he talked knowingly of shares and of stock, and filled her ears with difficult problems, to whose ready solution she listened with such pleased attention that he was satisfied. To whatever he could have chosen to tell her she would have listened with equal attention. And it was always so. Since the day when he, her father's clerk, surprised him by his daring and his success in speculations, and turned his steady, thoughtful gaze upon her, she had been under some enchantment concerning him.

He was her hero—anything was possible with him.

Hosea commanded his wife's admiration mainly by the reticence which excited so much her imagination. All that he revealed of himself was so fair, what might not be dreamed of the possibilities in the undiscovered depths of his nature? She did not understand, she had never understood him; and she loved him now as she had loved him in the enthusiasm of youth. The frequent and sometimes long absences which his business required were filled up with memories of his wishes and plans, his words and his acts. She attributed so much to him that he neither assumed, nor knew how to assume, that it would have been difficult for others, had they been so disposed, to regard him with less than perfect respect. Any man beloved as he was by his wife must, of course, be worthy of the love.

When they left the piazza together for the drawing-room, it would have been difficult to tell which of the two, man or wife, felt the greater pride in the other.

Hosea Bently had the esteem of the best business-men in the country—the verdicts of his judgment had an unequaled value in the market. His wife reflected that this power had been gained by his ability: he had made his own way, and her praise was his best reward. To have won her love, to be the honored parent of a girl like Clara, had been his great, his inexpressible satisfaction—the crown, the seal of success. Other rewards which he won in the world he prized, but these were the most beautiful, the most precious. They had glorified his life until this evil hour. Suppose—suppose it were possible that in the eyes of these women, Clara the wife and Clara the child, he should be dishonored? And what right had he to expect anything except dishonor? The long hours of night did not instruct him.

He was to leave Beech Grove at an early hour, and, always an early riser, he had gone over the grounds before breakfast, and was walking in the garden when he saw Clara there with two or three of her guests. He called her to him.



"I am going away in an early train," he said. "What shall I do for your little friend Julia, as you call her, before I go? Isn't there something you would like to have done for her?"

His child, his dear, sweet daughter, looked up in his face more delighted even than she was surprised.

"Oh, papa, so many things!" she said.

"We must begin moderately, though," he answered. "But if you cannot at once think of anything you would like to buy, here is a little sum. Put it in your purse, and use your own judgment how you shall spend it. When I come back I shall inquire into your stewardship. Of course you will not want to talk about it. Somehow or other, it would be certain to come to her ears if you did."

"Oh thank you, papa!"

"Very well. I am never so happy as when I give you a pleasure. The happiest day of my whole life was the day when I saw your mother, for all this has followed. Remember that, Clara. Now go to your company. If you think Julia would not like a costly present, why make a study of the case, and bring all the powers of your mind to bear upon it, for it is a curious business, this of making presents."

The "little sum" which Mr. Bently had given his daughter that she might bestow on Julia some evidence of her love was a five-hundred-dollar banknote. He would very gladly have made it five thousand, had he not feared to provoke surprise, which might provoke suspicion.

Joseph Bently returned home earlier than usual one afternoon.

"The Park is looking splendidly, by all accounts," said he. "I came to see if we should all go up. There will be music to-day."

"By all means," answered his mother, so promptly as to surprise him.

Julia would have declined the invitation but for this. Her mother's consent to share in the excursion was a fact in itself so remarkable as to compel consideration. Mrs. Bently had said "By all means," for two reasons. Firstly, for her children's sake, and, secondly,

for her own. Julia, it was to be observed, had lost much of her cheerfulness since school closed and Clara went away. Joseph was working so hard that he actually needed the recreation. She herself—she, Dorcas—had, since Clara Bently's visit, felt drawn by irresistible curiosity toward that great, gay world so remote from that in which she had her being—the world of pomp and fashion, the world of wealth and power, to which Hosea Bently's family belonged.

"You might go to the Park every afternoon, and still have time for all the work good for you to do," said Joseph, addressing his sister. "You see every variety of people, and would be sure to meet a friend now and then. You know we never went up there that we did not."

Julia felt slightly disgusted that Joe should talk in this way, and perceiving that her mother was talking with Mr. Troll, who, to their surprise, had invited himself into their party when they left the house, she answered, as if to punish him for his pretence,

"Yes; how many times have we been there, Joe, if you please?"

Joe felt that he was like a fox caught in a trap, but he answered good-humoredly,

"Do you remember, Julia?"

"Exactly twice. Once we met Mr. Mann, and the other time, Miss Fyfe."

"You are difficult to please, my little sister."

"To sit on benches and listen to the music, able to do it because it costs nothing, may be delightful to you, but it is no enjoyment to me. As to meeting acquaintances, there is no chance for it, for I have none."

"My sister!" exclaimed Joe, in a very different tone from that in which he had just now claimed the relationship. He had, in fact, never been more surprised than to hear such words from Julia's lips. This came of associating with persons whose worldly fortunes made them conspicuous—like Miss Clara Bently, for instance. It was a great mistake—Joe had thought so at the time it was done—to take Julia from the Twelfth Street school and send her to

Mrs. Burnham's for a diploma. No wonder his wise mother had nipped that friendship in the bud.

It would have been difficult for Julia to maintain this mood long. Had she been ever so much inclined, she would have felt ashamed to do it with Joe and her mother for witness. To present so shabby a figure before this grand brother of hers, this Nature's nobleman whom no difficulty could daunt and no degree of poverty abase, she could not.

"I will sit here a while and listen to the music while you and mother stroll about. I don't want to walk," she said, after they had proceeded some distance past the Armory. "I had much rather be alone. I don't want to talk." Looking up, she saw Mr. Troll gazing at her, half surprised and half amused. She appealed to him: "Need I?"

"If you will let me sit on the opposite bench, I will show you how good a mute I can be," said he, choosing these words for the reason that he would have preferred greatly to offer Mrs. Bently his arm and stroll along the walks with her, anything but deaf and dumb. For Mr. Troll's imagination had been instructing him, and he had learned the story so that it would have passed all your power to convince him to the contrary—instructing him that Mrs. Bently, as a woman, had not her equal in this world.

"You can sit here beside me, if you please," said Julia, making room for him on the bench, as blind as a bat—that is, as blind as Joseph, or as Dorcas even—to the true state of things. The old bachelor had kept his secret as only an old bachelor can.

Joseph and his mother therefore walked down the path, and were soon lost to sight. They went to take note of the stream of gayly-dressed people, the stream of carriages, the horsemen and the horsewomen, the grass, the sheep, the swans, the rocks and flowers and vines, and to see, indeed, that this was quite another world from that of which the rooms in Cottage Place were the centre.

When she found herself so nearly

alone as to have only Mr. Troll beside her, and he a determined deaf-mute, Julia brushed a tear from her eyes, she was so offended at herself to think of the things she had been saying.

After a silence of a few moments she said to her companion:

"If you look down the path to the right, you will see somebody I wish I could avoid seeing to-day; but I know he is coming to speak with me."

"Salmon kids?" asked Mr. Troll. "Shall I keep him off? What of him?"

"Nothing—I don't know him quite. No—I think you had better just keep on deaf and dumb."

Directly in front of the bench on which Mr. Troll and Miss Bently sat, Mr. Enos paused and flourished his switch in the air while he said the simple things which came easily enough to his lips, and which sounded foolish enough as he spoke them, because he was conscious that always in the observation of Joseph's sister he occupied a false, a wrong position.

It was a bright day. Yes, she had come to hear the music. It was delightful. Delightful enough to keep them there for some time together, as long as the musicians stayed, probably. And then there were the promenaders to look at, and the equestrians, and the endless procession of carriages. They agreed that a finer sight could not be seen than the Park afforded on Saturday while Dodworth's band was playing. Mr. Troll wished himself invisible, as well as deaf and dumb; especially when Julia asked, "Are you alone, Mr. Enos?" for he, as well as Mr. Enos, took that question as an invitation to join her party.

"I wandered away from my friends," Mr. Enos answered, looking very well pleased, "and I lost them without knowing it—a very easy thing to do. I am not distressed about it."

"Will you sit here a while?" asked Miss Julia in the same tone. She knew what she was doing perfectly well. Joseph might have frowned had he stood there, and even might have rendered it impossible for her to speak in this way,

but he was not there. And Mr. Enos, bad as he might be, was better than nobody.

Joseph and this Mr. Enos, who looked like the wreck of himself, were both in Mr. Mann's office; and her brother had told her what a waste of time and talent that young man was making. Though he had been so long in the office, he could not now pass an examination to save his life. He had said, besides, that he should not be surprised any day to hear that Enos had gone off, and that if he did, it might as well be to Botany Bay as to any other place, for he would be sure to disgrace himself and turn up, finally, a wreck. As Julia looked at Mr. Enos, she hoped in the earnestness of her pity that Mr. Troll would search deep enough into the dissipated, worn and most melancholy face before them to feel a little moved by it. If he would only see that she regarded him as a friend, and on that account take an interest in Mr. Enos, she for her part would feel everlastingly grateful. Wouldn't he please to forget that he was deaf and dumb?

"This is as good country as we can expect to get in the city," said Mr. Enos, looking across the green at the sheep browsing on the green slopes, and from these to the swans sailing on the pond below.

Mr. Troll seemed to have understood the longing desire of Miss Julia: it was a call to which he could not well be insensible.

"But," he said with enthusiasm, "no more like the country than a fine picture is like the scene it is supposed to stand for. Everything has its peculiar atmosphere, you know, and country is country. You take these city fellows after their gymnastics have done all they can for them, and put them at work by the side of men brought up on farms, if you want to see the difference."

"You're right about it," said Mr. Enos, twirling his cane.

"Excuse me, one moment," said Julia. She had recognized a friend. But, just as she sprang forward, a party of equestrians dashed around the bend, and the

next moment Mr. Troll and Mr. Enos ran forward; and it was Mr. Enos, he being the younger of the two, and therefore perhaps the more swift in his movements, who drew the girl from beneath the feet of the foremost rider.

It was a theme of excited comment all over the Park that afternoon, that a riding party, missing the way, had galloped round a curve into a path reserved for promenaders, and that the hoof of the foremost animal had struck down a young lady who was crossing to speak to a friend.

There was a rustic arbor near the pond on which the white swans were sailing. To this sheltered place Julia was carried by Troll and Enos: then the latter ran for a carriage. On his way he met Mrs. Bently and Joseph.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, throwing up his arms, and then he came to a dead stand.

"What is it?" exclaimed Joseph, seizing his hands as if to steady Enos, alarmed at his ghastly face and unsteady step. What was Mr. Enos thinking of? He was thinking, What if that prancing horse had sent *her* out of the world, and left him sound and whole as he was then (though, alas! worse than wild beasts had torn him!) to tell this brother of her fate? She had looked so kindly upon him, had spoken so kindly! How harsh was every other voice, how cold every other eye, in comparison with hers! He made himself at last intelligible to Mrs. Bently and Joseph, and, while they hastened toward the arbor, he ran on to the gates.

To Miss Julia's great surprise, Mr. Enos came to see her when she was recovering from the accident. Before that, she had asked Joe about him, and had learned that he was now constantly in the office, and much more steady than he had been.

"Why don't you invite him to come home with you some time?" she ventured one day.

"Because I don't want him here. I am obliged to put up with a good many things not agreeable in the office. When I come home, I want to feel that I *am*

at home. You don't know what a home is to a man."

"Don't bring him, then," said Julia. "I only thought it might be an act of mercy."

It was not long after this that Mr. Enos called. He had hesitated about it a good while. Joe did not ask him, but considering how the accident had shocked him, and how great his interest was in Miss Julia, who was kept a prisoner in the house so many days, he finally decided that he would venture.

It had been an exciting day for Miss Julia. She had received a letter from Clara, which contained rather remarkable contents; and while she was hesitating whether to share them with her mother, who, she feared, would be so surprised and so displeased, Mr. Enos came.

The letter, which was delivered to Julia by an express carrier, read as follows:

"MY OWN DEAREST, DEAR JULIA:

"I am off to-day for the Mountains, to be gone a month. Our party consists of nineteen, and if you could only make the twentieth, I should be perfectly happy. You would have declined going, though, I know, even if we had not decided on the trip at too late an hour to communicate with you. I have made my will, and you are my heir; but meantime, because I want to send you something, and don't know exactly what you like best, I enclose a little banknote, with which, dear sister Jule, you are to do what you please. I *wish* you would take yourself and your family out of town on some beautiful excursion. If I knew where we should stop on our trip for a day or a night, I would ask you to address a letter to me; but our plans are at loose ends. So, dear, I'll only beg you to love me; not *because* I love you so much—that would look as if I were asking a reward for doing what I cannot help.

"Always your loving

"CLARA."

Before the letter was received, Mr. Troll had come and so arranged a table for Julia that she could manage to work a little. That act of consideration had

moved her to tears, for she was a little bit weak, and very tired of herself and very lonely; but when the letter came, it was read amid floods of weeping, and it was useless to attempt to hide the traces of a storm so recent from Mr. Enos. She hastened to show him what Mr. Troll had done for her, to divert his attention from herself; and he, not a little agitated by seeing the state she was in, rushed out into fervid speech:

"The Lord knows I wish I had a fellow like Troll at my elbow for a good angel!" he exclaimed, his eyes glistening and fixed on Miss Julia's face.

"Oh," she answered, calmed considerably by the vehemence of his exclamation, "you are a man! You don't need to be helped along in that kind of way. Somehow it isn't expected of us, as it is of you, that we should march up to our duties without ever looking back. If we fail, it's only we. But if you fail, why it's *you*."

"Don't you know that the time for talking that way has passed? Women, now-a-days, are having things pretty much as they please."

"That is all nonsense. They are getting employment because their services are wanted. When you get into a large practice, I suppose you will employ women-clerks as well as men-clerks, if there happens to be a need."

Julia's remarks, implying that she supposed that of course he, being a student of law, would some time be a practitioner in the high courts of the land, made Mr. Enos blush. It was the expectation of all these simple-hearted, industrious folks that of course, being a college-bred youth and the son of a rich man, who had known all sorts of advantages, he would go on from one position to another, that humbled him. He felt a desire that she should know from himself the bitter worst of all this—that he had fooled his time away, and that his father in the end would probably bid him go about his business.

"I have made a poor use of my time, Miss Bently," said he. "If I could get a job as a wood-cutter or a coal-heaver, I believe I'd take it. I was going to

leave the city that afternoon when I saw you in the Park and the accident happened. But afterward it seemed to me as if I had been taken up there against my will, just so as to show me that I had one more chance."

"Joseph is going to apply for admission to the bar next month. The court will be in session," she said.

"So soon? I had forgotten. Miss Bently, I was in the office before your brother went there."

"Why do you not apply for admission at the same time, Mr. Enos? Do!"

He reflected, "I could not pass;" but he could not bring his lips to own that truth. She, however, probed him:

"Wouldn't three months bring you on?"

"No, nor six."

"Would a year, Mr. Enos?"

"It might be. Yes, a year might, I think; but habits of study lost—"

"Then for a year, Mr. Enos, don't disappoint everybody," broke in Julia.

He was silent for more than a moment, then said:

"Miss Bently, it is easy to say that I will not. But what you have thought I could do, I will do."

"I shall go to work myself with a lighter spirit for your saying that," said Julia. "Your friends have a right to expect quite as much of you as I do of Joe; and I expect everything of Joe."

Not so much a bold as a brave speech. Mr. Enos heard it as the one thing he had needed to hear. But habit is so mighty! Would a girl's words avail, as once a few smooth stones availed, for the slaying of a giant?

When she was again alone, Julia thought: "Clara will not be at home in a month. If I should send that note back to her, it would take away all her summer pleasure. I can't use it, though. We will take no journey: it would be idle to propose it. Mother would be offended should she know what Clara has done. 'We are not so poor as all that,' she would say. It is an honest pride that has made her so strong and kept us together. It was a great thing, her

bringing Joe and me to New York just for an education."

And she pondered on, until at last she enclosed the banknote, "From a friend—a loan," and addressed it to Mr. Enos. He certainly would never suspect whence it came.

It was a foolish thing to do, perhaps, but Joseph, she remembered, had dropped a remark once, intended for his mother and herself, that Frank Enos was up to his eyes in debt. Perhaps if he had now, just now, a little help of this kind, it would prove the greatest of all aids to his retrieval.

Those five hundred dollars did prove a godsend to Mr. Enos. They awakened solemn reflections, they made him repeat on his knees the promise he had made himself when he had talked with Miss Julia. He returned to his desk in Mr. Mann's office, and worked for the interest of the firm as he had never in his life worked in his own behalf. Joe said that when he went into court, as happened now quite frequently, to make a motion or transact business of minor importance, Enos made an appearance much more than merely respectable.

One day, Mrs. Bently, who had long been considering a step, took it. She said to Mr. Enos:

"I shall put a lawsuit into your hands, some time, that will make your fortune."

Then he perceived, what he had indeed perceived before, but now more clearly, that Mrs. Bently was a resolute woman, capable of forming purposes and of adhering to them.

"I choose you in preference to my son," she said. "You will manage it better." It was evident from her reply to the question he asked that she did not intend to communicate the business then, and he dropped the subject until she should herself allude to it again.

The month of Clara's anticipated absence from home had passed, and Julia had despatched a letter to Beech Grove, in which she told her that she had used the money sent her as a loan to a friend who stood in what looked like vital need of help of that kind.

The same day she received a letter



from Clara in mourning. It was little more than a line long: her father was dead. He had died away from home. His dead body had been brought back for burial. His mourners were inconsolable. These weighty matters were told in the brief despatch.

Good Mr. Troll had been endeavoring to induce Mrs. Bently to believe that the wounds inflicted by death were not incapable of healing. Could he have seen her when Julia opened anew, as it were, her mother's wound of widowhood, he would have felt less confident of his ability to finally convince her.

"She has borne that sorrow seventeen years, my own dear mother," thought Julia. "We have always thought her so strong, but she has only kept her tears to herself, and given us all her smiles." The instant sympathy her mother had given these mourners suggested these thoughts.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Enos called. He came to invite Miss Julia to drive in the Park with him, but he saw Julia's mother instead, and received from her this unexpected and extraordinary answer:

"I will go with you, if you please. Julia is occupied. I wish some conversation with you without disturbance. If you are a safe driver, we can have it, but if you are not, you will endanger your lawsuit, remember, if you endanger my life."

Mr. Enos was only too happy to be allowed to drive Mrs. Bently in whatever direction she would be pleased to go. He expressed no surprise, only pleasure. Miss Julia's words that day when she enjoined upon him that he must not disappoint his father and his friends, and that providential "loan," doubtless sent by one of his father's partners at the old gentleman's suggestion, were together working a change in him in which good angels must have taken a wondering interest. He was only too happy, therefore, to be allowed to drive Mrs. Bently in whichever direction she was pleased to go.

His client lost no time in introducing the subject she wished to discuss with

him. "Mr. Enos," she said, "I am going to speak to you as if you were my own son, yet in a way that I cannot speak to Joseph. Mr. Troll is out of the question, and I have no other friend. I have just heard, to-day, of the death of my husband and my children's father."

The only surprise Mr. Enos exhibited at this intelligence was manifested in the tightened rein he drew.

"Indeed!" he said.

"I shall tell you the story straight through. Recollect you are my lawyer: note the points. The case is mine, I know: I have read enough law to know that. Any court will decide for me in five minutes. I wish my children's inheritance to be secured to them—if possible—without the knowledge of the events which I am going to relate to you."

Then she told him, briefly, the story he needed to learn. She told it with such straightforward clearness that when she finished he had only to ask,

"Why did you not assert your rights long before this, madam?"

"Because I chose to spare. A day may be as a thousand years: I have lived through such a day. Now the night cometh."

Mr. Enos gave the horse he was driving a prodigious cut, and for five minutes drove very fast, without speaking. One of the thoughts that passed through his brain in that silence was this: "If Joe ever hears this story, he will see there have been worse scamps abroad than Enos."

"It is an infernal complication," said he at length.

"I think, on the contrary, it is a perfectly clear case."

"Clear enough—Lord, yes!—if you can bring the necessary evidence."

Then Mrs. Bently perceived that by complication the lawyer-to-be meant that it was a dreadful pity, all this.

"I can bring the town of Manchester on to the stand as my witness," said she. "You must take the necessary steps at once. And say nothing to my son or my daughter. They would suffer to think of the people at Beech Grove."

But others have suffered. Justice is all I ask, and I have waited for it." There was something in the tone of her voice that made Mr. Enos think of the click of a pistol just then. It was evident that the business must be pushed through.

"The law is in favor of our client, unquestionably," said Mr. Wise, the counsel before whom Mr. Enos laid this case on his return from Manchester, with all manner of evidence in support of Mrs. Bently's claim. A busy life he had spent among photographers and persons who were familiar with the steps of Bently's progress from the day that he arrived in New York a penniless adventurer.

Then Mr. Enos bestirred himself to communicate with the firm entrusted with the affairs of the late Hosea Bently. He communicated the facts of his case: he had testimony ready for every point that was raised. At last the senior member, gray-haired Mr. Cross, shoving his spectacles to the top of his head, said in a voice which he controlled with difficulty, "What is to be done?"

"I suppose it is clear that Mr. Bently could have had but one lawful wife and set of children under the circumstances," said Mr. Enos, with, it is probable, a little of a young man's satisfaction in the certainty of a verdict.

True: Mr. Cross pondered on that. Then there was much talk about division, settlement, compromise, the probability of it, the possibility of it. And there was much going to and fro. It was suggested that Joseph and Julia should be instructed in the case, and their pleasure learned. Uncertain what their pleasure might be, possessed of but this thought, that she had their rights to look after as their father's children, their mother decided that they should know nothing of all this until they were the declared heirs of Hosea Bently. So Mr. Enos maintained the ground on which he had stationed himself at the beginning: the lawful widow of Hosea Bently claimed for his lawful heirs their patrimony.

In consequence, Mr. Cross, the lifelong friend of the second Mrs. Bently's

father, went up to Beech Grove with the knowledge that longer delay would serve no good purpose—was neither possible nor desirable. Cursing the fate which he had but recently considered cause for self-gratulation, he went. The worst thing that had happened to him in his professional career was this—he was a party in the settlement of the Bently estate.

As he walked along the broad path which wound among fine ornamental trees, and approached the house, pausing again and again to look back on the river and the Highlands, he felt the burden and the sorrow of mortality as he had never before in his long life felt them. Down this road the long train of funeral carriages had passed so recently, bearing to the grave in honor the man whose memory perhaps to-morrow all men would execrate.

The afflicted widow must of course receive this venerable gentleman who came to talk with her about business. Whoever else failed to find admittance, the doors were open to him. It was not his first visit, and Mrs. Bently of Beech Grove received him with composure. That he should submit to the torture of lingering over the business before them was impossible. Such tidings as he had to convey, Mr. Cross knew, could but, after the utmost caution, at last be received as if lightning had fallen from heaven. He had known Mrs. Bently from her girlhood, and he called her by her own name, the name her daughter bore, when he addressed her.

"Clara," he said, "I believe—I am afraid—I should have declined to act as your lawyer when you were so partial as to select your father's old friend, if I had suspected how painful a duty I should be called upon to perform. And yet you will believe, my dear, that nobody could wish to serve you more faithfully, or strive more seriously to protect your interests or save you pain."

"You do not know the comfort I have felt, Mr. Cross, in knowing that our affairs were in your hands. It would be terrible to be obliged to think of business just now," answered the widow.

Mr. Cross was silent. He saw that, so far from suspecting his meaning, she had not even heard the note of warning in his words. She had supposed that he was merely apologizing for intruding on her solitude. As he looked at her, so fair and gracious, and still so young, and reflected, "Bently was a coward, but he loved this woman, and he had the unmerited honor of knowing that she loved him," tears trickled down his cheeks. Mrs. Bently saw the tears, and a sudden suspicion startled her. It could not be that in looking over her husband's papers anything had been discovered that could tell against his integrity? It might be that things were not turning out as well as had been expected: the suddenness with which he had been called away, his day's work unfinished, made it evident that his affairs would not be shaped as he could have wished and contemplated. She found that she must speak, Mr. Cross seemed to be so much overcome.

"If you have found affairs very much involved—he was so unexpectedly taken away—do you think so poorly of me as to fear to let me know?" she asked.

The old man rallied his powers.

"No, Clara!" he exclaimed. "If the man who allowed you to— You said just now, my dear, I must not think so poorly of you as to keep back the truth. I will not keep it back. As you say, Hosea Bently did die suddenly, but no length of time that could have been given him would have enabled him to put his affairs in the right shape. I am not speaking of money-matters. His fortune stands well enough, but it is as dust in the balance weighed against himself."

Mrs. Bently arose, her eyes, which had been dulled by weeping, flashing fire:

"Are you speaking of my husband, Mr. Cross?"

"No, Clara—not of your husband." (It was a firm, swift hand that must inflict this wound.) "I am speaking of the husband of a woman who has waited till he was in his grave before she claimed the property of her children."

"This cannot be true." Mrs. Bently sat down again. It seems hardly to the purpose to say she was "calm as death."

Vol. II.—37

But what is calmer than death? The paleness of death was on her countenance: it was a poor covert she sought in such a whirlwind—the covert of unbelief.

"Think of my being here to say such words to you?"

"True. Mr. Cross, where is that woman?"

"In New York—ready to push her claim."

"She can substantiate it?"

"The evidence is fatally complete."

"She will come to Beech Grove, then?"

Was it possible that her first thought was one of alarm? Did she fear lest she should be disturbed here by the image of this claimant?

"I do not think she will," he answered, hesitating. Did she reckon that the roof which now sheltered her would continue to shelter? Alas! it would not.

"I could hardly expect it: then I must go to her."

He had hardly time to comment on that decision in this swift way—"There spoke her father. If she goes, it will be the best thing for her cause: there isn't a woman on earth but would pity her"—when Mrs. Bently, reaching forward to touch the bell upon the table, fell beside it insensible. Mr. Cross laid her upon the sofa, and it seemed rather by some sense of the strong necessity upon her, than by any effort of his, that she recovered consciousness.

"I must see her," were her first words. "My child!" Her voice touched a higher key, for she saw Clara passing through the hall. Mr. Cross turned swiftly toward the door. A step forward, and his arms folded around Clara's daughter, and he kissed her.

"My dear girl," he said, "it is a great thing to be loved as everybody loves you. Will you come in to your mother? There are some things which it is necessary to talk over together."

The gentleness of his voice, the tenderness of his manner impressed her, though she found gentleness and tenderness everywhere. After that rude storm

which had torn away her pride, her joy, her father, how balmy soft the air! Still, it was under the impression that some other and new pain or anguish might be in store for her, and that he had recalled the fact that loving hearts were as a wall around her to assure her in the fresh assault of disaster, that she allowed him to lead her into the library, where her mother awaited her.

"Mamma, what is it?" she exclaimed the instant her glance fell upon her mother, who it was evident had passed through some terrible ordeal which was yet reserved for herself.

"Be brave, my child: you have your mother still. Come here; sit down."

Awestruck and terrified, Clara obeyed.

Then Mrs. Bently looked at Mr. Cross. Was there no mistake? Need this havoc be wrought? She saw in him nothing to assure hope—only distress and anguish. And so she went on:

"I would spare you every pain a mother would spare her child, but the worst pain of all we must endure together. We must die to the past—we who have been looking to it as the beautiful sepulchre of our dearest joy."

Clara turned bewildered from her mother: Mr. Cross sat down beside her and drew her into his arms, that she might feel the shelter and protection of them.

"It is true," he said—"true, Clara. You have your mother's spirit. Die, my child—die to everything in the past except to the recollection that you have loved, with a faithful, dutiful love, the living and the dead."

"Everything! I can die, mother, to everything except to his memory."

"First of all to that, my child."

"Never to that—never." It was, then, to him they had referred in this strange speech—to her father! The vehemence of her words produced an effect.

"Mr. Cross, you must have brought the evidence with you. It is incredible. It is a monstrous charge. We ought not to credit it. My daughter, we will not believe what we have not seen proven."

Mr. Cross had been waiting for this

questioning. It was almost with a sense of relief that he produced the incontrovertible evidence which supported this charge.

"Read it," said Mrs. Bently, who it almost seemed had been inspired by a new hope since her child stood there ready to challenge the world to prove her father's dishonor.

And so he read.

Mother and child listened without a word or a cry to the reading.

"It is Julia's mother," said Clara at last.

"We must go to them," said her mother. "We will go to-day—now. You will go with us, our friend?"

"Perhaps," thought Mr. Cross, left to himself while the preparations for their departure were being made—"perhaps it will be as well for Clara to spend the rest of her days in the partial oblivion of insanity. If she were not the daughter of a man who had nerve equal to anything that could happen to a mortal, I wouldn't answer for her reason one hour. But as long as she endures there will be no finching in her child. I would to Heaven I had Bently here to see these splendid women whom he dared—faugh! Lord! is it possible the fellow killed himself?—he must have seen something was ahead that would ruin him."

How quietly affairs were moving at 135 Cottage Place! While these three approached on the swift wings of destiny, the household pursued the even tenor of its way. Julia was etching; Joseph had come home and was busy over a bundle of papers; Mrs. Bently was quietly sewing and thinking—who can guess what thoughts?—when the three appeared.

The door was open, and when they stood on the landing opposite, the occupants of the room, if they chanced to lift their eyes, could not avoid taking in the group at a glance. They did lift their eyes, and did take in the group at a glance.

"Clara! my dear, dear Clara!" exclaimed Julia, running forward: the first words that passed between them, whatever speech might follow—the first

words, all must bear witness—were words of love.

"This is a very unexpected honor," said Dorcas, apprehending in an instant the occasion of the visit, and, strong though she had been in the prosecution of this business, she felt for a moment that she was not sufficient for that now before her.

"I intended it as a mark of respect," said Clara's mother, throwing back her veil. She had hesitated for a moment, thinking, hoping that Mr. Cross would speak for her, and in his straightforward, man's way explain why they were there. And, as if under a sense of the fitness of such a manner of proceeding, Mr. Cross had attempted to do so, but for the first time in his life he found himself unable to meet an emergency.

"We are women," she continued. "Let us not turn against each other. What years you have passed through!—your hair is gray. I came here to beg you to understand that we consider your evidence sufficient—my daughter and I. We have left the house: we give up everything. We do it, not because we must, though we must: we do it in the spirit which must have actuated you all these years—for his sake, for human nature's sake. We do not question rights. We are pained to think of what you have endured. . . But the years have given you noble children: that is a great reward. Let us part in peace. Thank God I have been able to say this!—myself—so—you cannot doubt." She spoke these last words with less rapidity than those which had preceded, and with a fainter voice. But with a noble strength, which had the effect of a proud trumpet's half-wailing blast, she ended with—"Let us bury his name—as we have buried his body—with honor."

Joseph had sprung forward when Clara's mother began to speak as if moved by a spirit of flame. He had caught the meaning of these words, and would now have spoken had not his mother laid her hand on his shoulder, and said:

"My son, I shall say nothing you need blush to hear. Madam, if these

girls are like sisters, as they are sisters in reality, may we not be the same? I have not sought vengeance. I have had no desire to punish the innocent. I have sought for nothing but my children's rights. And I do not claim them at the fullest. I expected it of them that they would refuse any portion of what the law should give them unless you should consent to a division. It is for this reason that up to this hour they have known nothing at all of this wretched business."

It was a fortunate thing that at that instant the woman she addressed again swooned away. This time it was Joseph who supported her in his arms. When she regained consciousness it was evening, and she was lying on Julia's bed. And there for weeks she lay.

Perhaps it was that Clara might retain without question the title of Hosea Bently's widow that Dorcas consummated so speedily her marriage with Mr. Troll.

There had been a division of the Bently estate when Clara recovered sufficiently to go into the country. There was no return to Beech Grove: the house with its entire contents passed out of Bently hands—they who had owned it as eager to be rid of it as Dorcas was now to be rid of the old farm in Manchester.

The Bently estate proved to be worth something less than was anticipated. All the irons had not been drawn from the fire when that sudden death startled so many lives. But there was still money enough to make people envy the heirs, known and unknown.

Mr. Enos never turned back from the narrow path he had entered. Julia told her sister Clara what she had done with her gift, and added, "I am going to give him myself next." When that happened—a happy event it was to all concerned—Joseph and Mr. Enos were in a fair way to obtain a large practice in the higher courts.

And so all this misery ended. Does it not seem as if "hearts prepared for any fate" were usually prepared also to prove Fate the weakest of the powers?



## A TERRIBLE VOYAGE.

WHEN in Santa Fé some weeks ago, I learned from a newspaper which I casually picked up that a scientific gentleman—Professor Powell by name, if my memory serves me aright—was about setting out with an expedition to explore the Grand Cañon of the Rio Colorado of the West. Since then my time has chiefly been spent among the mountains and on the plains of New Mexico and Kansas, without access to newspapers, so that I have lost sight of the expedition (in which I feel a deep interest); and in the frontier town which is my present temporary abiding-place I can learn nothing in regard to it. I trust that it is progressing favorably, and will be able to furnish a satisfactory report to an expectant public; yet I can assure you that, should Professor Powell be entirely successful, he will accomplish a work the magnitude of which—leaving its dangers out of the calculation—will far surpass that of any former exploration upon the American continent.

The most skillful and adventurous explorers of whom we have any knowledge—the pioneer gold-hunters of the Great West—have made many attempts to explore the tremendous chasm in question, and, after exhausting their means and strength in fruitless struggles against the insuperable barriers imposed by Nature, turned back wearied and discomfited from the task. There is—or was a few years since—a stronghold of the Hualapais Indians within the cañon, perhaps a dozen miles from its mouth; and above this point no man, white or red, has succeeded in ascending more than four or five miles, notwithstanding more than one party of hardy “prospectors” has devoted days to the most determined efforts to proceed farther. So much for the approach in front. The approach by either flank is quite as impracticable, since the walls of the cañon are vertical, or nearly so, varying in height from one thousand to eight thousand feet, and in

a distance of about five hundred miles presenting no break or side fissure by which man or beast might safely reach the bottom of the stupendous gorge,

“Where rolls the *Colorado*, and hears no sound  
Save its own dashing.”

(Excuse my “dropping into poetry;” but the words quoted are thoroughly applicable to the Colorado in its course through the awful solitudes of the Grand Cañon, while they were never true of the Oregon or Columbia.) The Colorado Chiquito, or Flax river, empties into the cañon about midway of its length, but it pours over a high precipice. I have heard vague reports of an old Spanish or Indian trail crossing the cañon, but, after diligent inquiry, I could get no tangible assurance that such a trail had ever existed. Old hunters, who had followed the course of the cañon along its banks, through its whole extent, scouted the idea. Parties have traveled along the brink of the cañon for days, famishing with thirst, yet tantalized by the almost constant sight of the waters of the Colorado, utterly inaccessible except by a downward leap of several thousand feet perpendicularly, which few would care to risk. A young man whom I met in New Mexico asserted that he had once descended the side of the cañon to the river and returned by the same path; but upon questioning him, I discovered that he confounded the Black Cañon, between Fort Mojave and Callville, with the Grand Cañon, which he had never seen; and this is a frequent error with persons who have passed through the former, which is of inconsiderable length, and offers but little obstruction to the passage of small steamers and barges. In fine, I am convinced that the only practicable way of exploring the Grand Cañon is by entering it from above; and to illustrate the difficulties and dangers of attempting it in that direction, I purpose, by your

leave, to rehearse the narrative of the only human being who has ever made the passage through it—none of the Indian tribes on the river having either remembrance or tradition that such a passage had ever previously been made.

In the month of April, 1867, three men—Captain Charles Baker, formerly a resident of St. Louis, and later well known in Colorado as an indefatigable and adventurous, but not always successful, prospector; George Strobe, also originally from St. Louis; and James White, formerly of Kenosha, Wisconsin, afterward a gold-miner in California, and during the rebellion a private in the Fifth California Cavalry, serving under General Conner in Utah—set out from Colorado City, C. T., to prospect for placer gold on the San Juan river, which empties into the Colorado in Utah Territory, some thirty or forty miles below the confluence of Green and Grand rivers. They were mounted on horses, and drove with them several animals laden with provisions and mining implements. After a tedious, toilsome and hazardous journey over a very rocky and mountainous country, without so much as an Indian trail to relieve the roughness of the way for much of the distance, they reached their destination—a point some miles above San Juan Mountain—about the middle of May, and immediately proceeded to prospect, following the river downward, carefully examining the banks, and especially the gulches, on either side, and sinking shafts to the bed-rock wherever the indications seemed to warrant so much labor. In this manner they consumed nearly three months and their stock of provisions, meeting meanwhile with but indifferent success, their best prospect being about two cents to the painful of dirt, obtained from a gulch near the base of San Juan Mountain. They were not, however, prepared to altogether abandon that field. Two cents to the painful, if not, in miners' phrase, a "big thing," is still encouraging. They discussed the matter, and resolved to return to Colorado City, procure a fresh supply of provisions, and, if possible, a few more men, and, return-

ing to San Juan Mountain, spend the winter at its base. They further resolved that as some of their animals were footsore from traveling unshod over extremely rocky ground, they would proceed to the mouth of the San Juan and attempt to construct a raft, upon which to convey themselves and their animals to Green river, thus avoiding the worst portion of the route by which they had come.

The morning of the 25th of August found the little party encamped near the mouth of the San Juan. They had eaten breakfast, and were collecting their lariats and pack-ropes with which to lash together the cottonwood drift-logs, of which they had found a sufficiency for their purpose strewn by floods along the bank of the Colorado. They were in excellent spirits, and chatted gayly of the prospect of soon meeting old friends amid civilized scenes, when suddenly they heard a savage yell, followed by the crack of rifles, the whistling of bullets and the hurtling of arrows. Captain Baker fell dead. Strobe and White sprang to their carbines and fired an ineffectual round or two; but, finding themselves beset and in danger of being surrounded by about forty Utah Indians, they abandoned the unequal contest, and hastily snatching up the ropes which they had collected, and a small sack containing perhaps ten pounds of flour which happened to lie in their way, fled to the Colorado. The Indians, being occupied in catching the animals, plundering the camp and stripping and scalping the dead body of Captain Baker, did not immediately pursue them, and the fugitives were enabled to get a few logs lashed together, launch the raft thus hastily constructed, and pole themselves out of harm's way before their enemies found leisure to look after them.

The circumstances attending the embarkation of our involuntary voyagers were, to say the least, discouraging. In the unknown wilderness, hundreds of miles from any civilized habitation, they had suddenly been despoiled of the greater part of their means of life and of reaching their homes, and forced, for

the preservation of their bare lives, to commit themselves upon a frail raft to an unknown stream, and float they knew not whither. But their sorest loss was that of their friend and leader, Captain Baker, upon whose sagacious and experienced counsels they had hitherto depended to extricate them from all difficulties. Now they must trust to their own inexperienced guidance, or rather submit to be led by blind Fate whithersoever she would. But the men who go forth to seek new gold-fields amid Nature's wilds are not easily daunted. Sad they were for their friend and leader's fate, and doubtless a trifle anxious for their own; but they discussed the situation as calmly as if they had been seated on the piazza of the best hotel in Colorado City, instead of a rude and loosely-constructed cottonwood raft on the Upper Colorado. At length, as they became satisfied that they were not pursued, they grew cheerful and speculated hopefully upon the probability of the speedy termination of their voyage. They had little knowledge of the section of country they were in; and although they had heard of the Grand Cañon, they had no definite idea of either its locality or extent. They knew that Callville was at the head of navigation on the Colorado; and as they were floating smoothly along upon a broad and deep stream, they easily persuaded themselves that the head of navigation could not be far distant, and that they would reach Callville in two or three days at the farthest. Having settled that matter to their satisfaction, they fell to the discussion of their further plans; frequently, however, recurring to the catastrophe of the morning, and referring in terms of regret or eulogy to their murdered comrade, whom many good qualities, as well as long companionship, had greatly endeared to them. So passed the first day, on the evening of which they turned their raft shoreward, and, having found a suitable place for the purpose, made it fast for the night. Having no means of making a fire, and not being hungry enough to crave a supper of raw flour, "straight," or mixed with water, they lay down fasting, and

soon were wrapped in deep and refreshing slumbers.

At sunrise next morning they let go their hawser and resumed their voyage, still preferring empty stomachs to such food as they had. Still, as throughout the previous day's voyage, the river flowed on smoothly between low and verdure-clad banks, but the velocity of its current was perceptibly increasing. At length, toward noon, they came to rapids swift and rocky, in descending which they lost their carbines and their little store of flour—their only provision—while their revolvers were wet so as to be unserviceable. Below these rapids the banks were steep and rocky; but an island of some extent afforded them a convenient place to haul out for repairs, while the screw-pod mezquit with which it was partially covered furnished them with a scanty but not altogether unpalatable meal.

(Of mezquit, a thorny bush which grows in great abundance on the Colorado, and in many other portions of California, Arizona and Mexico, there are two varieties—one producing beans in a large pod resembling our ordinary garden beans; while the other produces small seeds, about the size of those of the locust, enveloped in a small, spiral pod from two to three inches in length, which is fleshy, and has a pleasantly sweetish taste. I have tasted them and found them to be rather tough, but otherwise palatable.)

Having passed the night at the island, our voyagers set out in the morning with their raft in better condition than before, and with renewed hope of soon getting to the end of their voyage, or at least of reaching a port. From the size and depth of the stream, they argued that the head of navigation—Callville—must be near. After they had floated for a few hours, however, the sound of falling water was borne to their ears, becoming more and more distinct as they proceeded, until they were satisfied that they were approaching a cataract. Meanwhile, they had gradually and almost unconsciously drifted into a cañon with high, precipitous walls, which confined

the river within a narrower channel than it had coursed in above. A hasty reconnaissance convinced them that they could not escape from the gorge by climbing the walls, while the current was now so swift that it was useless to think of attempting to turn back. White, however, took the precaution of lashing himself to the raft, and advised Strobe to do likewise.

"No," replied the latter; "I am an old Mississippi boatman, and can stick to the raft wherever she goes, without tying. It isn't much of a fall, and there is no danger in running it; but if a man is tied in such a place, he might lose his life before he could get loose. We had better tie our revolvers, though; they're wet now, and a little more won't hurt them. And we had better be rid of them."

On swept the raft with rapidly increasing speed; the voyagers, silent, stern, with compressed lips and tense nerves, boldly facing the peril which they were now powerless to avoid. A moment they were balanced upon the brink of the cataract—the next were plunged sheer twelve feet into the seething waters beneath. Emerging at length, White found himself alone upon the raft, which an eddy had caught in the rim of its vortex and was slowly whirling around. When he had partially recovered his self-possession, which had been seriously disturbed by the shock of the fall, he looked around for his companion, and quickly descried him in mid-channel, some twenty yards distant, buffeting the current with feeble and uncertain stroke. Shouting to him some words of encouragement, and hastily freeing himself from his lashings, White prepared to make such efforts as he could to assist and save his comrade; but almost immediately poor Strobe, half-strangled doubtless, and bewildered by his frightful plunge over the cataract, without a cry or a groan sank and rose no more.

The fate of either of his comrades would have been a merciful one to White in comparison to what befel him. Poor fellow! his troubles had hardly yet begun, while theirs were ended, at least for this

world. The death of Strobe fell upon him with crushing weight. Sinking upon the raft, which floated slowly around with the eddy until it stranded upon the head of a small island, he abandoned himself for a brief period to all the misery of despair. But his rugged and energetic nature would not long succumb to such a feeling. Recovering himself, he began to survey as calmly as he might his situation.

And now came back upon his memory the stories he had heard from some old prospectors while he lay in camp at Salt Lake—idle tales he had deemed them then, but now he could not resist the conviction of their reality—of the terrible Grand Cañon; of its great length, tremendous depth and impassable walls; of the vain efforts which had been made to explore its fearful solitudes. Looking around upon the high, steep walls which hemmed him in on either hand, and stretched away before, dark and frowning, far as the eye could reach, he no longer doubted but that he was in the veritable Grand Cañon, through which no living human being had ever passed. He thought of endeavoring to return, but a brief examination convinced him that would be impossible unless he were gifted with wings. He thought of attempting to scale the walls of the cañon, but as his eager eye wandered over their dark flat surfaces, where a lizard could hardly gain a foothold, he abandoned the idea as too wild to be entertained. There was no way open for him except in the course of the river through the cañon; and in that direction there seemed not the shadow of a chance that he might succeed and live. He only dared to hope that by carefully tying himself to the raft his body might float through with some portion of it, and be identified by means of a pocket memorandum-book which he endeavored to secure to his person, so that his fate might become known to his relatives and friends. Having considered these things with the desperate calmness of a man who regards himself as doomed to speedy and inevitable death, he nevertheless omitted nothing which might tend to the preser-

vation of his life. First, he overhauled his raft and tightened its lashings. Next, he stripped the mezquit bushes which grew on the island of their scanty crop, with which he partially appeased his hunger. Then, with a fervent appeal to the Great Father of all, he launched his raft and floated away to encounter unknown dangers and terrors.

It is hardly necessary to say that White kept no "log" of his voyage, and it would therefore be impossible to give, from this point, the details of his daily progress. Never before did mortal man perform such a journey. For near five hundred miles he floated over a succession of cascades and cataracts, varying in height from four to twenty feet, with patches of smooth water between. Frequently, in plunging over a fall, the raft was overturned, and it was with much difficulty he saved himself from drowning. Once he was so long under water that he became insensible; but on that occasion the raft providentially emerged right side up, and when he revived he found himself floating along as if nothing had happened.

Below each fall there was an island, formed by the sand thrown up by the eddying waters, affording him an opportunity of hauling up his raft for repairs—a very necessary operation, as the ropes with which it was bound were frequently cut upon the edges of the rocks at the head of the falls—and a place of rest during the night. At first the mezquit growing upon the islands supplied him with a scanty allowance of food, but after the sixth day he found the islands barren. A rawhide knife-scabbard then afforded him some slight sustenance and a good deal of chewing for a couple of days, after which he was without food of any kind until he got through to the mouth of the Rio Virgin. One day he saw some lizards and tried to catch them, but was too feeble to succeed, and so the tempting creatures escaped. To add to his misery, he was stripped by the rocks and waters of his hat, pants, drawers, boots and socks, while the sun, which he was compelled almost constantly to face, sitting in a constrained posture

during the hottest part of the day, beat with burning fierceness upon his unprotected head and legs, the latter soon becoming blistered and raw from the unwonted exposure. And all the time the dark walls of the cañon towered above him, nowhere less than a thousand feet, and in some places a mile and a half in height, to the best of his judgment: he had no means or opportunity of measuring the distance. Anxiously he watched for some avenue of escape, some crevice or fissure in the adamantine walls which confined him, but there was none. The consoling reflection remained that it was perhaps better to be dashed to pieces, or perish of simple starvation in the cañon, than to scramble out of it and add the torment of thirst to those which he already endured. So he voyaged on, now helplessly broiling in the merciless rays of the sun (no one who has not been upon the Colorado can form an adequate idea of the heat which prevails there in summer), as he floated calmly yet swiftly along upon an expanse of comparatively smooth water; then tumbling over a cascade or rushing through a rapid, at the imminent peril of shipwreck upon the rocks, which bumped and thumped his frail raft until its light timbers rattled again; and now, shuddering and with bated breath, plunging over a fall, for aught he knew into eternity. Day by day and hour by hour he grew weaker from want of food, while, from sitting in a cramped position and from exposure to the sun, his legs were so stiff and sore as to be almost entirely disabled. Still with dogged resolution he persevered, improving every available moment of daylight, and making, as he believed, at a moderate estimate, between forty and fifty miles distance every day.

At length, on the evening of September 6th, the raft—with our bruised, battered and starving voyager, more dead than alive, but yet retaining a great deal of the wonderful vitality which had thus far sustained him, still clinging to it—emerged from the cañon. Again the broadening river flowed between low, green banks. White felt that the worst



of his voyage was over—if he could but hold out a day or two longer he would be saved. But, though his spirit was undaunted, his physical strength was nearly gone. He floated on, watching eagerly for the signs of human habitation. Soon he passed the mouth of a considerable stream—the Rio Virgin—and almost immediately he heard voices shouting to him. He could hardly convince himself that the sounds were real; and as he gazed in wondering suspense toward the bank, a number of Indians leaped into the water, swam off to him and pushed the raft ashore. Being pretty well aroused by this summary proceeding, of which he did not know whether the intent was hostile or friendly, White attempted to rise to his feet, but the Indians pulled him down again so violently that the skirts of his coat, which they took hold of for the purpose, came off in their hands. They then seized one of the two revolvers which remained fastened to the raft, but White, who had no idea of being robbed without resistance, stoutly retained possession of the other. One of the Indians then addressed him in English, informing him that they were Pah-Utes and “good Indians;” whereupon White demanded something to eat. After some parleying they agreed to give him a dog for his remaining pistol; but, having secured the weapon, they let the animal go. He was finally obliged to give them his vest for catching and killing the dog (a small one), and then they appropriated the fore quarters. The Indians seemed to comprehend the fearful trip which he had just made, and to express some astonishment among themselves that he should have survived it; but his condition excited not the smallest spark of sympathy in their dusky bosoms. He was a white man, and their lawful prey. The fact that they were “at peace” with the whites hardly accounts for their treating him with so much forbearance as they did, since they could have killed him without fear of discovery; and I have known but few Indians, however “good,” who could resist an opportunity of shedding a white man’s blood with impunity.

White ate a hind quarter of dog, raw and without salt, for his supper, and then lay down and slept soundly. In the morning he ate the other hind quarter; and having learned from the Indians that Callville was near, again embarked and resumed his voyage, which had now lasted fourteen days.

It chanced that at this time the barge *Colorado* of Fort Mojave, in charge of Captain Wilburn, with a crew of four or five men, was at Callville, receiving a cargo of lime and salt. Standing on the river bank, Captain Wilburn saw the strange craft pass by on the other side, and hailed. The response came in feeble tones: “My God! Is this Callville?” “Yes,” replied Wilburn; “come ashore!” “I’ll try to,” replied the voyager, “but I don’t know whether I can or not.” Wilburn and his men, being busily employed, did not particularly notice his appearance, and when they saw him bring the raft to about two hundred yards below, they thought no more of the matter until nearly two hours after, when a strange-looking object made its appearance on the crest of the hill near the landing.

“My God, Captain Wilburn!” exclaimed one of the crew, “that man’s a hundred years old!”

And he looked as if he might even be older. His long hair and flowing beard were white; his eyes were sunken; his cheeks thin and emaciated; his shrunken legs were in front a mass of black and loathsome scabs from his loins to his toes; and as he crawled slowly and painfully toward them, with his hands resting upon his knees, the men, with exclamations of astonishment and pity, went to meet and assist him. They brought him into their camp, gave him food, washed and anointed his sores and clothed him. The revulsion of feeling was too much for White. He became delirious, and remained so for some hours; but toward evening his wandering senses returned, and he was able to give an account of himself. James Ferry, U. S. Quartermaster’s Agent at Callville, on hearing of the conduct of the Pah-Utes, sent out a runner for their chief,

whom he compelled to restore everything that had been taken from White, and then dismissed him with certain moral and humanitarian exhortations which it is to be hoped will do him good. He took White to his house, and kept him there until he had recovered, so far as he could reeover, from the effects of his terrible voyage. When I last heard of White, he was carrying the mail between Callville and Fort Mojave. At the latter place, Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, Treasurer of the Union Pacific Railway Company, E. D., saw and conversed with him, and from his statements was satisfied that the length of the Grand

Cañon is not less than five hundred miles, and that its thorough scientific exploration, while not absolutely impossible, will present difficulties which will not soon be surmounted. General Palmer thinks the numerous falls in the cañon have been formed by immense masses of rock which have fallen into the river from its walls. I believe the course of the Colorado might be advantageously diverted above the cañon; and, from the character of the country above and around it, I think it probable that if this were done, a large quantity of gold might be found in the river bed.

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### THE GARDEN OF ADONIS.

(THE GARDEN OF LIFE IN SPENSER'S "FAËRY QUEEN.")

IT is no fabled garden in the skies,  
 But bloometh here: this is no world of death;  
 And nothing that once liveth ever dies,  
 And naught that breathes can ever lose that breath,  
 And naught that bloometh ever withereth.  
 The gods can ne'er take back their gifts from men:  
 They gave us life—they cannot take again.

Who hath known Death? and who hath seen his face?  
 On what high mountain have ye met with him?  
 Within what lowest valleys is there trace  
 Of his feared footstep?—in what forest dim,  
 In what great city, in what lonely ways?  
 Nay, there is no such god, but one called Change,  
 And all he does is beautiful and strange.

It is but Change that lays our darlings low;  
 And, though we doubt and fear, forsakes them not:  
 Where red lips smiled, do sweetest roses blow,  
 And star-flowers bloom above the lovely spot  
 Where gleamed the eyes, with blue forget-me-not;  
 And through the grasses runs the same wave there  
 We knew of old within the golden hair.

Dig in the earth, ye shall not surely find  
 Death or Death's semblance; only roots of flowers,  
 And all fair, goodly things there live enshrined,  
 And the foundations of the glad green bowers,  
 Through which the sunshine comes in golden showers;  
 And all the flowers that this earth enwreath  
 Are for assurance that there is no Death.

O mother! raise thy tear-bathed lids again:  
 Thy child died not—he only liveth more:  
 His soul is in the sunshine and the rain—  
 His life is in the waters and the shore:  
 He is around thee all the wide world o'er.  
 The daisy thou hast plucked smiles unto thee,  
 Because it doth again its mother see.

What noble deed that ever lived is dead,  
 Or yet hath lost its power to inspire  
 Courage in hearts that sicken, and to shed  
 New faith and hope when hands and footsteps tire,  
 And make sad, downcast eyes look upward, higher?  
 Yea, all men see and know it, whence it came:  
 It purifies them like a burning flame.

And dreams? What dreams were ever lost and gone,  
 But wandering in strange lands we found again?  
 When least we think of those dear birdlings flown,  
 We find that bright and fresh they still remain.  
 The Garden of all Life is round us then;  
 And he is blind who doth not know and see,  
 And praise the gods for immortality.

### ENGLAND AND NAPOLEON III.

ENGLAND is being kept in a painful state of suspense; confidence is dead; business is dull; speculation is disheartened; industry is paralyzed: a dark cloud seems to hang over men's minds, and general expectation is strained toward the unknown.

Are the causes of this situation merely economical? Has money become timorous to excess in consequence of the many failures which have of late dismayed and scandalized the commercial world? Is the depression of trade to be ascribed to the working of some new

system acted upon in a mischievous way, such as the Limited Liability principle, for example?

There is no denying that for the situation above sketched both want of honesty and want of prudence are partly responsible. The passing of the Limited Liability act in 1855 was certainly not unattended with harmful consequences. On one hand, men of capital were no longer deterred from assisting men of industry by the fear of being liable to their last shilling for the debts of the concern; thousands were enabled to set

up in trade whose honesty and ability would have been otherwise of no avail, from mere lack of money; useful inventions were promoted which, under the old restrictions, would have remained valueless; a much greater amount of capital was employed in the production of wealth; enterprising workmen were supplied with fresh means of improving their condition: in short, the formation of joint-stock companies free from the fetters of unlimited responsibility produced in England many of the beneficial results which that system had formerly brought forth in the trading republics of Genoa and Venice, and subsequently in France, Holland, Germany and Russia. But, on the other hand, the hope of gaining much, combined with the advantage of risking little, fostered a wild spirit of gambling; people turned from the pursuits of a safe, steady, fruitful industry to embark in profitless adventures; the facility afforded by the Limited Liability principle for successfully appealing to the lust of lucre encouraged the establishment of companies on fraudulent promises, brought into fashion the process of announcing fictitious dividends as a means to decoy shareholders and to deceive creditors: in fact, gave rise to many a scheme both dishonorable and ruinous.

All this has, no doubt, done much toward shaking public confidence. Still, not so much, in my opinion, as the rumors, spread everywhere, of impending conflict.

And how is it that peace cannot be considered secure? The explanation is obvious: Does not the maintenance of peace entirely depend upon the uncontrolled will of one who, while interested in letting loose the dogs of war, can set in motion by a nod or a frown an army of twelve hundred thousand men?

Every one knows that to England the victory of Sadowa was matter of almost boundless exultation. She rejoiced at the idea that Germany being fully equal, when united, to the task of checking the ambition of France, Napoleon would be effectually kept at bay, would no longer have it in his power to set Europe on

fire. It was a mistake. The English overlook the fact that the resources of France, for military purposes, are nearly inexhaustible: they forget that during her great Revolution, and afterward, under Napoleon I., France, single-handed, had been more than a match for the coalition of all the States of the Continent. Moreover, they did not take sufficiently into account the necessity under which Napoleon might be to go to war at any risk, in order to retrieve his prestige, to give vent to the restless genius of enslaved France, to dazzle her into accepting a new lease of false grandeur as a compensation for the loss of the only true one, and to keep her, if possible, kneeling down to him by making the world kneel down to her.

How ungrounded was the rapturous delight with which the news was welcomed here in London that the Austrians had been routed, and that the aggregation of all Germany would no longer be deferred, peace-loving England begins now to perceive. The Army bill has borne its fruits. France, whom Chateaubriand loved to call a nursery of warriors, is armed to the teeth. What was a prediction when I wrote you last is, at present, a reality: Napoleon III. has at his command a more formidable army than that which, under his uncle, invaded Russia. According to the testimony of English observers, so handy, so murderous, so overwhelming a weapon was never made use of, in the satanic work of mowing down whole ranks of human beings, as the Chassepot, which is deadly at twelve hundred yards, and the efficiency of which an English correspondent describes as follows: "An advance of any cavalry in the world against a regiment of chasseurs armed with this weapon would be as chaff against the wind. Even poor Nolan would have renounced his faith, and, leaving his beloved charger, have fought as a 'mud-crusher,' from sheer despair."

Nor does France lack the sinews of war. The loan of £18,000,000 issued by the Minister of Finance, M. Magne, was so eagerly taken up that the subscription reached thirty times the amount

required. It is true, the figures paraded by M. Magne must not be taken literally; and it would be wrong to infer from their importance that the nation and the government go hand in hand. The fact is, that the investment was advantageous, and was generally considered safe, as no one need be in fear of bankruptcy in a country where the bulk of the nation happens to consist of small *rentiers*. But, whatever construction may be put on the success of the last loan, this much, at all events, is sure, that there is in France a great abundance of unemployed money—a circumstance but too well calculated to act as an incentive to the passions of a warlike government.

Now, the facts are not wanting which seem of a nature vividly to impress upon Napoleon's mind the necessity of looking for that kind of strength which a despot always derives from military enthusiasm and over-excited national pride. Is not France awaking from her protracted lethargy? Are not Republicans, Legitimists and Orleanists putting aside their dissensions the better to strike at the Empire? Did not, the other day, the school-fellows of General Cavaignac's son frantically applaud him for refusing, at a public *séance* of his school, to receive a prize from the hand of the Prince Imperial, thereby showing how little the dynasty had to rely on the sympathies of the French youth? Have not the mountain farmers of the Jura elected as their representative in the Corps Législatif, M. Grevy, a thorough-going Republican, a well-known foe of the dynasty, the very man who, in the National Assembly of 1848, stood up for a Republic without even a President? Is there nothing significant in the unparalleled and unprecedented success of M. Henri Rochefort's *Lanterne*, a little paper most relished on account of the author's wit, more so on account of his daring, of the vehemence of his invectives, of the sharpness of his sarcasms? Just fancy what a change that country must have undergone in which, after sixteen years of undisputed and unlimited sway, a monarch at the head of half

a million soldiers finds himself suddenly affronted, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of numberless citizens, by a young journalist wielding no other weapon than a pen! Well may Napoleon III. try to turn off the course of a current which is too rapidly swelling not to be soon very hard to stem. His frequent visits to the camp of Chalons, his readiness to muster his troops ever and anon, his anxiety to have his son saluted Cæsar by the legions, clearly show that the day is fast approaching when he will be compelled to lay all at stake, and that he may at any moment be tempted to divert the coming storm at home by playing the conqueror abroad—a temptation not the less pressing from the fact that the soldiers set decidedly about shouting, "To the Rhine!"

Hence the uneasiness now prevalent in England as to the external relations of the Empire. Every one here takes for granted that France at large is peacefully inclined; but what of that? France and the Empire are two very different things; and France, whose blood and treasure would be freely lavished should war be resolved upon, has no voice in the matter. How could, then, any pacific dispositions evinced by the French people reassure England? The *Spectator* writes: "The Emperor in Paris cannot breathe without some faint film appearing on mirrors in Auxerre and Marseilles." Just so; but the *Spectator* might have added: "Also in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, Liverpool and Glasgow." Will it be contended that Napoleon speaks peace whenever the opportunity offers? True. Unhappily, the more he does the less people believe him. About a month ago, in answer to an address from the mayor of Troyes, he said: "Nothing to-day menaces the peace of Europe." And what was the effect of this soothing declaration? Why, the Bourse fell for three days in succession.

That England should bitterly lament the duration of such a state of ruinous uncertainty is natural enough. But is she not in great measure responsible for the evils it entails upon France, upon



Europe and upon herself? I do not hesitate to affirm that she is, as Napoleon owes to a certain extent the power which enables him to shake at will all the money-markets of Europe, to the moral support his despotism has, strange to say, received from constitutional England. The fact conveys a solemn lesson, and for this reason deserves to be historically and peremptorily stated.

Let us go back to the establishment of the Empire. Lord Palmerston was then the English Minister of Foreign Affairs, and no man ever represented so thoroughly as he did the tendencies, sentiments and national prejudices of the English. Well, on the morrow of the *coup d'état*, only one among the European statesman approved of it, and that was Lord Palmerston. Again, only one among the great European powers hastened to enter into a close alliance with the hero of a second 18th Brumaire, and that was England.

To form an idea of the strength the Crimean war imparted to that new régime—which Lord Palmerston was not ashamed to define in the following terms: "The age of Augustus is now beginning anew in Paris"—it is sufficient to remember in what light the *coup d'état* of December was viewed in Europe immediately after its perpetration. No despotic king *then* would have as much as dreamt of holding out the hand of friendship to the upstart whom the violation of his oath, the purchase of the soldiery, a nightly ambush, the violent overthrow of the National Assembly and the butchery of thousands had just raised to power. But what no despotic king would then have done, the constitutional queen of England was induced to do. Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, who professed to be the continuator of the policy of Napoleon I., found at once the lever he needed in the very country which his uncle had striven to crush and by which he had been crushed.

What sort of man Napoleon I. had been, England knew well: she knew that he had much in him of the marrow of tyrants; that he too had had a Rubicon to cross and had crossed it; that

the meanness of his soul, which was on a par with the greatness of his genius, had made it impossible for him to enjoy life in any other way than by oppressing his fellow-creatures as a despot or slaughtering them as a conqueror; that he, of all the famous foes of the human understanding, had been the most implacable; that he had dreaded thought to the extent of running all the lengths of persecution in order to silence a woman; that he had exhibited his regard for national rights and national independence by trampling upon Italy, stealing Spain, forsaking Poland, endeavoring to blend at any cost the German with the Latin race, and giving nations to his brothers as I might have given droves of sheep; that the following was the summing up of his philanthropic views: "In a battle, minutes are everything, men are nothing;" that the upshot of his reforms and of his victories had been to crush under the weight of an iron discipline all spontaneous inspiration, to stifle all manly feeling, to stupefy mankind; and that, whilst riding France and spurring her on through dust and gore till she fell under him exhausted, out of breath and half dead, he had made it unavoidable for England to add to the burden of her national debt £800,000,000. Yes, this England knew; and, knowing this, she consented to act in concert with a man whose intention, loudly proclaimed, was to ape Napoleon I., to avenge his defeat and to complete his work.

Although I hold that no respect whatever is due to a government set up by fuddled soldiers, and afterward spuriously elected by a nation crouching beneath the sabre, I am prepared to own that England was not bound to run the risk of a war by refusing to recognize the Empire. But it is one thing to recognize a government *de facto*, and another to contract with it a close and separate alliance. When Napoleon Louis Bonaparte was straining every nerve to squeeze out of the Eastern question the pretext of a conflict, England could not fail to see that he had nothing but his own personal interest in view, and that

his object in courting her alliance against the Czar was to get "something like station in Europe," and to coax the queen of England into giving seemingly, as Mr. Kinglake puts it, "the sanction of her pure name to the acts of the December night, and the Thursday, the day of blood." Of what consequence was it to the French people that a few Latin monks should have the key of the chief door of the church of Bethlehem—should be allowed to place in the sanctuary of the Nativity a silver star adorned with the arms of France? What business had the French people to take part in the quarrel of the Latin and the Greek priests as to their respective shares of the money levied on such travelers as came to kneel in Palestine? Surely never did a more futile cause lead to a more sanguinary war. But it was the game of Napoleon Louis Bonaparte to bring it on. There lies the secret of the urgent instructions he sent to M. de Lavalette immediately after the *coup d'état*. What followed is but too well known. The Porte was coerced into admitting the claim of the Latin Church. The Greek Church applied to the emperor of Russia for protection. Nicholas frowned upon the Turks: England lost no time in stepping forward to their assistance. The situation was envenomed by a fierce diplomatic struggle between Prince Mentschikoff and Lord Stratford around the "sick man." The question of the protectorate of the Greek Church, imperiously claimed by the former, and, owing to the suggestions of the latter, flatly refused by the Sultan, precipitated the crisis. War was declared, and the *coup d'état* was, in the eyes of Europe, "sanctioned" by the alliance in which England had suffered herself to be entangled. A more signal service could not have been rendered to Napoleonic despotism—a more fatal blow could not have been struck at French liberty.

I was in London when, in April, 1855, Napoleon III. came over to England, and I shall never forget how deeply humiliated I felt at the sight of the extraordinary ovation it fell to his lot to enjoy in the capital of that free country.

Thundering huzzas greeted his arrival; he was almost carried in triumph; the newspapers vied with each other in trumpeting his praises; the governing classes actually hosannahed him; he wished to kiss the queen, and was welcome to it. How could any one imagine that an ally of England had been, for a moment, among the wrong-doers? Farewell to the cause of justice!

Nor have, ever since, the loudly-expressed sympathies of an influential portion of English society ceased to prop the fabric of the second of December. Lord Palmerston was the mouth-piece of the patrician flunkeyism of his class when, *à propos* of certain furious attacks leveled at Mazzini in the House of Commons, he most emphatically declared that the interest of Europe was indissolubly connected, not only with the strengthening of Napoleon's personal power, but also with the consolidation of his dynasty. With no less alacrity have all the leaders of the Conservative party availed themselves of every opportunity to countenance the French ruler, insisting on his wisdom, doing homage to his firmness, pretending to be lost in admiration of his genius, rejoicing at his having so successfully muzzled the revolutionary spirit, and deeming it a wonderful piece of good luck both for Europe and France that a whole nation should have, as it were, disappeared to make room for one man!

Equally fulsome and thoughtless has been the system of adulation adopted in reference to Napoleon III. by some of the leading organs of public opinion, and more especially the *Times*. Even the *Daily Telegraph*, a newspaper supposed to have been started with a view to advocate the popular cause, did not object to be enrolled for service in the Bonapartist press, and its way of sounding the note of praise borders, sometimes, on the ludicrous.

Need I add that the English panegyrists of Napoleon III. make it a point to cry down France whenever they cry up the Empire? The process has, at any rate, the merit of being logical. Is it not worth noticing that in all the pub-

lic festivals in Paris the shout, "Vive l'Empereur!" is always sent forth by fashionable Englishmen, who would not for the life of them shout, "Vive la France!" This reminds me of the dinner which took place at the Elysée a few weeks after the *coup d'état*, and which was likened by a modern Junius to "the banquet of that Lydian king who flouted the prescience of the gods." English noblemen, English gentlemen, English ladies,—these were the guests of Napoleon Louis Bonaparte on the 26th of January, 1852, "the *pavé* of the boulevards still stained with blood, and the best and noblest sons of France smitten in liberty and life."

In justice to the English nation, I must say that the above sorrowful remarks by no means apply either to the working-classes or to that considerable portion of the Liberal party which is represented in the House of Lords by such men as Lord Russell; in the House of Commons by such men as John Stuart Mill, Bright, Stansfeld, Forster, and Torrens; in the press, by such daily or weekly newspapers as the *Daily News*, the *Morning Star*, the *Morning Advertiser* and the *Spectator*. The *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in spite of their fastidious appreciation of popular rights, must also be ranked among the journals unpolluted by Bonapartism.

However, the fact remains that England has given to the Empire an amount of moral support which, although conferred on it by no other but the aristocratic interest, has greatly contributed to its maintenance.

But there is a Nemesis for nations as well as for individuals. The English governing-classes must be aware by this time that they have been playing a losing game. Should they doubt it, let them examine what they have got by strengthening the power of the French emperor. In the Crimean war, England was thrown into the shade by France. The abrupt termination Napoleon gave to the war was obviously at variance with her interests and contrary to her wishes: still, she was tamed into compliance. The

treaty of alliance signed on the 10th of April, 1854, led to the famous *Declaration* of the 3d of March, 1856, which entailed upon her the loss of her maritime supremacy, compelling her to surrender the right of search. So little was the influence of the Russians shaken in the East by the fall of Sebastopol that they have since entirely subdued Circassia, and laid, by the conquest of the Caucasus, the foundation of their sway over Persia, thus bringing nearer the day on which they will dispute the possession of India with the English. So little was the influence of England in Europe increased by her share in the victories of the Alma and Inkermann that when she thought fit to raise her voice in favor of Poland, Prince Gortschakoff shook at her the finger of scorn, and when she presumed to deprecate the invasion of Schleswig-Holstein, her indignant protests were scouted by Von Bismarck.

As for the way in which her services were required by her faithful ally, it is enough to say that he refused to join her in the Danish question; that he planned and effected the annexation of Nice and Savoy without caring a pin whether she liked it or not; that, having commenced the Mexican expedition with her, he altered its character, regardless of her remonstrances, and marched his army to Mexico without her; in fine, that he managed to give to France the spectacle of a queen of England going down upon her knees at Paris before the tomb of the captive of St. Helena.

One word more. If the English government, after the establishment of the Empire, has been under the necessity of fortifying the coasts, renewing the army, manufacturing cannon, making trial of new engines of destruction; if an enormous sum of money, never dreamt of before, has had to be expended upon the army, the navy and the fortifications; if the policy of warlike preparations has had to be backed by the volunteer movement, exhibiting a nation of traders and workers smitten with what Cobden used to style "the rifle fever;" if England is so painfully, so permanently alive to the

danger of a general conflagration which might extend to her, and would, in any case, be most hurtful both to her political power and to her commercial prosperity,—is it not because there is in France an army of six hundred thousand men ready to take the field at a sign

from one man, at a glance from his eye, at the first contraction of his brows? And if England may without injustice be accused of having morally contributed to uphold that monstrous power, what right has she to complain of the consequences? *Patere legem quam ipse fecisti.*

## THE ART OF SWINDLING.

ANY person who has ever happened to stand at the corner of Broadway and Cortlandt street, in New York city, between the hours of ten A. M. and four P. M., must have noticed, every now and then, gentlemen of an exceedingly countrified look pass by. The model countryman, as he appears coming up this street, generally has a superabundance of cheekbone, a fresh color to his face, long, lank hair in a very disordered state, a carpet-bag in his right hand, and an honest, simple look that is truly refreshing to the inhabitants of the Sodom of the United States.

Very few, apparently, take notice of him. The well-dressed bankers, brokers, merchants, lawyers and business-men have no need of his services or acquaintance; and, at first sight, it would appear that no one in the world cared or thought anything about him except, perhaps, the "old lady" and the girls and boys at his country home. But this is a mistake. There are individuals in New York to whom this person, they think, is a perfect godsend. They love him with a love that is truly admirable in theory, though not in practice. They are always sure to take him under their protection, to show him the sights of the city, and, indeed, to behave in a manner deserving of all praise, if it were not for the termination of the acquaintance. Gentlemen of this kind are generally known by the name of sharpers, confidence-men—in other words, swindlers. The country gentleman to whom I have

alluded may be taken as a sample of the class of persons who are the victims.

Some one has said that confidence is an excellent thing in any community. It has been called the ground-plan of all individual transactions, the bone and sinew of all dealings between man and man, as Mr. Micawber might say. The "confidence game," however, is somewhat different in its character. Its prosecution furnishes food, raiment, and, indeed, most of the luxuries of life, to a large number of enterprising individuals. The requisites to its successful working are not many: an easy manner, cheerful disposition, plenty of "brass," a good judgment as to human nature, and an honest, simple-minded set of people on whom to act, are all that are needed.

The gullibility of people has always been—and probably always will be—a matter to be wondered over. I propose to give my readers a few instances in the art of swindling, to show how the verdant are "taken in and done for," though not confining my instances to the great metropolis.

That was a very open and barefaced swindle perpetrated in New York some months since. Two countrywomen, who scaled the perilous heights of Broadway Bridge, were not a little astonished at encountering aloft a spurious representative of the corporation, who modestly demanded fifty cents from each as the established toll for crossing the new viaduct. The fee was paid under protest,

and the case was reported to the press by one of the sufferers, who seemed to think the charge somewhat exorbitant. It is thought the volunteer toll-taker did not long remain at his post after he had collected the fare above mentioned; so that all anxious inquirers after him were disappointed. This must have been the same fellow who, in Boston, some time since, stationed himself at one of the gates of the Common, and demanded one dollar from a rustic gentleman for the privilege of beholding the "whale in the frog-pond." The money was paid, but the whale wasn't visible that day, and the victim came to the conclusion that the man at the gate was a "dead beat."

A remarkable instance of superstition and folly occurred out West last summer. A farmer by the name of Brown had, by industry and careful saving, managed to acquire a farm, on which he resided, and about one thousand dollars in money. One day a company of gypsies encamped near his house. A woman of the band called on Mr. Brown and represented that she was a clairvoyant fortune-teller, and that she was endowed with a secret gift, which enabled her to reveal the past and future of all things sublunary. Furthermore, she informed Mr. B. that she was a Spiritualist, and that the spirits had communicated to her the astonishing fact that somewhere on Mr. B.'s farm immense quantities of gold and silver had been hidden by some one at a time "whence the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The woman continued to visit Mr. B.'s house from day to day, and finally informed him that the spirits would not deign to tell where the treasure was deposited unless she could be temporarily placed in possession of six thousand dollars, with which to perform the necessary incantation. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Brown gave credence to this story. The woman completely infatuated him, leading him whithersoever she would. He promised that he would obtain the money, and each swore the other to eternal secrecy. Mr. B. got enough from different members of

his family to make up one thousand dollars, without hinting the purpose for which he wanted it. He then went to a neighboring town and mortgaged his farm to the amount of five thousand dollars, payable in ninety days, at two and a half per cent. a month. He thereupon returned home without informing any member of his family what his mission had been, stealthily met his enchantress and told her he was ready for her incantation. The woman took the money, made a roll of it, wrapped it securely in a piece of cotton cloth, and—as if to make assurance doubly sure—she then took a long string and tied it many times around the roll of money. She returned the next day, when the final ceremonies took place which were to inevitably extort a revelation from the spirits as to the exact locality where the treasure was to be found. She took Mr. B. into a room where there could be no witnesses of the mysterious conjurations, had him to stand in the centre of the floor and, with uplifted hands, repeat the Lord's prayer, while she, in possession of the package of money, performed evolutions round about him, mysteriously chanting during the time. This performance concluded, the woman placed what was ostensibly the package of money in one of Mr. Brown's hands, and charged him, at the peril of destroying the spell, not to let the package go out of that particular hand until he had hidden it in some safe and secret place, where, undisturbed, it was to remain for the period of four days, when Mr. B. was to go and get it and meet his enchantress at a spring near by, when the two in company would proceed to the place where the hidden treasure was buried. Mr. B. obeyed these instructions strictly, telling no one of any part of the transactions, hid what he supposed was his package of six thousand dollars safely away, and at the exact moment when the four days expired sought his package and found it; but instead of containing the money, it only contained the disconnected fragments of one of Beadle's dime novels. The reader can imagine Mr. B.'s feelings of disappointment, indignation and



chagrin at this stage of the proceedings. He sought his charmer at the spring, but she was nowhere visible. The gypsies had

"Folded their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently stolen away."

This is certainly one of the most astonishing instances of credulity on record.

The case just mentioned was somewhat similar to the ingenious swindle of a sharper in Ohio, a few months ago. He stopped at a certain farm-house in a town near Cincinnati, and asked permission to stay over night, which was readily granted by the hospitable farmer. A couple of hours after retiring for the night he was taken suddenly and violently ill, and for several days was apparently deranged. On his recovery he informed his host that during his illness he had dreamed three nights in succession that he had discovered, in a certain ravine near the house, under a rock, an earthen crock containing a large amount of silver. At this the old gentleman expressed surprise, and spoke of it as being a very mysterious dream. Afterward, however, they were walking together in that section, and the dream was again adverted to by the stranger. An examination was at once proposed by the farmer, to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after brushing the leaves carefully away, it was removed, and to their utter amazement there sat a crock full of silver. They took it out and conveyed it secretly to the house, and on examination it was found to contain four hundred dollars, which they agreed to divide equally between them. The day after this discovery, as the stranger was about to take his leave, he complained to his benefactor of the inconvenience of carrying so much silver, when an exchange was proposed, the stranger receiving two hundred and fifty dollars in greenbacks for his share of the coin, silver then being at a premium of about fifty per cent. It was not long after the departure of his guest, however, ere the host made another discovery—his four hundred dollars in silver were counterfeit! and he had

thus been ingeniously swindled out of two hundred and fifty dollars.

Persons who are in the habit of reading the *New York Herald* will often see advertisements of this character, under the head of "Co-partnerships" or "Business Chances:"

**\$250** FOR A HALF INTEREST IN A NICE Little Office Business—City and country; stock on hand worth more than the price asked. Call at — Broadway, Rooms 25 and 26.

This gentleman who was anxious to dispose of "a half interest in a little office business, the stock on hand being worth more than the price asked," received a large number of applications from young men, several of whom put up their money and were taken into the "firm." Each of them was told to call the next day at one o'clock. In the mean time the advertiser left the city, and was never heard from. The young gentleman all met at the time appointed, one o'clock, and comforted each other as best they could.

One of this class of sharpers, by the name of Hartman, was arrested not long since. He had been in the habit of advertising for "an industrious businessman, having one hundred to three hundred dollars, to take a half interest in an unexceptionable business, paying ten to forty dollars daily." Three or four "industrious business-men" having invested their money in the concern, and having received no profit therefrom, preferred a complaint against Mr. Hartman. The following letter, written by him to one of the complainants, may serve to show how this class of swindlers pursue their calling:

"NEW YORK, —, 1868.

"RESPECTED SIR: Your note is before me, and contents duly noted. If you have the required cash capital, free from incumbrance, and are actually unemployed and willing to give your entire attention to business proposed, reside in the city, give suitable references, like an office and light packing and manufacturing business (your duties being mostly writing and bookkeeping), state the amount of money you have to invest (provided my business suits you). I shall be happy to invite you to my office

and have a talk at my earliest convenience, on receiving your answer giving your proper name and address. The first question will be in regard to the ready cash, and any attempt to pry into my business for curiosity sake will be worse than useless, as I have not a moment to lose.

"Hoping you are in earnest, as is your humble servant, I am yours, respectfully.

"JOSEPH HARTMAN."

It seems almost incredible, and yet many young men were swindled by the following advertisement:

**WANTED—TWO YOUNG MEN TO GO TO** Savannah, as clerks in a grocery and shoe store; wages \$100 a month. Answer in own handwriting, stating reference. Enclose fifty cents to pay for advertisement. Address Merchant, Box 9999, New York Post Office. Postage paid.

It is pleasant to think, however, that one of the writers fathomed the design of the advertiser, and sent the following amusing and pertinent reply:

"NEWARK, February 1, 186-.

"Noticing your advertisement, I would reply that I can bring good recommendation from my former employer. I have been selling salve at fifty cents a box, and as I sold the last one on credit, I am unable to enclose the money as requested. I have also had some experience in the Flat-and-jackass line; and should you employ me, I think I could sell you for the latter in a very short time; and if you are successful in buying Flats at fifty cents apiece (and I am somewhat a Flat myself, though not to be bought for that sum), I think I should be able to sell all that you buy at an advance of twenty-five per cent. at least. Should you need my services, address Timothy Shad, Curbstone Place, Goose Hollow, or any other man."

It is almost useless to say that the services of Mr. Shad were not needed.

Women very often practice the confidence game. The other day an old lady left Albany, determined to go to Syracuse without paying her fare; that is, if tears, prayers and protestations would "dead-head" her. When the conductor

solicited her fare, she declared, lustily, beseechingly, whimperingly, prayerfully, tearfully, and, as it seemed, lyingly, that, "God save your honor," she "hadn't a cent." And everybody believed her but the conductor. The sympathy of the passengers was aroused; the more benevolent talked of making up a purse for the woman. Happily, this wasn't done; for when she was politely escorted to the door, she produced a well-filled pocket-book and wanted to know the "price of a jaunt." The fare was named. The old woman wanted a discount, but at this point the even-tempered official thought she couldn't ride any farther with him, and he was found as good as his word. When the next train came along, the old woman got aboard with an extra supply of tears, prayers, blessings and demonstrative protestations of poverty. And this time she was successful. The official, who, like his brother conductor, knew his business and couldn't be imposed upon, was voted "cruel" by the sympathetic passengers. After a while a collection was taken up, and in this way credulity was imposed upon.

This was a small item of swindling compared with the game a designing widow played in Boston, last winter. She, having an only daughter who was then keeping a fashionable boarding-house, gave out the report that her daughter had had left her, by a gentleman who had taken a fancy to her when a child, a large fortune: the money was not to be paid over for some months. She received the congratulations of her friends, and immediately gave up keeping boarders. The story spread rapidly, and gave the lady almost unlimited credit at all of the stores. She improved this condition of affairs, and purchased largely of dresses, jewelry, and all things necessary to indicate that she was a lady of wealth. Of some she borrowed money freely. Finally, she purchased a twenty-thousand-dollar house and took possession, and was to pay the first installment in a week. The title-deeds were all made out, everything was ready, the day came, the man called for his money, when the lady informed him that her agent, who

was coming on with twenty thousand dollars, the first installment of the fortune, had lost the money in New York in some way, by theft or otherwise. This led to a little examination into the truth of the report about the fortune, the result being that it was ascertained no fortune was left the daughter, and that her mother had been playing a huge game of confidence on the community.

Sometimes the confidence-man takes the rôle of the minister. At least, I have read of one who put on the "livery of heaven to serve the devil in." He assumed the character of a Baptist clergyman without any present charge, and introduced himself to a minister of that denomination and some of the "brethren." He put on a sanctimonious expression, showed a number of theological works in his trunk, and so demeaned himself as to deceive even the "very elect." He received and accepted an invitation to preach on Sunday, and delivered two discourses, preaching with great unction, so that his voice could be heard afar off; and although there was more sound than substance about what he said, still it was not suspected that he was an impostor. Having thus prepared the way, he proceeded to business. He had in some way—rather an uncommon occurrence for Western ministers—become possessed of quite a sum of money, which he wanted to invest. He had arranged to purchase a farm, which unfortunately had a small patch of hops on it, and so scrupulous was he, so "unco gude," that he could not think of buying it without stipulating that the value should be deducted from the price of the land, and that the hops should be extirpated by the roots. He made the acquaintance of a gentleman, with whom he negotiated to go into partnership in rebuilding a planing mill and sash factory burned out some time before, and go into manufacturing. He had no currency, however, to use for this purpose, and wished to go to — to procure available funds in exchange for some drafts which he had. Accordingly, the gentleman gave him a letter of introduction to an old comrade of his, connected with

one of the mercantile establishments, requesting him to identify him at the bank and render him what aid he could in transacting his business.

Thus equipped, he went to — and called on the gentleman to whom was addressed the letter. He, supposing all was right, went with him to the First National Bank and introduced him as a friend. The teller of the bank was absent, and the cashier was at the desk. He presented five drafts of three thousand dollars each, purporting to be drawn by the First National Bank of — upon the — National Bank of New York, and asked for seven thousand dollars in currency thereon, saying that he would leave the balance, eight thousand dollars, for some days to his credit, not even wishing a certificate of deposit. The cashier scrutinized the drafts and listened to the conversation between the stranger and his endorser, and concluded all was right. The stranger took his money, chatted a while with his new acquaintance, and, saying he would see him again, made his way to the dépôt and left on the noon train for the East, to be seen in those parts no more, unless brought back in an officer's hands. On the Saturday following the First National Bank officers received a despatch from New York informing them that the drafts they had cashed were forgeries. They immediately set officers on the track of the swindler, and widely distributed circulars offering a large reward for the detection of the forger and the recovery of the money, but all in vain. It was afterward ascertained that prior to establishing his base of operations at —, the rascal made an attempt at — under the guise of a Methodist preacher, but could find no one to identify him.

In the bosoms of some people confidence is a plant of rapid growth, and they seem absolutely anxious to be swindled out of their money. The following is a favorite way of taking in the unwary: An advertisement once appeared in the *New York Herald* for two young men to fill situations as rent collectors for a physician in Brooklyn, directing the applicants to call at No. — Wash-

ington street. In response to the advertisement, two young men called and had an interview with the "doctor." He professed to be well pleased with their appearance, and, claiming to own a large number of houses, said their whole time would be required in his service; but they being strangers, he must require security. The young men deposited three hundred dollars (all they had) with him, and were directed to call at nine o'clock the next morning to assume their duties; which they did, but the pretended doctor was not to be found then or ever afterward. This method of playing the confidence game is, strange to say, very successfully and extensively carried on.

The latest and keenest of frauds of which I have heard is the following: A young man of genteel address, entering a fashionable bar-room, struts to the bar and familiarly calls for a glass of Bourbon, and on turning to look about the room, seeing a half dozen or more strangers, he invites them to join him in

drinking confusion to the Excise law. After all have drank, the stranger calls for a paper of Century Tobacco, and on opening it, to the surprise of all, he takes from it a one-hundred-dollar note. Of course, champagne is ordered, after punishing which, the stranger, looking at the clock, recollects an appointment, and, throwing down the newly-found Treasury note, tells the barkeeper to keep ten dollars for himself, pays for the wine, gets his change and takes his departure. It is almost needless to say the note is spurious.

Many other instances of the confidence game might be given, all going to show the gullibility of that good-natured institution denominated the public.

It is a shame that this system of robbery—for it is nothing more than that—cannot be stopped. The police have not been able to prevent it. The only hope lies in exposing swindlers as fast as they appear, so that the unwary may be warned in time, and not be "taken in and done for."

## THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

### CHAPTER I.

WHEN the two men turned their horses into the solitary ravine, Squire Langley drew his rein, and glanced uneasily up at the old mill. The Doctor (Kirke) glanced uneasily up at the old mill. Then they looked at each other.

"There are some men who never seem to be dead," said Kirke, hurriedly. "Get on, Katey."

The Squire laughed dryly. "No," after a while. "It would surprise me less to see old Müller standing as usual in the mill-door, with a bit of straw in his nut-cracker jaws, and the snuff drabbed down his waistcoat, than up yonder among the hosts of the Lord. Consid-

erably less. And if Müller had his ch'ice, he'd choose the mill-door. No offence to you, Doc."

(For Müller was dead about three months ago, and Sydney Kirke was to marry his daughter to-morrow.)

"Oh, no offence to me. Bart and her father are different people."

"But, Kirke"—the old man hesitated, the corners of his flabby mouth lengthening anxiously—"I'm free to say that I have never seen any hankering after divine things in the girl."

"No," quickening his horse's pace.

"I have been the sperritoal father of most of the young people hereabouts, but the world has too strong a hold on Bart for me. I thought to find a kin-

dling in her after her father's death, but there was none. I pressed the truth hard on her in class the next Lord's day; and Brother Weymouth wrestled for her in prayer before the whole meeting. But it all falls off her, like water off a duck's back. I fear the Lord has hardened her heart. Permanently."

"Whom He hath chosen, He hath chosen," muttered the young Presbyterian to himself. But he did not echo his companion's sigh: the trouble lay too deep with him.

The old class-leader groaned aloud: "I shall recommend to her to set apart a week in which to grapple with the Lord. Peradventure she shall save her soul alive."

Doctor Kirke did not answer. It goaded him that the sensual old shoemaker had the right to take, as it were, this girl's soul in his hand and turn it over critically, as if it were a diseased potato. But he had the right, being a father in the Methodist church.

"Now, her brother Larrence," resumed Langley—"Larrence is a godly youth."

Sydney rejoined heartily: "Laurence Müller has a great genius. His prayer yesterday made my heart burn within me. His lips are touched with coals from the altar."

"Yes, glory be to God!" with unction. They were silent for a while: then, with a certain relief in both of their voices, they began to talk of the mill. "Why did old Müller never run the mill?" Kirke asked. "There's money in it."

"Müller knew better how to keep what he had than to add to it. Folks in the valley used to say that in the darkest nights he stood sentinel in the door yonder, munching his bit of straw. Mounting guard. Over his treasure," with a shrewd look at Sydney and a sharp voice, at odd disaccord with the holy sing-song of a moment before. "Young folks laugh at that old story of Müller's treasure. But there's something in it: it's no dream, nor fable either."

"What is there in it?" The young man's face, when he turned to listen, had

lost its ordinary frank good-humor. He waited with a stern impatience.

"He don't relish any gossip about Bart or her people," thought the old man. "But he'd relish a pot of gold for her dower, I reckon." He gave his tobacco another chew, and spat leisurely before replying. "Oh, it's oncertain enough. I doubt if what the old fellow buried in the ground'll ever come out. If the moles or mildew have spared it, all clue to it is gone."

"What did he bury?"

"There's different accounts of that. Müller was a jeweler in the old country, and he brought an odd lot of rings and broken watches here when he came. There's one story that it was rings he hid away about the mill; another that it was a sword-handle studded with diamonds; but the most likely tale is that it was an unset pearl that he had. Even in the rough as it was, it made a light like moonlight."

"That is a tale fit for a fairy-book." Kirke laughed with a touch of scorn, and arranged his sandy whiskers complacently about his face, "This ghost of a treasure is not mentioned in that will you have in your pocket?"

"No," unwillingly. "It is not mentioned. Directly."

"I supposed not. When did you draw up that will, by the way, Squire?"

"Four years ago. You'll find no flaw in it."

"The property is so trifling," said Kirke, indifferently, "that it might have been left to the law to divide equally between Bart and her brother. Indeed, they have divided it. You were gone when Müller died, and no one knew there was a will until yesterday."

"There is a will," said the Squire, gruffly, "and the property is not equally divided by it. It should not have been if I had been Müller! I'll say it, though Bart is to be your wife, Doc. She's well enough, but a boy like Larrence is not born once in a hundred years. He should not have had to grub for his living if I had been his father."

Kirke was silent, and then began to whistle cheerfully. What did it matter



if Müller had left all to his son? He had a clear path chalked out for himself. His practice was growing with the town in Ohio where he had settled: to-morrow he would turn his back on this stupid mountain village, with Bertha. He called her Bertha, tenderly, to himself. She might be "Bart" to the village: a homely, irreligious girl, held as of a lower caste by all the belles of the village: a trifle coarse, perhaps. He granted it all. Laurence Müller was fine clay, and Bart was of the roughest potter's ware. It had shocked the village—shocked Sydney Kirke's educated self to find that he loved her.

But he could not do without her; and he had a qualm of shame at the thought.

The October wind had a chill of winter in it. It drifted the crisp yellow leaves up to their horses' knees along the road, which was a cut deep between the hills. "I can see the flash of the kitchen fire," said the Squire, pointing up to the dusky nook in the mountain side where the little farm-house stood. "We will read the will first, and then to Bart's supper." They put their horses into a trot.

"I've got a present for her," Langley said presently, uncovering a basket swung to his saddle. "Rabbits. Puckett's blind boy, Joe, brought 'em. He trapped 'em last night."

"You had better have thrown them out," said Kirke, lifting one skinny leg.

"Yes," covering them carefully. "But I couldn't disappoint Joe. He couldn't see what they were. 'They're my first game of the season,' he says, with an air, pulling up his ragged breeches. 'I hope Miss Bart'll enjoy 'em. She tried to save my eyes, Bart and Squire,' he says, and turned off before I could answer him."

"She is 'Bart' to all the county," said Kirke, angrily.

"Yes. My girls think she's lowered herself too common. It's principally through that yarb-garden of her father's. She larned the use of them, and is perpetooally stewing doses for half the country-side. It's her yarbs, and a jokin', comfortin' way she has, that makes sich

folks as Joe hang to her. She is a good girl, Sydney," with sudden earnestness and without a trace of the holy tone.

Sydney pretended not to hear, stooping to buckle a strap of the bridle. But something rose in his throat and choked him. "I'll carry the rabbits if you like," he said after a while, pleasantly. There had been a shadow of distrust between them, but it disappeared after this, for some strange reason. They had felt it behooved them to discourse in a pure religious vein on the first part of their ride, and had joined in condemning the hellish tendencies of the Unitarian preaching in the county-town, and mourned over the new organ in the Episcopal church as a special device of the devil. But Joe's basket, and something which it carried other than the skinny rabbits, brought a sudden good-fellowship between them which had not sprung out of their religion.

"If I had the girl's recipes and the time, I'd take her garden when she's gone," said the Squire, heartily. "She's saved many a poor wretch from the doctors;" and then dismissed the subject for that of the doctors, telling stories which made Kirke laugh till the tears came.

He was in a good humor to the core of his heart. Bart *was* the right wife for him! There was something in her, in everything about her—her comfortable house, the very ring of her name—which made men hearty and genial, as he and Langley were now.

Sydney had thought himself in love with another woman—a beautiful woman—who discussed the books he read and exchanged copies of hymns with him. But when he tried to marry her and do without Bart, his life was like a house in which the great warm kitchen-fire has gone out.

The few barren acres about the house, he thought, had caught some of her energy and generous strength. They used to be but a dreary background for the drearier mill. The very ground had gone to ruin and decay. Since Bart was a woman there had come new life in it. There was no such corn in the country

as had been gathered from the fields whose russet, succulent slopes rose on either side of the velvet-spiked sumach hedge: in the old apple-orchard, the herb-garden, the low brick house itself, there were certain home-looks and mellow tints of color to be found nowhere else. The cows stood knee-deep in the cool shadows of the creek; the smoke from Bart's chimney made eddying shadows over her lover's road: a chippey piped a friendly call to him from the stubble through the yellow afternoon air: it was all quiet and cheerful. Now, a man who knew that no matter how cheerful and friendly were the things that met him outside, his wife's face was cheerfuller and friendlier still, was in no such bad case!

Kirke's honest nature was tough and slow to move, but the tears were not far from his eyes when he dismounted at the gate.

The Squire watched him, guessing what his thoughts were on his wedding eve, and then glanced hastily down at the mill. Bart had never touched that: it was decayed and grim and silent, its broken rafters thrust out threateningly, as though to guard the secret treasure beneath. The ghost of a treasure Sydney had called it.

"It is a ghost which will stand between you and your wedding day for ever, I fear, boy," muttered the old man, fingering the paper which he carried in his pocket as he followed him in.

There were no ghosts indoors. The air of the sitting-room was fresh and warm. Some odd, bright-colored stuffed birds were on the white walls. The old-fashioned, straight-legged piano was open, and Laurence was there.

There was a good deal of electric power in Laurence Müller. He was of that bilious yet fiery-blooded physical conformation oftenest met in brilliant, unsuccessful men of society, in actors or in drunkards. He made the day different for any man who came in contact with him. Even to dull Langley and the prosaic Kirke an hour's talk with the nervous, strange-ideal fellow had the effect of an unexpected strain of foreign

music heard in the dusty market. It wakened vague longings—queries whether if, after all, this life of the market was the best life.

Laurence was in accord with himself to-day as an exquisitely tuned instrument, the weather being fair and his digestion good. On rainy days it was different. He ran out to meet them, his small lean figure wrapped in a dark-blue dressing-gown, a crimson smoking-cap on his black hair, which served to set off his finely-cut olive face. It was a wonderful face, full of sensibility and enthusiasm.

He brought them in, cordial and eager—dragged them, mud and all, over Bart's white floor: took off the old man's wrappings himself, his hands deft and gentle as a woman's. He had enjoyed a precious spiritual refreshment this morning, he told them breathlessly, with wide-open eyes, like a child's: one of David's psalms had been the key to open the door of heaven for him; then, as supper was not ready, he ran out and brought in the cake and fruit which Bart had prepared for her wedding breakfast, and while they ate them he sat down by the piano and chanted the psalm:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down;  
Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion."

His fine eyes were full of tears, his powerful voice thrilled with a terrible pathos, as he recited the mingled lamentation and curses that followed. "It is the Lord's song sung in a strange land," he said when he had done, looking out over the hills sleeping in the autumn sunlight, as though he too were a pilgrim captive in an alien country.

The Squire and Kirke nodded gravely. But Bart, stirring the coffee inside, suddenly shut the kitchen door that she might not hear. The psalm was like enough to the lamentations of the Squire and his co-religionists. What right had they to call this great earnest, living world a "vale of tears" and a dreary place of probation? She knew nothing about Heaven. But here was a place which God was making fresh for them to work in every day, and it was so full of work,

so full of men and women, husbands and mothers and children, pressing close upon each other for help and love, that it scared her to think sometimes how her breath was slipping from her and so little done. So full of beauty too, and His goodness, that her heart ached with an awful pain at the thought of leaving it. Christ's people had no right to be pilgrims or strangers here. And as for their habit of meting out damnation to all outside of sectarian limits, it was no better than this old savage chant of imprecation which Laurence sang: "Happy shall he be who taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." There was not one word from the Lord in it.

But Laurence's store of music was not limited to psalms. After a while he played an opera air or two, waltzes, marches, turning with a queer arch smile back to the men. "There are some of the devil's songs, that I learned when I was out in the broad road," he said. But the blood rose to his cheek, as it would to a man's who tasted delicious wine after long abstinence, and he was silent, touching the keys dreamily. Kirke looked at him anxiously. Everybody in the country-side knew Laurence Müller's story—how he had run away from home when he was a boy, to follow a traveling circus. It was a glimpse of fairy land to him: how he had come home, ploughed and drudged for a year or two, gone off again with an itinerant portrait-painter: been artist, photographer, musician by turns: had drunk hard: had lectured on temperance: had married and settled down in a neighboring town for life now, having been a hopeful convert at the last revival. The hectic flush and glitter in his eye at the sound of the devil's music alarmed both of his hearers. The Squire put his hand in his pocket and coughed. "We came on business, Larrence," he said.

Young Müller turned hastily with a scared, comical gesture, and began some story of his old worldly experience. He was a witty fellow—wittier than either of his hearers could comprehend, but they laughed loud and long. He was a good

mimic: whether he told a story or prayed or sang, he threw his whole soul and body into it: there never was such good company. The Squire thrust back the will into his pocket. He fancied when it was read there would be an end to laughter in that house. He would wait till after supper.

The supper was delicious, and after Bart came, the others had a chance to talk, which was, after all, pleasanter. She brought out one or two of the Squire's famous stories, and he told them with great applause, and Sydney found himself appreciated and his most trifling word listened to.

Laurence had interrupted him, before, a dozen times. Laurence was not a good listener. But they all were silent when he spoke.

It did not seem strange to Bertha that even on this their wedding eve Sydney should be absorbed by her brother, and notice her only when she came in his way by an affectionate smile.

The idea of any man's complimenting or wooing Bart Müller was absurd. Other girls' love was to be conquered, but honest Bart was to her lover as she was to all that knew her, down to blind Joe—a good thing, which they already owned. Sydney Kirke married her because he could not do without her: that was all.

Bart could not quite understand this to-night. She thought, when supper was over, and the Squire, thoughtfully smoking his pipe, sat at the table, Laurence opposite him, still gulping down long draughts of bitter black coffee, that Sydney would have taken her out to walk in the orchard in the soft, warm sunset. She wanted, too, to show him the little store of linen for housekeeping which she had laid out ready to pack. She had been a long time at work on it, her heart, which had been born happy, full of a new kind of happiness, giving to it the womanly blushes and tearful smiles with which another woman would have bent over the clothes that were to make herself more fair in the eyes of him who loved her. Bart's least trunk was filled with her clothes, and they were such as she wore every day—plain cali-

coes and gingham. When she was a silly child she had learned to dress without looking in the glass, morbidly trying to forget her homely face: now, she laughed back at it with the same whole-hearted greeting which she gave to all other faces of the friendly men and women who filled the world, and thought no more about it. But her dress remained very plain.

Nobody had spoken to her for half an hour, but when she got up to go out, they all looked annoyed and said, "Where are you going, Bart?"

"I came on business," the Squire added, reluctantly. "But you are going to feed your poultry, eh?"

She nodded, tied an apron about her plump little waist (there was something snug and comfortable in all her clothes, even to the aprons), and took out a basket of shelled corn, blushing as Sydney sprang up and followed her.

The room they left, with its white walls, and brilliant dead birds, and fitful music, was the proper framing for Laurence, but the jolly farm-yard, friendly, warm, full of plenty, was the place for Bertha. She belonged there. Sydney had a vague notion of this. There was a ladder going up to the stable-loft, and he seated himself on the lower rung, watching her. The sunny orchard was on one side, and the dark hickory woods on the other, both very quiet in the westerling afternoon light. But there was a general waking up when Bart came. Red-combed cocks and demure hens tumbled and scratched in from their foray under the apple-trees: the snowy pigeons fluttered down from their cotes; a gang of ducks, a fresh coat of mud on their yellow legs, came straddling and quacking up; while Spot, the sorrel cow, sauntered across from her lair in the grass on the sunny side of the woods, and looked over the lichen-covered stone wall with matronly approval of Bart and her hungry brood.

Used as Kirke was to her, he saw that it was the brown-haired woman in the midst, plump, sweet-breathed, supple, with her cordial voice and cordial eyes, that completed the bright, homely

scene, and gave it meaning as a song does its prelude.

She shook out the last grain finally, laughing, coaxing and scolding them all at once. The poor, half-souled creatures had all been born under her care, and it was the last time she would feed them. She was thinking of that all the time. "You'll let me come back often to the old place, Sydney?" she said, leaning on the wall, stroking old Spot with both nervous hands. "Laurence promises me to make no change."

"You forget this will, Bertha. It may reverse your division with your brother. The place may be left to you, after all."

"It must be Laurence's," energetically. "It is of more value than the bonds, and he has a great love for it. When we spoke of dividing the property," lowering her voice, "he said, 'Take all that is of value, Bart, but leave me my home. *My home!*' He cried out these words, turning pale, Sydney. It must belong to Laurence, whatever the will says."

"It is your home too, I fancy. But it does not matter to me if he doesn't leave you a penny," Sydney rejoined. "I have you, Bart," holding out his hands to her.

She put her own in them, her breast heaving, her whole honest little body shrinking and throbbing in an instant, now that the loving words had come which she had been waiting for all day. For it never had occurred to her to hide the wonder and gratitude with which she received Sydney Kirke's love. She knew what a commonplace woman she was—how far the inferior of other girls in person or in brain. But she had loved him so long before! It was like the good luck of all the rest of her life. Never a day began for her which in some way was not warmer and brighter than the last.

"Let us go down into the orchard," said Sydney.

So they crossed through the raspberry bushes to the warm slope where the golden russets were dropping quite mellow on the grass, and went down to the side of the mill-dam. The sheet of water

was red in the low sunlight, and beyond, a gray mist began to veil the valley: something deeper than the beauty and quiet touched Bart. Back yonder the poor dumb things watched for her, and her brother waited for her: in every one of the farm-houses she saw on the hills she had good friends: beside her, her lover held her hand close; and—she looked up to the quiet sky suddenly, and her eyes grew dim.

"What is it, Bertha?"

"I was thinking that He has given me all I asked for, Sydney."

The lover was rather lazy just now in Sydney Kirke, but the theologian was always alert. "What right have you or I to demand temporal blessings? And you—you have not even made your peace with an avenging God. Bertha, have you never any remorse or repentance—no fear of the wrath to come?"

"I know no avenging God, and I never was converted. He has been my friend since ever I can remember, Sydney. I try to do the best I can. And I'm not afraid to ask for all I want. David did." The freckled, downright face was scared but steady. Sydney grew sick at heart to hear this soul-destroying heresy from the lips of the woman who was to be his wife. But he bit his lip and was silent, and Bart, looking at the red water, speedily forgot it. Kirke, against his will, when she began to talk, forgot it too. Any bitter or acrid feeling, even to remorse or the eternal pilgrim feeling, was as hard to realize with her as the twinges of winter's cold before a great fire.

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When they came in, Squire Langley looked from one face to the other severely. They had been dawdling—love-making, which was not even milk for babes—while he and Laurence had eaten strong meat: they had held weighty discourse upon election, foreknowledge and the Trinity; and having given shape and limit to these mysteries by their own respectable intellects, had comfortably consigned to damnation all who did not accept that shape and limit. It was comforting discourse, but drowsy to the

Squire, who knew more about leather than even ordinary logic. To Laurence it was like a terrible drama. "God and Satan contending for the soul of man! It thrilled his feverish blood even more than the first hearing of Don Giovanni had done.

Bart left the door open and stirred the fire vigorously. Daylight and fresh air came in with her.

"Well! well! there's no love-story that isn't spiled sooner or later," thought the Squire. "This little fat woman must have her trouble as well as the rest of us." He had declared in favor of Laurence an hour ago. But he was like everybody else: when he was with her the little woman tugged hard at his heart-strings. "Sit down, Berthy," drawing out the will finally.

Kirke motioned her to his side with a protecting nod. Laurence walked to and fro with long, nervous strides. He was giving himself up to the occasion. "It is our father's message to us! I shall receive it as words from the dead," he said, several times over.

"Now, there's no need of all that, Laurence. It was a message from a livin' man, and a very cranky one, I'll say that. I wish you'd think of that, Berthy, my dear. Whatever this paper contains," tapping it with his spectacles, "I feel bound to say to you, child, to remember that the whims of the dead is no more bindin' on us than the whims of the livin'. You're used to think of others a good deal, I've noticed. Now, you'd oblige me—me personally, you understand—if, in this case, you'd consider yourself. There's no need of remark," as Laurence would have spoken. "I thought that advice was called for, and I've gave it. Sit down, Laurence, if you please. That will do;" and putting on his spectacles he broke the seal and unfolded the paper.

It was a long document, full of just such obscure, morbid reflections as old Müller delighted in when alive; but the gist of it was this: the property was divided into two unequal parts, certain bonds of small value constituting the smaller: the farm-house, mill and "all



that pertained thereto, visible or invisible," the other. Enclosed in the will was a certain sealed letter, which was addressed to Bertha. After reading it, she was to make choice of one of these parts, the other to go to Laurence. In case of her declining to accept the conditions of the letter, it was to be given to him, and with it the liberty of choice. Whichever child took the mill and farmhouse was bound to remain in constant occupancy of the same for the number of years specified in the letter.

Squire Langley, having finished, folded the parchment slowly.

There was silence in the little room. With the reading of the words, "the mill and all that pertains thereto, visible and invisible," a singular restraint had fallen upon them all, as though some unwholesome presence, some ghost, had suddenly been summoned among them by the dead man's message. A ghost, too, not wholly unexpected.

They glanced furtively down through the darkening twilight to the shadow of the mill, with its bare rafters thrust out. There was surely no blessing hidden with the mysterious treasure, if treasure it was, so suddenly did distrust and care come with its mere name into their cheerful faces.

"Here is the letter," said the Squire.

"Hold, Bertha!" said Kirke, sternly, putting out his hand. "You can have no part in this affair. If you accept the mill and its secret (for in that lies the pith of the matter, as we all see), you pledge yourself to remain here. I cannot remain. You belong to me," smiling gently up into her face, but holding her wrist steadily. "She declines the choice, Squire Langley. Give the letter to Laurence."

Müller put out his hand sullenly: he was pouting like a child because he had been thrust into the background.

"I must read the letter." Bertha pushed away her lover's hand and went toward the Squire, looking not at Sydney's angry, astonished face, but down at the gloomy shadow of the mill. Whatever was the subtle influence of the evil secret which it held, it had affected her

more strongly than any of the others. Old Müller had been noted as penurious among his neighbors, and, seeing the strange likeness to him just then in his daughter's intent look, the Squire thought that if it were any other woman than Bart he would have suspected her of avarice.

But it *was* Bart. "There's the letter, child. God keep you from any trouble in it!" he said, hastily.

She took it and stood a full minute without moving. Then she went suddenly up to Laurence and put both her hands on his shoulders. "Whatever is in it, it will bring no trouble between us," she said. "Let us say that before I open it. Brother?"

Laurence detached her hand coldly. "Go, make your choice, Bertha," he said, dryly. "It will not grieve me, I assure you, if you leave me and my family in poverty by it. The riches I seek are not of this world. If you had sought them also, you would not be tempted by this shadow of a hidden treasure."

At that, Bart caught the breast of his dressing-gown, and drew him vehemently into the window, where the others could not hear. "Is this fair?" giving him a shake, the tears in her angry eyes. "Have you forgotten how long I've been a real chum for you, just as another boy would be? Can't you trust me, Laurence? Have you forgotten the old circus-days—did I play you false then? To think of how I've run with you all my life! Fished and trapped and gone gunning with you, because I could not bear to be without you! And now you turn on me! Oh! shame! shame!"

"I didn't turn on you, Bart," with a flushed face, taking her brown, large hand in his delicate fingers. "The money shall not come between us, go as it will. There!"

"It is something else that has come between us," with a gulp as though breaking through a long enforced silence. "It seems to me since you went into the church you look over the pale and call the whole world outside the children of

Satan—me with the others. You're going very far away from the good God in there, Bud. I wish the old times could come back."

The strong personal magnetism of the girl was beginning to tell on him. "I wish they could," he said. "Yet one cannot be saved without conversion. Go read your letter, Bart." He would have laid his hand lightly on her head—all his motions were fastidious and delicate—but she pressed it hard against her hot, tear-dabbled face, kissing it until she hurt him. "I've got you back again! I've got you back again!" vehemently. "I thought I'd lost you."

Then she went to a door which led into her own room. "I will come again soon—in a minute," she said, looking back, with her hand on the lock, smiling to them with the emphatic nod with which she usually put the seal on her sentences, and disappeared.

She did not come as she promised. An hour passed. The sunset reflections died out of the room, and the chilly moonlight shone into the window.

There was always so much warmth and light in Bart's rooms that she seemed more absent when they were gone. No one spoke. Laurence paced silently up and down. The Squire smoked his pipe in growing ill-humor. Kirke sat by the window, doggedly nursing his leg on his knee. They all looked from time to time stealthily down the darkening ravine to the mill, that stood blacker and grimmer in the moonlight. It was a natural weakness of human nature that their thoughts were busied with the secret treasure concealed under the black, threatening arms. Fantastic thoughts came to all of them: a heap of gold glittering under the fat loam; the great lustrous shining of the pearl in the mould; some faded parchment that could bring back to the family wealth and renown.

*What* was the secret which Bart had learned to-night?

Kirke told himself that the treasure was a delusion. Müller had been a monomaniac on the subject. He had deceived himself and wasted his own life with it.

Could he tempt this girl to do the same? Was the love of money then so deeply rooted in every heart that it needed but a breath to make it suddenly grow and bear foul fruit? Was it in hers?

"She gives up her chance of the treasure or she gives up me," he said to himself, stiffening his body, his heart growing heavy and hard as iron.

The Squire knocked the ashes out of his pipe at last. "I doubt Berthy's sore tried," he said, uneasily. "Satan tempts us all, as he did the Lord in the desert, once in our lives. By the chance of money. That's what tries a man to the marrow. I wish Berthy had some godly experience to perfect her in this her hour."

"She has a—a religion of her own," hesitated Laurence.

"Larrence! She has a happy-go-lucky way of making the best of things, and an affectionate heart. I don't know as hearty or cordial a woman alive as yer sister. But what is that but the carnal flesh? And 'the carnal flesh is at enmity against God.' Now is the hour of her temptation, and we'll see how her religion 'll sustain her."

"We will see," said Sydney Kirke, under his breath.

It grew so late, and yet she did not come, that Kirke rose and motioned toward her door. "Your sister is ill, I fear," he said to Laurence. It seemed to him that the blood in his own veins for a long time had been sluggish and cold. When Müller opened the chamber, however, it was empty.

But Langley at the moment caught sight of a dark figure going slowly down the ravine. "She is on her father's path!" he cried, and then was suddenly silent. But the other men looked at each other. The old miser's path had never been trodden in since his death.

"Go after her, lads," said the old man. "She walks as if she was dazed, or dragged along agen her will." When they were gone he turned into the room, and sat down by the hearth. He had not the heart to stir the fire. "It is the

hold of the money that is on her," he muttered to himself.

It would have been less bitter to Kirke if he had found her dying or dead. Was it the hold of the money? When he came near to her she was standing in the door of the old mill, in the very place which her father's feet had worn on the threshold. Her features had already the pinched, abstracted look of his: her eyes ranged as his used to do along the log flooring of the mill, seeking God only knew what secret beneath. Her lips moved, talking to herself: it had been a constant trick of the old man's. How strong the likeness was between them now, which had never been seen before! It was as if this secret of his gold, coming from his grave, had blighted her with the first touch in body as in soul, even contracting her wholesome, sanguine flesh into some ghastly resemblance of his own.

Looking up when they came near, she started, motioning them back with a rough gesture, so unknown to her old self that they stood amazed and silent.

"Keep back!—this is my ground, Laurence," in a whisper, as though some invisible Presence were beside her.

"You have made your choice?"

"Choice?" bewildered for a minute. She came closer to them, and said, after a pause, "Yes, the mill is mine. With all that pertains to it. Yes, I'll take it, Sydney," her voice rising almost into a cry.

She was standing in the moonlight between him and the square patch of darkness made by the open door. As she spoke she raised both her hands and held them out to him, looking behind her.

But Kirke made no reply by word or touch, only turned and walked hastily down the hill. She followed him.

When he was near the house, and they were alone, he halted and put out his hand to stop her. She looked humbly up into his face. She had only a blanket shawl over her head, and by the moonlight he could see her plainly. Why, it was the old, honest little Bart, after all! When had *she* ever cared for

money? He touched her and she crept quickly close to his side. She had always seemed too firm and resolute to need caresses, but womanish and weak as she was now, he held her to his breast with a strange, aching love for her, new to him.

"You have had a hard trial of it, to-night, Bertha. You are so young. Grace would teach you, my love, how poor are worldly riches."

She did not heed him, but kept her eyes fastened on the mill, "Let us go in as soon as you can," she said, under her breath.

"What are you afraid of?" impatiently. "Has the miserable pelf so fascinated you? Come;" leading her to the house, gently, but not as tenderly as before. People like Bart are apt to make us selfish. They give out so much comfort and heat that we forget they too need to be warmed and fed. She had made such a sultan of this prig Kirke that he came off his throne down to her with difficulty. "You forget," he added as they went along, "that if you accepted this mystery, whatever it be, you gave up—me. Life will be practical with me. I have no time to go grubbing after buried treasures."

Bart stopped short. They were in the doorway now: the moon threw her short, broad figure into strong relief, the shawl fallen from about her head.

"I don't understand you, Sydney," she said. She held his arm tight when he would have drawn it away.

"I think it is plain enough." Then he hesitated. If there had been any prettinesses of pink and white cheeks or pouting, dewy lips to fan his love into life, he doubtless would not have gone on. An artist would have made a study of the strongly-cut, tragic face with its piercing, steady eyes, but it was simply homelier than usual to Kirke's ordinary sight. Bart was well enough, though most people thought he had stooped in marrying her, but this story of the buried treasure was utterly disreputable, and he would never suffer her to drag him into it. The girl was bewildered like a child by a fairy tale: it needed

only a few sensible words to bring her to her senses.

"It is plain enough," he said. "You cannot ask me, Bertha, to give up my foothold in the West, that I have worked for so long, for this visionary treasure. How long does the letter bind you to remain if you take the mill?"

"Ten years, Sydney," feebly.

"Then that decides it. You refuse it." When she did not answer he went on, more hotly: "Have you forgotten that Laurence must have the mill to keep him and his family from want? Is the treasure so dazzling that it has turned you against him as well as me? What is it? What do you say?" bending his head. "Give you time? Why! have I been such a rough fellow?" laughing cheerfully. "Poor little Bart! I'll go now, this minute, and to-morrow, when I come, you'll be ready to turn your back on the old mill and its ghosts. It is our wedding morning, remember," pushing her hair back and kissing her forehead again and again before he left her. "To-morrow, Bart," he said again, turning as he was half-way down the path.

"To-morrow." But her mouth was so parched that she did not hear herself speak. She watched him get his horse, and go through the gate down the hill. Then she lost sight of him. But there was a break in the hedge, and there she would see him again. She always watched him pass that break. How quickly he went! He did not seem to remember that she was watching him, and that it was—*was* it for the last time?

When he was gone, the last footstep died away, she turned into her room. She could hear the Squire and Laurence talking of her, and of this trial to which she had been subjected by the whim of her father. How would she bear it? they said. Would the glitter of the gold tempt her to rob Laurence of his just share? Such religion as she had, poor as the quality was, was to be put to the test now, they said. What would it do for her?

When their voices too had ceased, and all was quiet in the house, Bart still

stood by the open window, repeating their words over and over until they dulled her brain. What would her religion do for her now? What would it do?

She found herself presently on her knees before Laurence's fire, trying to blow the dying embers into life. Come what might, Laurence must be comfortable. She went through her nightly work mechanically. Then she came back to the open window, knowing that before she left it she must choose what her life must be to the end. She looked down into the quiet valley, with the wisping drifts of smoke here and there in the moonlight. In every one of those sleeping farm-houses she had friends, but to whom could she turn now? Even Sydney had been glad to hurry away from her in this her desperate strait.

For Bart had not that cool and just reasoning faculty which belongs to higher intellects. All that she knew in life were the human beings in it. She was not herself when they did not hem her in: one would have thought that the very blood in her veins had drawn its redness and strength from a thousand other hearts: none of God's creatures were so weak as she when left alone.

How it was, therefore, that, left to herself at that time, she did struggle to shore, and stood there for life, is a something which no one ever understood. Laurence said that the shadow of the mill, with its fatal secret, had oppressed and conquered her that night, as the ghost of a human being might have done. The Squire in his soul believed that it was the faith or sham of faith that she held which led her to her decision.

Whatever it may have been, she reached that decision at last. An ordinary figure enough—the short, stout young girl, in her gingham dress, standing in the window, and looking down at an old mill in the moonlight. But in the old mill was the ghost that crosses every man's path some day. On one side of her was a life of hard work, poverty, burdens which were not her own to bear: on the other, quiet and

ease—a fate to which every selfish instinct of her nature drew her as with links of steel.

When the clock struck midnight she went and sat down, looking dully into the fire. Laurence came in dripping wet with the night-damps, and going up to the hearth, looked at her.

"You have made your choice?" he said.

"I will take the mill."

He laughed loudly. "So there is the end of the precious bond between us."

"That is the end, I suppose, brother."

"The thought of this treasure has taken an awful hold on you," he said, noticing her pinched face and the black hollows about her eyes; and so left her.

When he had been gone about an hour, she rose slowly, going into the room where her trunks were, and unpacked them, one by one, putting away the little store of household linen last, without a sob or tear, the hollows sinking darker underneath her eyes.

There were square bits of paper on the trunks, on which Sydney had printed

her married name: she stooped and tore them off, but slowly, as if it were a living thing which she touched and hurt. She was a single woman now for the rest of her life.

When all was done she paused a moment, and then, blushing scarlet, and growing pale afterward, she quickly took from the bottom of one of her trunks a small package marked with her name in her mother's writing. It was a little dress, daintily worked, and a cap which she had worn when she was a baby. "I made them," her mother told her once. "If you are ever a mother, put them on your first-born child, Bertha, for love of me."

Bertha stood folding and unfolding them before the fire. She was a very human woman, and that which to other girls is but a vague, sweet dream, was to her a reality, without which her life would be vacant and but a long mistake. Presently she laid the little garments on the fire, and watched them flash and shrivel away, and then she sat down, and while the fire burned down into gray ashes, she cried bitterly.

## SONGS OF THE SLAVE.

THE characteristics of the negro race in the United States are rapidly changing. The abolition of slavery, and the new privileges and responsibilities growing out of his changed condition, are speedily making of the freedman a being totally different from the slave of former years. Care and want and self-dependence are new ideas to the bulk of the negro population, but they are now ever present and demand recognition. As a consequence, the negro is daily becoming more reflective, more cautious and more shrewd. He grows taciturn as compared with his former habits, and keenly alive to the practical relations between labor and compensa-

tion. As might be expected, a new set of qualities are developing, which lay dormant in former years—useless to the slave, but indispensable to the freedman; and peculiarities, very marked under the old régime, are fast disappearing. A tendency to graver views of life and sobriety of thought is very observable.

In nothing has this mental change been more unmistakably shown than in the rapid disuse of a class of songs long popular with negro slaves, and in many instances exquisitely illustrative of their habits of thought. The round of sacred and secular song that for many years was so familiar to every ear throughout the Southern States, is now fading from



use and remembrance. It is giving place to a totally different system of words and melody. It could not be perpetuated without perpetuating slavery as it existed, and with the fall of slavery its days were numbered.

A very erroneous idea has long prevailed which accepts "negro minstrelsy" as a mirror of the musical taste and feeling of the negro race in the United States. Nothing could be farther from truth. Beyond the external resemblance, due to burnt cork, there is in negro minstrelsy scarcely a feature of person, music, dialect or action that recalls, with any dramatic accuracy, the genuine negro slave of former years. True it is that Christy, Bryant and Newcomb have achieved great success as Ethiopian comedians, and are accepted as interpreters of the negro; but it is none the less true that their delineations are mere conventionalisms, and their Ethiopian music even farther from the truth than their very amusing but very inaccurate impersonations. No genuine negro song, composed by a negro slave, ever betrayed a straining after *vowel endings*. Such words as "Swanee," "Tennessee," "Ohio" (the final *o* lengthened *ad libitum*), are by no means as frequently used by the negro as minstrels would have us suppose. Triple time, too, it may be remarked, is such a rarity in negro music that but one instance now occurs to us, and *it* may be plausibly traced to an old Scotch air.

But it is not to the subject of negro minstrelsy that the present sketch will be devoted. It is proposed to offer a few specimens of genuine negro-slave song and music. If they be found neither touching in sentiment, graceful in expression nor well balanced in rhythm, they may, at least, possess interest as peculiarities of a system now no more for ever in this country.

Many eloquent writers have described the religious services of negro slaves and the thrilling effect of their hymns, sung to quaint and unusual tunes by congregations of impassioned and impressive worshipers. The effect can hardly be overstated. Their hymns,

"lined out" by the preacher, are full of unpremeditated and irresistible dramatic power. We have seen negroes alternately agonized with fear and transported with a bliss almost frantic as they sang a revival hymn called "The Book of Seven Seals," replete with the imagery of the Apocalypse, picturing the golden streets of the New Jerusalem and the horrible pit of destruction. Such a chorus, sung with the energy of a people of simple and literal faith and strong and inflammable emotions, has often quickened the pulse and set aglow the heart of those whose social position or philosophy made them ashamed to acknowledge the effect.

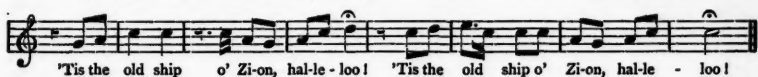
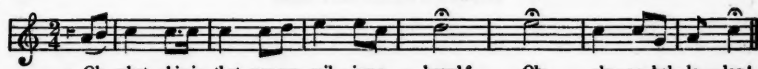
The religious songs of the negro slave were composed and communicated without the aid of writing, and were unmistakably marked in their construction. As a general rule, but few hymns were borrowed from the collections used by white congregations. Of those that were adopted by the negroes, the favorites were always such as abounded in bold imagery or striking expressions, appealing to ardent hope or vivid fear. Hence the unction with which those well-known hymns, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" and "Hark, from the Tombs," were sung in negro churches.

But the religious songs composed by negro preachers or "exhorters" for the use of their congregations abounded to excess in metaphor of the most striking character. The saints were styled the "Army of the Lord," led by King Jesus, the "Captain" and "Conqueror." They were exhorted to listen to the summons of silver trumpets, marshaling the faithful to victory, and were described as sweeping down all the obstructions of evil, and marching forward, with measured tread, up the hill on which stands the city reserved for their habitation. The banners, trumpets, drums and other paraphernalia of an army were used without stint, and often with most graphic effect. Wherever a figure was attempted, it was fearlessly carried to its limit. There was current, not many years since, a hymn in which the Christian was likened to a traveler on a railway train. The conductor was the Lord Jesus, the

brakemen were eminent servants of the Church, and stoppages were made at Gospel depôts to take up waiting converts or replenish the engine with the water of life or the fuel of holy zeal. The allegory was developed with as much accuracy and verisimilitude as though the author of the hymn had carefully studied the *Pilgrim's Progress*; yet it was imagined and composed by Oscar Buckner, an illiterate and ignorant negro slave.

It is doubtful if the authorship of that famous hymn, "The Old Ship of Zion," so popular among negroes everywhere, can be traced. It must have originated (judging from internal evidence) among the Maryland or Virginia negroes of the seaboard. As its name would indicate, the imagery of the hymn is exclusively nautical. A stanza or two will give an idea of many peculiarities of negro-slave religious song. This hymn is the original of very numerous imitations:

#### THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.



2. Oh, what are the timbers for buildin' of the ship?  
Oh glory, hallelloo!  
She is made o' gospel timbers, hallelloo!  
She is made o' gospel timbers, hallelloo!

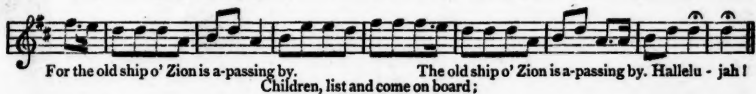
3. Oh, what is the compass you've got aboard the ship?  
Oh glory, hallelloo!  
The Bible is our compass, hallelloo!  
Oh, the Bible is our compass, hallelloo!

As regards this hymn, it may be observed that the refrain of "glory, hallelloo!" is not a singularity. It is found in many, perhaps most, negro songs of devotion. It serves to mark the time and keep the congregation well together in their singing, and also gives the leader time to recall the next verse. "The Old Ship

of Zion" was a hymn of thirty or forty stanzas, each descriptive of some equipment, in a style similar to those already quoted.

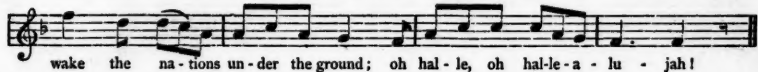
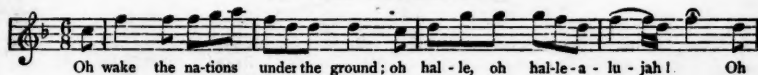
A very popular hymn, still much sung, and evidently based upon the air of "The Old Ship of Zion," commences thus:

#### PRAY ON! PRAY ON!



Another quite popular but far inferior hymn runs thus:

#### OH WAKE THE NATIONS!



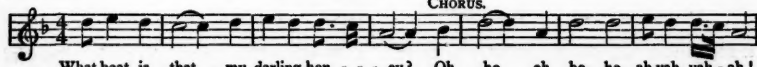
Did time and space allow, examples might be multiplied of a remarkably distinctive character of religious music; but there are other species of negro song which it is proposed to notice.

For many years the steamboats on Western and Southern rivers were, almost without exception, manned by crews of negro slaves. Even after white labor began to encroach upon the occupation of the "deck-hand" and "roust-about," the vocation of "fireman" was peculiarly the negro's. He basked in an atmosphere insupportable to whites, and delighted in the alternation of very hard labor and absolute idleness. It was not uncommon for large steamers to carry a crew of forty or fifty negro hands, and

it was inevitable that these should soon have their songs and peculiar customs. Nine-tenths of the "river songs" (to give them a name) have the same refrain, and nearly all were constructed of single lines, separated by a barbarous and unmeaning chorus. The leader would mount the capstan as the steamer left or entered port, and affect to sing the *solo* part from a scrap of newspaper, "the full strength of the company" joining in the chorus. The effect was ludicrous, for no imagination was expended on the composition. Such songs were sung only for the howl that was their chief feature. A glance at the following will abundantly satisfy the reader with this department of negro music:


## STEAMBOAT SONG.

CHORUS.



What boat is that, my darling hon - - ey? Oh ho, oh ho, ho, ah yah, yah - ah!

SOLO. CHORUS.



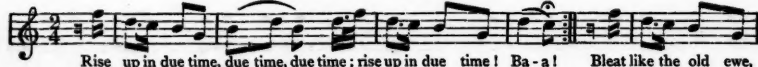
She is the "River Ruler;" Yes, my hon - - ey! Ah a - - a-a-a yah a - - ah!

Occasionally some stirring incident of steamboat achievement, as the great race between the "Shotwell" and the "Eclipse," would wake the Ethiopian muse and inspire special pæans. But as a general rule the steamboat songs were tiresomely similar to the one just given. In the department of farm or plantation songs there is much of singular music and poetry (?) to be found. Some of them are peculiar to the harvest-field, some belong exclusively to corn-shuckings (not huskings), and some are consecrated to fireside games. Long ago, when the mowing-machine and reaper were as yet unthought of, it was not uncommon to see, in a Kentucky harvest-

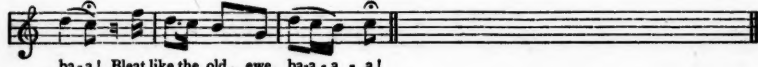
field, fifteen or twenty "cradlers" swinging their brawny arms in unison as they cut the ripened grain, and moving with the regulated cadence of the leader's song. The scene repeated the poet's picture of ancient oarsmen and the chanter seated high above the rowers, keeping time with staff and voice, blending into one impulse the banks of the tireme.

For such a song strong emphasis of rhythm was, of course, more important than words. Each mower kept his stroke and measured his stride by musical intervals. A very favorite song for these harvesting occasions commenced thus:

## RISE UP IN DUE TIME



Rise up in due time, due time, due time; rise up in due time! Ba-a! Bleat like the old ewe,



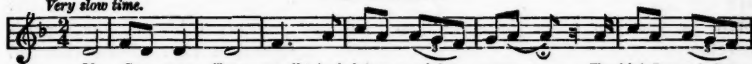
ba-a! Bleat like the old ewe, ba-a-a-a!

To dignify such a specimen as the last with the name of a song may seem absurd, but in the practical life of the farmer its value was well known. A cheerful and musical leader in the harvest-field was fully appreciated and eagerly sought.

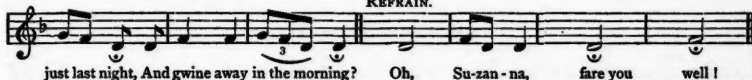
But the brisk melodies of the harvest-field and meadow were abandoned as the declining sun called the hands home to feed the "stock" and prepare for rest. Then the melancholy that tinges every negro's soul would begin to assert itself in dreamy, sad and plaintive airs, and in words that described the most sorrowful pictures of slave life—the parting of loved ones, the separation of mother and child or husband and wife, or the death of those whom the heart cherishes. As he drove his lum-

bering ox-cart homeward, sitting listlessly upon the heavy "tongue" behind the patient brutes, the creaking wheels and rough-hewn yokes exhibiting perhaps his own rude handiwork, the negro slave rarely failed to sing his song of longing. What if its words were rude and its music ill-constructed? Great poets like Schiller have essayed the same theme, and mighty musicians like Beethoven have striven to give it musical form. What their splendid genius failed adequately to express, the humble slave could scarce accomplish; yet they but wrought in the same direction as the poor negro, whose eyes unwittingly swam in tears, and whose heart, he scarce knew why, dissolved in tenderness, as he sang in a plaintive minor key some such song as this:

## OH, SU-ZANN!

*Very slow time.*

## REFRAIN.

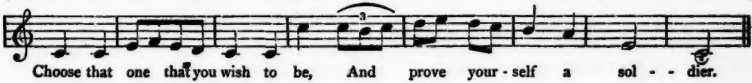
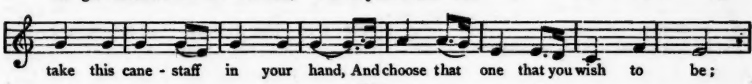
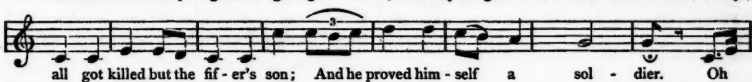
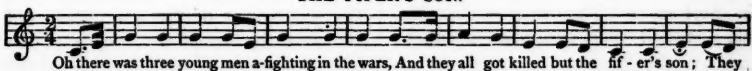


Within his cabin, and cheered by good company and a bright firelight, the negro slave resumed his gayety, and sang and danced and laughed as though life were but a long holiday. His day's work done and his appetite appeased, he cast off all care and abandoned himself to mirth and song. Stale anecdotes were told and the old laugh renewed. Venerable songs were sung

and time-honored jigs were fiddled. The origin and meaning of most of this class of songs have long been forgotten, and the jingle of rhyme and tune alone preserved.

We defy any one, however grave, to hear such a song as the following, sung in stentorian chorus by negroes, male and female, big and little, without laughing outright:

## THE FIFER'S SON.



Or who could hear, without a responsive tapping of the foot and unbending of the wrinkled brow,

"I won't have none of your weavily wheat,  
I won't have none of your barley?"

Who that has listened to the music of "Harry Cain," or "Send for the Barber," or "We'll knock around the Kitchen till the Cook comes in," will forget the merry cadence? And when the old patriarch of a plantation stood forth, before an admiring audience, to dance the famous "Turkey-buzzard Jig," was it not a scene ever to be remembered by the fortunate white who witnessed its performance?

Such events were peculiar to slavery, and disappeared with its extinction. The elements that produced them—compulsory labor and thoughtless relaxation—exist no longer. As the negro's hands are now his own property, so must his brain be used for other purposes than heretofore.

To close this sketch, already too long,

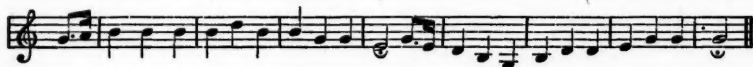
a solitary instance of descriptive song may be given.

Many years ago there originated a negro ballad, founded on the incidents of a famous horse-race, on which large sums were staked. Its popularity among the negroes throughout the slaveholding States was very great, and it was their nearest approach to an epic. It was generally sung in chanting style, with marked emphasis and the prolongation of the concluding syllable of each line. The tenor of the narrative indicates that the "Gal-li-ant Gray Mar" was imported from Virginia to Kentucky to beat the "Noble Skewball," and the bard is evidently a partisan of the latter. The commencement of the narrative is in approved invocatory style:

"Oh, ladies and gentlemen, come one and come all;  
Did you ever hear tell of the Noble Skewball?"

and the author plunges at once *in medias res*, and presents to his auditors, regardless of rhyme, a view of the crowded race-course:

#### THE NOBLE SKEWBALL.



Some from old Vir-gin-ny, and from Tennes-see; Some from Al-a-ba-ma, and from eve-ry-where.

The general reader will not probably feel interested in the preparation for the great race and the descriptions given of the horses, riders and owners, and the thread of the ballad may be given in short space. The owner of the "Noble Skewball" thus instructs his jockey:

"Stick close to your saddle, and don't be alarmed,  
For you shall not be jostled by the Noble Skewball!"

and appeals confidently to the umpire—

"Squire Marvin, Squire Marvin, just judge my  
horse well,  
For all that I want is to see justice done."

At the signal—

"When the horses was saddled and the word was  
give, Go!  
Skewball shot like a arrow just out o' a bow;"

and during the early part of the race the listener is assured,

"If you had a-been there at the first running round,  
You'd a-swore by your life that they never totch  
ground."

The excitement of the spectators, and the lavish betting of the friends of the "Noble Skewball" and the "Gal-li-ant Gray Mar," are minutely described, and the listener hurried by a current of incident to the grand climax—the triumph of the "Noble Skewball" and the payment of the stakes. The poetic fire is cooled down gradually through a dozen or more concluding couplets, the last of which proposes

"A health to Miss Bradley, that gal-li-ant Gray Mar',  
Likewise to the health of the Noble Skewball!"



To convey a correct idea of negro pronunciation by ordinary rules of orthography is almost impossible. Combinations that would satisfy the ear would be grotesquely absurd to the eye. The habits of the negro in his pronunciation of English words are not such as minstrelsy would indicate. Just as the French and German characters in our comedies have passed into a conventional form of mispronunciation which the bulk of playgoers firmly believe to be lifelike and true, so have minstrels given permanency to very great mistakes in reproducing negro pronunciation. The use of "hab" for "have," of "lub" for "love," or "massa" for "mäas," is by no means universal, nor nearly so.

In the preceding samples of slave songs no great care has been taken to convey an accurate idea of the pronun-

ciation. We have rather aimed to put in permanent form a few random selections from a class of songs rapidly perishing, and soon to be entirely disused.

It only remains to be said that all slave songs seem best suited to barytone voices, and that no musical effect so delights the negro's ear as a well-executed swell on an emphatic word. It is in the chorus that the voices of negroes are heard to best advantage, and, though keenly appreciative of melody, it is very rare to hear among them any attempt at harmony. The remark may apply to serfs and very ignorant peasantry everywhere, but it is certainly almost without exception that the negro slaves in the United States never attempted even a rude bass in their singing, and that their most effective hymns were sung in unison.

## A CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY.

ALL authorities concur in stating that General Washington, ex-President of the United States, was very solicitous as to the results of the autumnal elections of 1798. It has long been matter of confident surmise that he used his personal influence to induce John Marshall, subsequently Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, to come forward as a Congressional candidate for the district of Richmond in his native State; but I am not aware that any definite acknowledgment of this fact, coming from either of these two illustrious men, has heretofore been made public. Indeed, I think I am justified in saying that there could not well have been. Apart from the characteristic reticence of Washington, his death occurred on the 14th of December, 1799, when the excitement connected with these transactions was still in full heat. As for Marshall, the letter which presently follows contains the implication that he, on his part, had

guarded the lock on the golden casket of silence till he gave up the key in trust but a few weeks before his own decease.

While collecting materials for *A Life of Washington*, published in the winter of 1835-6, the late James K. Paulding had occasion to write to Chief-Justice Marshall in reference to a statement coming from another quarter, and received from him an answer which closed with a caution against publicity. In less than two months after this could have been received—namely, on the 6th day of July, 1835—the writer died.

Apprised of the fact, it would appear that Mr. Paulding, on the spur of the moment, sat down to prepare a notice, probably for some newspaper; for I find a sheet of his manuscript, commencing thus: "At the moment I am writing the news has arrived that this distinguished and valuable public servant has passed from among us, to receive the rewards of a life well spent in the service of his

country. It seems a proper opportunity here to place on record what cannot but prove a highly interesting memorial of the mutual respect and confidence of two of the greatest and most virtuous citizens that any country has at one and the same time possessed. The following particulars of the interview which terminated in Judge Marshall's consenting to enter into public life are contained in a letter written about two months preceding his lamented decease."

Mr. Paulding then goes on to quote the whole of the letter, with the exception of the two introductory paragraphs and the final one, which appears to have given him "pause," for there he breaks off. I assume that he had forgotten the exact terms in which the Chief-Justice had expressed himself, but that on coming to this point he concluded not to publish the letter, and laid his paper aside.

Something more than a year after this I find an allusion to the subject in a letter from the late Jared Sparks, who was at the time engaged in the preparation and publication of *The Writings of Washington*. He writes to James K. Paulding:

"CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Aug. 8, 1836.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"On returning from my journey I found your favor, enclosing a copy of the very curious letter from the Chief-Justice, for which I beg you will accept my thanks. He has tacked such an injunction to the end of it that it seems impossible to make any use of it, except to refer to the facts in a general way, which may perhaps be done without impropriety."

But the third of a century has since passed. The modesty of the Chief-Justice cannot be wounded; and all those originally cognizant of this letter are free from any breach of trust. I now assume the responsibility of breaking through the interdict and making a contribution to American History honorable to both the parties concerned. It is to be remembered that, on the 13th of July, 1798, ex-President Washington

had accepted the commission of commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States:

JOHN MARSHALL TO JAMES K. PAULDING.

"RICHMOND, April 4th, 1835.

"SIR:

"Your favour of the 22d of March was received in the course of the mail, but I have been confined to my room, and am only now resuming my pen.

"The single difficulty I feel in complying with your request arises from my repugnance to anything which may be construed into an evidence of that paltry vanity which, if I know myself, forms no part of my character. To detail any conversation which might seem to insinuate that General Washington considered my engaging in the political transactions of the United States an object of sufficient consequence to induce him to take an interest in effecting it, may look like boasting that I held a more favorable place in the opinion of that great man than the fact would justify. I do not however think that this, perhaps, fastidious feeling would justify a refusal to answer an enquiry made in terms entitled to my sincere acknowledgments.

"All who were then old enough to notice the public affairs of the United States, recollect the arduous struggle of 1798 and 1799. General Washington, it is well known, took a deep interest in it. He believed that the real independence, the practical self government of our country, depended greatly on its issue—on our resisting the encroachments of France.

"I had devoted myself to my profession, and, though actively and zealously engaged in support of the measures of his administration in the legislature of Virginia, had uniformly declined any situation which might withdraw me from the bar. In 1798 I was very strongly pressed by the federalists to become a candidate for Congress, and the gentleman of that party who had offered himself to the district, proposed to resign his pretensions in my favor. I had

however positively refused to accede to the proposition, and believed that I could not be induced to change my determination. In this state of things, in August or September 1798 as well as I recollect, I received an invitation from General Washington to accompany his nephew, the late Judge Washington on a visit to Mount Vernon. I accepted the invitation, and remained at Mount Vernon four or five days. During this time the walk and conversation in the Piazza mentioned by Mr. Lewis took place.

"General Washington urged the importance of the crisis, expressed his decided conviction that every man who could contribute to the success of sound opinions was required by the most sacred duty to offer his service to the public, and pressed me to come into the Congress of the ensuing year.

"After the very natural declaration of distrust in my ability to do any good, I told him that I had made large pecuniary engagements which required close attention to my profession, and which would distress me should the emoluments derived from it be abandoned. I also mentioned the assurance I had given to the gentleman then a candidate, which I could not honorably violate.

"He thought that gentleman would still willingly withdraw in my favor, and that my becoming a member of Congress for the present, would not sacrifice my practice as a lawyer. At any rate the sacrifice might be temporary.

"After continuing the conversation for some time, he directed my attention to his own conduct. He had withdrawn from office with a declaration of his determination never again, under any circumstances, to enter public life. No man could be more sincere in making that declaration, nor could any man feel stronger motives for adhering to it. No man could make a stronger sacrifice than he did in breaking a resolution thus publicly made, and which he had believed to be unalterable. Yet I saw him, in opposition to his public declaration, in opposition to his private feelings, consenting, under a sense of duty, to surrender the sweets of retirement, and again to enter

the most arduous and perilous station which an individual could fill.

"My resolution yielded to this representation. After remarking that the obligation which had controuled his course was essentially different from that which bound me—that no other man could fill the place to which his country had called him, whereas my services could weigh but little in the political balance, I consented to become a candidate, and have continued, ever since my election, in public life.

"This letter is intended to be private, and you will readily perceive the unfitness of making it public. It is written because it has been requested in polite and obliging terms, and because I am willing, should your own views induce you to mention the fact derived from Mr. Lewis, to give you the assurance of its truth.

"With very great respect I am, Sir,  
"Your obed't serv't,  
"J. MARSHALL."

As a not inappropriate pendant to the above document, I subjoin a sketch found in an old commonplace book of Mr. Paulding's, and in his handwriting; being, apparently, a memorandum for his own reference:

#### "CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL.

"The more I see of the world, the more I am convinced that simplicity is not more the inevitable accompaniment of true genius than it is of true greatness. I never yet knew a truly great genius who did not possess a certain playful, almost childish, simplicity of character. True greatness never struts on stilts, or plays the king upon the stage. Conscious of its elevation above the rest of mankind, and knowing in what that elevation consists, it is happy to take its part in the common amusements and business of life. It is not afraid of being undervalued for its humility.

"Of this class was Chief-Justice Marshall. In his hours of relaxation he was as full of fun and as natural as a child. He entered into the spirit of athletic exercises with the ardor of youth; and at

sixty-odd years of age was one of the best quoit-players in Virginia.

"I think it was during the summer of 1820 that I met him at the Quoit Club near Richmond, where were collected at least half a dozen grave judges and several distinguished persons of different professions, including Jarvis, the portrait-painter, the prince of originals, past, present, and, I may venture to say, future. A match was made, and the Chief-Justice threw off his coat, and fell to work with as much energy as he would have directed to the decision of a question of neutral rights or the conflicting jurisdiction of the General and State governments.

"I remember, in the course of the game, and when the parties were nearly at a tie, that some dispute arose as to the quoit nearest the meg. The Chief-Justice was chosen umpire between the quoit belonging to Jarvis and that of Billy Haxall. The Judge bent down on one knee and with a straw essayed the decision of this important question, on which the fate of the game in a great measure depended. After nicely measuring, and frequently biting off the end of the straw, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you

will perceive this quoit would have it, but the rule of the game is to measure from the visible iron. Now that clod of dirt hides almost half an inch. But then he has a right to the nearest part of the meg, and here, as you will perceive, is a splinter which belongs to and is part of the meg, as much as the State of Virginia is a part of the Union. This is giving Mr. Haxall a great advantage; but, notwithstanding, in my opinion, Jarvis has it by at least the sixteenth part of an inch, and so I decide, like a just judge, in my own favor.'

"A man who is not afraid, whatever exaltation he may have reached, to let himself thus down to the level of his fellow-men, must have that innate consciousness of genius which is in itself sufficient evidence of possession. Those who are afraid of mixing with their fellow-creatures are of the every-day race of men, whom chance has made notorious, and who are like the inhabitants of empty palaces, that shut their windows for fear people may come near enough to detect the abject poverty within."

W. I. PAULDING.

## LONELY SPOTS AND EPOCHS.

WE can scarcely think of China and India, those great crowded nests of population, without a sense of being oppressed and stifled. They seem to us only vast spawning-places of the race. Every rood of ground is quick with human life, and even trees and rivers are turned into caravanseries for the teeming multitudes. The generous earth goads herself to a perpetual task to feed these ever-hungering swarms, but the work is too mighty. Every few years torpor creeps into her pulses, her hands hang listless, and those ancient scavengers, famine and pestilence, slough

off unwholesome millions in a single season.

How grateful, how refreshing to the imagination to turn from these vast herding-grounds of humanity to those still solitudes within whose unprofaned depths the hush of the great primal silence still lingers!—to feel that the roar of the hurrying, plotting, rushing world is deadened in the distance, and a coolness, rifled from breezes that have wandered through gelid caves and over silent ice-peaks, is sifting down into the hot and tainted chambers of the brain!

It is surprising how many quiet, sed-

ative places have been brought near to the great centres of population. Great Britain, small as she is, and holding within her wave-rimmed circlet a nation two-thirds as populous as our own, finds spare room for great stretches of untamed moor. There the ruffled grouse rears her brood in as complete security as in the days of the Norman, and every autumn the heather spreads the bleak wastes she loves so well with a cloth of purple fit for the queen of Sheba to walk on. A day's journey takes the Londoner from his fog and grime into the heart of the Highlands, from whose rock-gorges the startled echoes come trooping to the huntsman's call, as did the faithful clansmen to the pibroch's strain in days of yore.

After the carnival of Paris, the Frenchman may chasten his soul to Lentean rigors among the pastoral slopes of Auvergne or the wild passes of Savoy. Prussia, too, has her solitary spots: not content with her Baltic, stretching solemnly away under the cold heavens toward the North Star, she lays her envious hand on the Rhine, storied beyond all other rivers with dark, lonely, blood-curdling legends. Russia and Austria have their desolate steppes, sweeping like great waves of the sea over hundreds of leagues. Germany, her Black Forest, standing in that populous country like a cloister in the heart of a city, beckoning the hurrying multitudes to turn in under the cool shadows and pray. Europe, nay, the world has its Switzerland, whose Alps lift their great domes like a mosque into the silent sky, with every separate peak a minaret, where stand the reverent spirits of the air, evermore proclaiming "God is great!" Almost all nations have their mountain eyries, where one can be as much alone as in the heart of the Nubian desert.

Only Holland wants neither oratory nor anchorite's cell. The Swiss hunter feels himself every inch a king as he tracks the chamois to the very lair of the avalanche: the Scotch exile weeps for his bleak, gorse-covered hills; but the phlegmatic burgher shrugs his shoulders

at all such nonsense. To sit smoking a social pipe with his neighbor, looking out on sleek herds feeding in fat, level meadows filched from the sea, is his poetical conception of the millennium. His economic soul utilizes everything, and leaves no splenetic wastes to addle the brains of lean sentimentalists.

We; too, on the hither side of the Atlantic, have our little oases of solitude and silence brought to our very door. Within a short morning's ride of New York, old Catskill sits enthroned, turning ever his clear, unworldly eye toward the great city below, looking into the flushed, anxious faces of the money-changers there as if he longed to say, "Come up hither, to these breezy heights, and let us take counsel together." A little farther off are the Adirondacks, where men of tired brain and lagging pulse go, during the summer heats, to doff their dainty civilizations—to learn woodcraft and brookcraft, and snuff the balsam of aboriginal woods.

But it is not till we traverse the great *silentias* of our North-western frontier that we get a proper conception of the loneliness of the forest. When we have plunged into the gloom of those mighty plantations which God's hand set out in the mythic morning of history—when we have passed the last woodman's hut, missed the last echo of his axe in the backward distance—when the twilight of day has deepened into the blackness of night, and the days have grown to weeks—when the only sound that breaks the awful hush is the whirr of the bird, the muffled roar of the waterfall or the stealthy tread of the panther—when our strained nerves startle at the crackling of a bush, and still we press on, and still huge oaks, "fit to be the mast of some high amiral," rise in serried ranks to shut us in,—*then* we understand the appalling loneliness of those vast forests which once belted this continent.

Then there is the loneliness of the mountain, not so monotonous and oppressive, perhaps, as that of the woods, but even more profound. We cannot ascend a moderate elevation, where the landscape is reduced to a mere bird's-



eye perspective, without feeling this deeply.

Below, we had been but an integral part of the great composite world. The texture of our life had been so interwoven with that of others that we had almost forgotten our identity. *Now*, we stand out singly on the foreground of consciousness—that great personality, I. Solitude is not oppressive. We are exalted and aggrandized by it, and spread wide our arms to grasp more of the joyful freedom. We shout jubilantly to the mocking echoes who taunt us from the distant crags. But let us go still higher, leaving peak after peak behind, till the sunny valley, with its vine-terraces and orange-groves, fades into a dull, colorless blur, and the happy, breathing world, of which we so lately formed a loving part, seems blotted from existence. But our venturesome feet climb on, above the stunted pines, above the ice-fields, till we lay our garland on the very crown of the great mountain. Utter silence, deadness and desolation reign around. Not a leaf nor twig nor any green thing lives here. Here the sense of isolation no longer exhilarates and ennobles us, for it gives place to a feeling of intense, dreary helplessness. We long to clasp some friendly hand and look into human eyes. Our hearts would bless the meanest weed, the feeblest insect, the vilest worm that should link us to the vital world. But only the hard, pitiless spirits of the upper air are at home here. Hither they come trooping from the whole circuit of the heavens, to buffet and smite each other: hither they return from the hot and fevered plains below to cool themselves on these ice-peaks, and beat and winnow the pestilence from their wings.

This, then, is solitude. But there is a degree beyond. Let us conceive ourselves transported to Jan Mayen, far within the rim of the Arctic Circle—to have climbed Beerenberg Peak, that pushes its sharp, needle-like shaft, like an enormous icicle, a mile into the polar sky. Standing there, on a winter morning, we look down, not on fair olive-gardens, glossy vineyards and grazing

herds, but on a wilderness of icy death. Here the winds rave with a useless fury, for there is not even a tree to rive in all the ice-locked expanse. Here the silence is so awful that our ear aches with the void. The sea has moaned itself to sleep, and the sun has gone out, leaving only the pensive moon and lambent auroras to hold funeral torches over an entombed world. Hundreds of wintry miles stretch between us and human companionship. Solitude cannot go further. Even the prisoner, immured in a dungeon which he can never leave while life lasts, finds something to feed his social instinct in the sentinel's tread—something to watch for in the daily apparition of the jailer's face. Even mice and spiders come to wear a kindly human look. They help to keep off that horrible scurvy of the soul which comes to such unfortunates, numbing the heart and spreading livid ulcers of disease over all the useless, decaying faculties.

The loneliness of the sea has been often celebrated in prose and verse. This is one of the first qualities with which the imagination invests it. In reality, it does but bridge with a beautiful and useful highway those great interspaces between the nations; but it seems to divide rather than unite. It is filled with myriads of happy creatures, which move nimbly about in their sparkling element, loitering among coral groves and gliding into wonderful translucent caves, where the pearl-diver dare not follow; yet our conception of it is not of joyous life, but rather of a profound, melancholy waste. This impression arises not only from its apparent uninhabitable-ness and its mighty stretch of depth and surface, but also from the pensive minor music of its waves. Its voice, when roused, is the roar of a giant in pain, but in its gentler moods it seems freighted with the sighs of all the weary souls wandering on Stygian shores. Oh the voice, the wonderful voice, of the sea! Lifted from its deep channels on the shoulders of huge sea-monsters, furrowed by a world's navies, lashed against mighty rock-walls, fretted in its great

tidal movement by innumerable islands, reefs and sunken rocks, smitten on the one cheek by all the icy blasts of the poles, and on the other by deadly simoons from the tropics, the great conquering sea lifts itself above all, and unites all in one deep, pathetic, solemn underswell of melody! Is it not thus that the

"Still, sad music of humanity,"

which the poet sings, is composed by all victorious souls from the dire stress and buffet of life?

We talk about the angry sea, the cruel, treacherous sea; but in the calm nights of mid-summer, when the soft-eyed moon looks down from her tranquil heavens and crests each wave with silver, does not the sea lift itself to her, as if craving her sympathy, and is there not a desolate human wail in the low moan she makes to herself through the long night-watch—"Alone, alone, for ever alone?"

But there are places, where the sun shines joyfully and rich harvests wave, which we visit only to ponder on and grow sad. Such are all great battle-fields; such are Marathon, Waterloo, Sadowa; such are our own Antietam and Gettysburg. Alas! to how many fair spots where Nature makes high festival do the hearts of the bereaved travel in nightly dreams, as to a mausoleum, planting the laurel and the yew over unforgotten graves!

Perhaps the traveler never feels a more desolate chill than when he stands on the site of civilization utterly extinct—at Persepolis, Tadmor or Tyre. Nowhere is this feeling so overpowering as at Babylon. He threads his perilous way among the pools and sedgy marshes where once the Euphrates parted her haughty floods before Nitocris' gilded prow: he staggers over ignoble heaps of crumbling brick where great Belus once loomed like a mountain. Here Belshazzar walked in the shaded avenues of his aerial garden, and looked out on such masonry as the world will never see again, sweeping the horizon in a circuit of sixty miles, with a hundred brazen gates glittering in the sun—on

streets of palaces stretching away in stately ranks till they were lost in the distance. Now, owls hoot and vile things crawl where kings once sat at meat. The Bedawin of the desert scoops out a hollow among the ruins, where he may creep in at night beside the bones of Chaldean monarchs. Daily the vandal Arab comes, as he has done for twenty centuries, to carry away a load of brick to build his hovel. Bagdad and other great cities, now extinct, were built from the debris of Babylon, and still great heaps of desolation remain to tell us the word of prophecy is sure!

We cannot revisit the home of our childhood without finding that many twilight shadows have crept over it. However little there may be in our mature life that we can remember with unmingled pleasure, there was always a bit of warm, bright color, always a ray of sunshine, resting there. We had fancied that, could we sit in the old corner, lie under the shade of the old maples, run up the old ladder in the barn, put our feet in the hollows we had worn in the rocks, we should be children again, and feel the boisterous young blood tingling to our finger-tips, as it did forty years ago. But it can never be! Life's currents run but one way. They bear us inexorably on. Could the old spot, like some rich mediæval painting, be restored, with all its garniture of fresh young life, yet it is the *man's* eyes that look on the child's home, and the *man's* heart will still murmur sadly to itself,

"We return, we return, we return no more."

We never look upon the face of a babe without a longing wish to penetrate the secret of its little being. It seems, for a time, stranded in an utter solitude. It can only *look* the wonder it feels at the great evolutions of life going on around it. It cannot question, nor we reply. What doubts and perplexities, what shadowings of dread and affright, what joyful solutions of mysteries, dapple the soul of a little babe with alternate cloud and sunshine as it lies helpless in its cradle, we can never

know. Wadsworth felt this solitude of infancy when he wrote—

"On thy face

Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,  
To shoot and circulate: smiles have there been seen—  
Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports  
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers  
Thy loneliness."

But the isolation of the child is only for a little season. Soon, speech comes to unsuath its faculties and set it in a larger place. It is at the other limit of life, when the gates begin to shut behind with slow but returnless hinges, that the soul enters on its great solitude. Even so far back as middle life there are seasons when we seem to come under the penumbra of the coming darkness—when death and removal to other homes make sad gaps at our fireside, and everything we cherish seems slipping from us—when perhaps the alienation of our familiar friend, in whom we trusted, hardens our heart and turns back its outgoing currents. The world has a fallow November look, and there is ice within our veins. Other times there are when, without traceable cause,

"Our life is cold and dark and dreary,  
It rains and the wind is never weary,"

and Nature "breathes on us like a churchyard vault." But the morrow's sun lifts the shadow from our heart, rolls it up with its own night mists and bears it away.

Do not these momentary fallings from life bear to us all a gentle prophecy? Do they not give us a glimpse of the swift-rushing time when the harvest of life shall all be gathered, the tares with the wheat—when he who wrought with us at midday shall be lying low at nightfall, with our grave marked out at his side? Then, of all the busy throng around us,

there shall not be one to make response to our oft-told tales of the olden time: "I, too, brother, was there." Then those who were babes when we were at our prime shall begin to pass us by on the other side, or, if they now and then stop to throw us a compassionate sop of talk, they do it charitably, as they would throw a shilling to a beggar in their path. Then we lapse back to the society of children, ending life amid the prattle with which it began. Blessings, a thousand blessings, upon the little ones! They make rifts of warm sunshine in the winter sky. They open sweet vistas through the long backward of years to beds of early violets and golden ranks of daffodils. They know how, by simplest sorceries, to bring back spells of April weather—the chime of brooks, the song of robins and the rhythm of forests. Blessings, then, on the children, for they keep the frost from an old man's heart!

But, whatever its alleviations, there is something solemn and affecting in the inevitable loneliness of the very aged. Does not the Divine Teacher seem to take them by the hand and lead them into a dim, quiet room, away from the roar and tumult of life, where, without distraction, they may call home their truant desires, look thoughtfully over their long account, and prepare for the great final Audit? But perhaps the reluctant pupil looks wistfully out of the windows, and listens longingly for the footsteps and garrulous voices of men. Then rises the Master and gently closes the shutters, draws down the curtains and muffles the room from all sights and sounds of earth, that so, for a little space before it girds itself for the returnless journey, the soul may sit alone with Solitude and God!

## CLAIMS OF THE ANTI-BONDHOLDERS.

SINCE the publication in our August number of the paper entitled "Claims of the Bondholders," we have received several articles dissenting from its views. As a matter of fairness, therefore, and because full and free discussion is just what is desired by those who favor the payment of the Five-Twenty bonds in gold, we have selected for publication the most forcible argument on the other side which has come to hand. It will be found below, followed by a rejoinder from the author of "Claims of the Bondholders."—EDITOR.

THE "Fourteenth Amendment," which declares that the validity of the national debt shall never be questioned, has now become part of the great organic law of the country. This is just and patriotic, but we assume that its validity never *has* been questioned by any considerable portion of the American people. It was put into the statute law merely as an "ounce of prevention," and to make an accomplished fact irrevocable and irreversible for ever. As a debt, therefore, we accept it in its fullness; but as to mode and manner of payment we must differ widely and radically from a large, powerful and influential class of citizens of "golden views" and formidable pretensions.

We shall assume, then, the absolute inviolability of the public debt, and that repudiation must be repudiated—direct or indirect, in any guise, shape, phase or form. As our corner-stone we assume that the "greenback" theory, as enunciated by the Hon. George H. Pendleton, is the only legal and feasible theory of settling the bond question—the only theory that can give relief to the masses and justice to the "bondholders," stability to business and assurance to enterprise.

We appeal to the discriminating judgment of thoughtful, honest, consistent men of all phases of opinion, and to the

intelligent patriotism of the whole country: not to that patriotism which asks, "Does it pay?" not to that patriotism which was silent in the "winter of our discontent;" not to that patriotism which thanks God it has a country to sell; not to that patriotism which Dr. Johnson says is the "last refuge of a scoundrel." Not to these do we appeal, but to that chivalrous, honorable American sentiment—"Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall." This is our creed—these our principles. "Who is not with us is against us: who gathereth not with us, scattereth."

In the August number of this Magazine, the author of the "Claims of the Bondholders" puts the inquiry: "Can the bondholders rightfully demand payment in coin?" We propose to answer that inquiry, and submit that this is exactly the pivotal point of the whole issue—the Corinthian capital of the column. Rights other than legal rights they cannot have. We are not at liberty to consider the moral equities of the case so long as there is a positive, unreppealed law covering the whole ground of dispute.

We confess we were not a little astonished at the declaration of the bondholders' advocate, that "We do not propose to enter into the question of the intention of the government or the phraseology of the acts under which the bonds were issued." We respectfully submit that this is selling out very cheap. As a legal question, it must be decided by the law: as a contract, it must stand or fall by the law of contracts. Disciples of Kent, and Story, and Marshall, just imagine the force of a legal argument with "the phraseology of the acts," etc., repudiated and ignored! Paraphrased into unmistakable English, it simply says: The law, we grant, is against us, but we propose to assume it was the "*intention*" and "*expectation*,"

etc., etc. "We shall carve not a line, we shall raise not a stone, but shall leave this alone in its glory." So far as we are concerned, we don't want to know what Jay Cooke said about the bonds, or what the Frankfort bankers expected, or what the people understood, or what the government agents promised. All this, and much more of the same sort, is legally inadmissible. Congress is the law-making power, as the judiciary is the law-interpreting power, of the country; and it is not in evidence that their authority has been delegated to bankers, Treasury agents or newspaper correspondents. We know that all government debts were payable in coin previous to the passage of the Legal-Tender Act: we know that subsequent to its passage they were not, unless specifically provided. Were the Five-Twenties thus provided for? Most assuredly not. If the Five-Twenties were intended to be payable in coin, why was the word *coin* omitted on their face? and why was it inscribed on the Ten-Forties and the Six per cent. Bonds of 1881? Was this an oversight, with Fessenden and Trumbull sitting in judgment? If so, why not amend by a declaratory act? Or was it not rather in accordance with a fixed principle—in accordance with the terms of the Legal-Tender Act—in accordance with the accomplished fact that gold had ceased to be the legal money-standard, and had become an article of barter and speculation?

If the Pendletonian theory is wrong, why did the government, in its subsequent issues of the Ten-Forties, provide on their face, notwithstanding the Legal-Tender Act, for coin payment? Do not the law and the facts harmonize, explain and prove each other? Thenceforth the government accepted the fact, and the greenback dollar became the legal dollar, stamped with the broad seal of the United States. Is not this the undeniable statement of facts? and, being so, is it not impossible to repel the inference that coin payment was never pledged or promised?

In matters of doubtful construction, we admit, opinion will operate against

opinion, premises and conclusions may be quibbled away or denied; but here the law is positive, direct and unmistakable. Every contract for payment of money made after the passage of the Legal-Tender Act, was made—or we are legally bound to presume it was made—with full knowledge of the law and its phraseology, and in legal subordination thereto; and every bondholder must have purchased with the evidence that his bonds were redeemable in "legal-tenders."

It must be presumed that the laws were constitutional, that contracts made under them were legal, and that parties to those agreements definitely understood the legal status of their contract. The weakness of the gold claim is shown by the circumlocution employed to prove that, though not specified, nevertheless gold must have been intended. This is pure *bosh*. We assume the law must have intended to say what it did say—"lawful money," or greenbacks. In order to give the other view a fair hearing, we shall give space to a few of its accredited mouthpieces. "Out of their own mouths let them be condemned."

The Hon. Secretary McCulloch, in his Treasury report for the year 1867, says: "These bonds (Five-Twenties) are payable in the heretofore recognized constitutional currency of the country." Says the Hon. John A. Bingham, one of the anointed defenders of the bondholders, in his great speech at the City Hall, Pittsburg, July 30, 1868: "The Five-Twenties are payable in the standard, commercial value of the world."

The author of the "Claims of the Bondholders" also adopts the idea of coin being "the only constitutional currency of the country." "If these things are done in the green wood, what will be done in the dry?" Would it be believed that at the period of these oracular utterances about "constitutional money," "standard value," etc., we had a "lawful" and therefore a constitutional currency? Yet such was the fact. The Legal-Tender Act was in full force, "lawful money" was the "standard of value," and thousands of outstanding



contracts, which had been payable specifically in "the only constitutional currency"—of these gentlemen, in gold—were declared legally and judicially "null and void." Can demonstration go further? Gold payment is annulled, legal-tenders are made lawful money, and the bonds on their face are payable in "lawful money." The act declares its notes "a legal tender for all debts, public and private, and receivable in payment of all loans made to the United States." Were not the Five-Twenties a "public debt"? Were they not a "loan made to the United States"? The very statement of the question shows the absurdity and impossibility of a coin payment. By the sovereign authority of the nation the legal-tenders are declared to be a "*payment*," and not merely a promise, as the bondholders would have us believe. We should like to know *when* the gold dollar has been more than a "payment of all debts, public and private."

Again says the Hon. Secretary McCulloch: "When there is no expression to the contrary, coin payments are honorably implied." Yes, but there is an expression to the contrary—"lawful money." What, then, can be "honorably implied" but that the Secretary is unmistakably mistaken? Great stress is laid by the Hon. "Chancellor of the Exchequer" on the "understanding" between the government and the subscribers to its loans. We confess that this is strange language. Who ever heard of the "understanding" of a contract being admitted in opposition to the express terms of agreement? Is there rhyme or reason in such an argument? It is simply monstrous that the government should be bound by "understandings" which would be ruled out of any court of justice in the land. Destitute of legal foundation, on what does this argument rest its claim? On assumptions of the very thing to be proved—on "intentions" which never had an existence, and are of no force if they had.

If this epithet of "bloated bondholders" is the cant, unreasoning howl of Labor against Capital, we repudiate it, we spit it out. It is a "mockery, a de-

lusion and a snare." If it is the protest of overburdened Industry against privileged Wealth, and the rapacious, grasping and unjust demands of "rings" and "speculators," who by "golden opinions" seek to double the bonded debt of the United States, then are we in fellowship, and who "gathereth not with us, scattereth." In view of the law and the facts, we appeal with unwavering confidence to the intelligence and candor of those whose opinions are not already mortgaged on this point, if this be not an extortionate attempt to rob the industrial interests of the country of twice the amount the nation promised to pay. Thoughtful men, of whatever political creed, cannot afford to differ, "cannot agree to disagree," on this point. The signs are not wanting to prove that party lines are powerless to hold "truth captive" in their trammels. The utterances of Mr. Stevens in the House were not in material advance of those of Mr. Morton in the Senate. Said Mr. M., speaking for the great State of Indiana: "No lawyer of any reputation pretends that the Five-Twenties are payable in gold." And this is from one of the anointed "leaders in Israel" of the political organization that champions the coin payment of these bonds. Mr. Stevens, who as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee may be supposed to know something about it, said "it is an insult to the intelligence of the nation to claim gold for these bonds." Later he said, in a letter to a friend, speaking of Mr. Sherman's "Funding Bill:—" "If the principal were already payable in gold, there could have been no occasion to repeat it, nor to reduce the coin interest for thirty years by one-third. That settled the bonds bearing four per cent. for forty years, and their principal and interest payable in coin were just equal to what the committee considered the value of the Five-Twenties bearing one-third more interest in coin, and the principal payable in just what it now is." For this expression of opinion Mr. Stevens was brought to task. The party thumb-screw was applied. The press raised the hue and cry.

The question is frequently asked, by those who concede that the bonds are payable in "lawful money," but are afraid of an over-issue—Suppose you pay the debt in *greenbacks*, what do you propose to pay the *greenbacks* in? This is a very pertinent question, in view of the facts that the issue of "legal-tenders" is limited, and that indefinite over-issues are financially unsound. Our remedy is simply this: We propose to level up instead of leveling down—to appreciate the paper dollar to a gold value. How? By lopping off wasteful expenditures; by economy in all branches of the government; by honestly appropriating our immense income toward liquidating the public debt; by paying the bonds as they fall due—\$100,000,000 in one year, \$200,000,000 in another year, and so on; and as we liquidate each \$100,000,000 of the debt, we thus lift the mortgage off the labor of the country, and thus make each \$100,000,000 of the remaining legal-tenders more and more valuable, till they become par with gold—till "lawful money" has a metallic chink. This is the strong, the unanswerable point of the Pendletonian doctrine. It saves the interest by liquidating the principal. The sum of the principal of the English national debt has been paid twice over in interest, and yet the principal remains unredeemed. We propose to do this, and still adhere to the strict letter of the law, by confining the volume of legal-tenders to four hundred and fifty million dollars.

The gold premium to-day is, say, forty-four per cent. It will then take \$800,000,000 more to pay off the Five-Twenties in gold than in *greenbacks*, in which they are legally payable. \$800,000,000! Is not this an appalling figure to be on the wrong side of the ledger, and which the bent shoulders of Industry must pay into the privileged coffers of Wealth?—a sum equal to the entire funded debt of Great Britain at the close of the gigantic wars of the French Revolution, and three times as large as the English national debt at the close of our war of Independence. But the end is not yet. As the new bonds

run twenty years longer than the Five-Twenties, we should have to pay—besides the \$800,000,000 more in principal—\$2,000,000,000 more in interest than under the present law. In addition to these, we lose the ten per cent. tax on the Five-Twenties for thirty-five years, amounting to \$400,000,000. Total gain for the bondholders and loss for the people, \$3,200,000,000! These are figures the human imagination cannot conceive: they are what mathematicians call the square circle—a "representative impossibility." Yet this enormous sum, exceeding by \$600,000,000 our entire national debt, is to be given away as a gift—for there is no consideration—to those whom General Butler calls, with his usual politeness and felicity of diction, "bloated bondholders."

The principle of "payment in kind"—or that because the bonds were purchased in depreciated currency, therefore they are payable in depreciated currency—is industriously advocated here in the West. It is the political claptrap and stock sentiment of both parties, but it is not Pendleton doctrine. With perhaps intolerant emphasis we refuse to give it a hearing. The doctrine that a debtor can pay *what* and *in what* he *pleases*, instead of what he promises, stands self-condemned without appeal.

The flimsy plea set up, that payment of the bonds in "lawful money" would result injuriously to the "soldiers, laborers, artisans, salaried men, colleges and literary and scientific institutions," is hardly worthy of serious notice. The amount of bonds held by these classes we have no certain means of knowing. It cannot be very considerable. But, be it much or little, it has nothing to do with the justice of their claims. We have no objections to granting favors under proper conditions, but we object to considering a favor as a right. Let us be just before we are generous. That the savings banks, and "the State banks, since become National," should be classed among the prospective sufferers, seems solemnly funny.

In opposition, then, to the "claims of the bondholders;" in opposition to

gold payment when not nominated in the bond; in opposition to repudiation in any form; in opposition to dishonorable, demoralizing and impracticable funding schemes; in opposition to monopolies and class legislation; in opposition to oppressive taxes and wasteful expenditures:—in opposition to all this is the Pendleton theory—the theory of restored confidence, of national progress, of low taxes and cheap government; of paying what we *owe* without discount or dishonor, of retiring the bonds, and legally and gradually redeeming them, and of appreciating the paper dollar to the old-time specie payment. The theory is honest, it is popular, it is practicable, it is economical. Under its beneficent sway we shall enter upon a new future, gilded by hope and illumined by prophecy. The dove of Ararat shall again go out over the waters and return with the olive branch of peace and good-will: Industry shall lift up its bowed head; our dream of empire shall be realized; the “song of the forge” and the voice of the husbandman shall blend their minstrelsy, and our national promises and our national character be “redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled.”

VETO.

#### REPLY TO “VETO.”

In the August number of this magazine we presented the moral claims of those who hold the bonds of the United States to final payment in gold or its equivalent. This was our only object. If we succeeded in showing that those claims were just, all we attempted was accomplished. We did not go into the legal question, because that had been, we thought, sufficiently discussed by others, and because we had not the slightest doubt that the bondholders, on every principle of law as well as right, had a good and sufficient claim to be paid in coin.

“Veto” thinks “we are not at liberty to consider the moral equities of the case so long as there is a positive, un-

repealed law covering the whole ground in dispute.” We dissent from this conclusion. We believe that the people will consider the moral equities of the question, and not allow any injustice to be done to those who furnished the nation with the sinews of war in the hours of its greatest peril. We differ again from “Veto,” in that we do not find any “positive, unrepealed law” which was ever *intended* to authorize the payment of the Five-Twenty or Ten-Forty bonds in greenbacks. So far from “admitting that the law is against us,” we declare emphatically that there is no such law on the statute-book—that the legal claims of the bondholders are as unquestionable as their moral claims—that the funds were furnished in good faith, and the government intended to pay in good faith whenever the bonds had arrived at full maturity.

Let us look for a moment at the facts of the case. The first bonds were issued in 1861, and as this was before the suspension of specie payments by the government and banks, nothing was said as to the manner in which they should be paid. Every one understood that they were payable, as all previous bonds had been, in coin. By the act of February 25, 1862, five hundred millions more in Five-Twenty bonds were issued, and it was provided that the interest should be paid in specie. There was good reason for this, since the banks as well as the government had ceased to redeem their notes in specie. It being desirable that the loan should be negotiated on the best possible terms, the interest, as it would manifestly become due and payable during the suspension of specie payments, even were that to exist but a brief period, was made payable in coin, to be collected from custom duties. Nothing was said about the principal, and why? Because there was no doubt on that point. But the bonds would not be due under twenty years, and no one questioned that the currency would be restored long before that time, and long before even the minimum term of five years, and of course would be equivalent to gold. Congress by the

same act authorized the issue of one hundred and fifty millions in its notes (greenbacks), and made these "a legal tender for all public and private debts within the United States, except duties on imposts and interest upon the bonds of the government." This issue was made to meet the immediate wants of the Treasury, and to furnish a currency for present use in all the monetary transactions of the country. It was regarded as a temporary arrangement, justifiable only as a war measure, to be terminated as soon as hostilities should cease.

Was it not so? Did any one contemplate any other course? Did any one suppose that these war-notes were to be used to pay off the national bonds? The idea was not entertained by any man, in Congress or out, that these bonds were to be paid in anything but specie, the premium on which was at that time only about four per cent. There was neither "intention nor expectation" by either party of anything different from this. Will "Veto" assert that there was? Has he any evidence to prove that there was?

The session of Congress commencing in December, 1862, and closing March 4, 1863, was "the Financial Session" of the war. The issues of various kinds authorized by it amounted to over fifteen hundred million dollars, among which were nine hundred millions in bonds "at not over six per cent. interest." These latter were made payable, principal and interest, in coin. The premium on gold was now seventy per cent., and the question whether the bonds would be paid in specie at maturity having been once started, in order to remove all doubt upon the subject it was enacted that the bonds, principal and interest, should be paid in coin. Under this act, Secretary Chase issued one hundred and seventy-one millions in Ten-Forties at five per cent. interest. This amount was subsequently increased to two hundred and twenty millions.

But it was just as much intended and expected that the Five-Twenties authorized in 1862 would be paid in coin, as those of 1863 or any subsequent issue.

To pretend that it was otherwise is a mere quibble, a subterfuge, and one which the American people have too high a sense of honor and justice ever to sanction. How absurd is the assumption that these Five-Twenties may be paid off in greenbacks, when by the very act which authorized them it was provided that "the Treasury notes (greenbacks) might be converted" into these same bonds, as many of them in fact were! And now, forsooth, the holders are to be compelled to reconvert them into greenbacks! This consideration of the case is alone sufficient to satisfy any candid mind that it was never the "intention or expectation" that the bonds should be so paid. And then the absurdity of the supposition that the bonds would ever have been taken if they were to be converted back again into government promises bearing no interest!

"Veto" asks, with an apparent air of triumph, "If the Five-Twenties were intended to be paid in coin, why was the word coin omitted on their face?" We have answered this question, and repeat that it was because nobody contemplated the possibility of their being paid in any other way. These bonds were issued in some of the darkest hours of the nation's agony, when all was incertitude and alarm, and when the government was anxiously looking on every hand for the means of prosecuting the terrific struggle in which it was engaged, and when the idea of *the mode* of final payment entered no man's mind, other than that, like all previous bonds, they would be paid in the only currency recognized by the Constitution or known to commerce. That was an honest hour—an hour when earnest, devoted patriotism was making its highest and most heroic efforts. The era of tricksters and repudiators had not then arrived.

We speak with more assurance of the intentions of Congress in regard to these bonds because, as a member of the House of Representatives during the Financial Session before referred to, we had abundant opportunity to know what those "intentions" in regard to the obligations of the government were. But we

will not dwell longer upon the legal and technical bearings of the subject, because there is a good and sufficient reason why the bonds should not be paid in an irredeemable currency, even were the government at liberty to discharge them in that way; and that is—*we cannot afford to pay in greenbacks.* The government, to say the least, has the right to pay its bonds in coin, and it ought, by all means, to avail itself of that right, because it is so much more economical than to pay them in its depreciated notes. This we shall endeavor to show, and for that purpose shall refer to the proposition made by Mr. Pendleton in his late electioneering tour in the State of Maine, because it is the least objectionable one which has come under our notice for paying off the national debt in greenbacks, and also because that gentleman is often referred to in the communication of "Veto," and may be regarded as a representative man.

Mr. Pendleton distinctly proposes to pay off the Five-Twenty bonds in greenbacks. To do this, he would first issue three hundred millions in these notes, and with them take up three hundred millions of the bonds held by the banks, and compel them at the same time to "call in their circulation of three hundred millions." This, he says, will dispose of so much of the public debt. He then assumes that the national revenue will be five hundred millions per annum hereafter, and that, besides meeting all demands upon the government, there will be "a surplus of two hundred millions." With this he would pay off annually that amount of the debt. Such is his plan, but we know very well that there cannot be such a surplus as he contemplates. The revenue has been, as he must be aware, largely reduced, so that, instead of a "surplus," it is feared there will be an absolute deficit. If so, his scheme is upset at once. But perhaps it may be thought that the distinguished gentleman proposes to increase taxation to such an extent as to secure the required surplus. Not at all. He takes especial pains in his speech to iterate and reiterate that he would have the taxes

greatly reduced, and the people relieved of the burdens now resting upon them. Yet it is certain that the present rates of taxation must be greatly increased, or there will be nothing in the Treasury with which to pay an annual installment of two hundred millions of the debt. Indeed, the idea that the people will consent to be taxed at such a rate as to discharge the whole debt in seven, eight or ten years, as Mr. Pendleton proposes, is quite preposterous. It will do to talk of such a project upon the stump, but it will never be seriously entertained by any party in possession of the government.

If we give Mr. Pendleton the advantage of supposing that he could get on an average, for a series of years, a sufficient revenue to furnish him with a surplus of one hundred millions per annum, with which to pay off that amount of the public debt, how would the matter then stand? He proposes, in the first place, as we have stated, to discharge three hundred millions with his new greenbacks. But he forgets that the amount of greenbacks is limited, and cannot be increased without a palpable violation of the pledge made by Congress, that "no greater amount than four hundred millions shall be issued." As Mr. Pendleton proposes, however, that three hundred millions of the National bank-notes shall be expelled from circulation, we admit that although the letter of the law might be thereby violated, its spirit or intention would not be impaired, because it could make no difference in the value of the currency whether the government issued its own notes or authorized others to do so to an equal amount. Passing by this difficulty, we are prepared to look at the operation of the Pendletonian theory.

The existing bonds of the United States amount in round numbers to twenty-one hundred million dollars. Deducting the two hundred millions of Ten-Forties, there remain nineteen hundred millions. This sum is to be reduced by three hundred millions as fast as the new greenbacks are substituted for bank-notes; but this cannot be done instantaneously.



If we allow for this purpose one year from the first of January next, 1870 would arrive before the debt had been reduced to sixteen hundred millions. Then, if we allow a reduction each year of one hundred millions per annum, it would require sixteen years more, or until 1886, to discharge the bonds, at the end of which time the government would still owe its Ten-Forties and the amount of its greenbacks. During all this period the currency must remain the same in character and amount that it now is, because Mr. Pendleton's scheme contemplates no reduction in the volume of the currency; and, indeed, under his plan none would be possible. Now, we know that the circulating medium of the country was never greater prior to the war than two hundred and fifteen millions. In the year 1860, when there was a high state of prosperity, with an immense crop of cereals, and four million six hundred thousand bales of cotton, two hundred and fifteen millions was the limit of the circulation, and money was abundant. Yet, now we have more than three times that amount, and it must be continued at the same volume for the sixteen years to come; since, as fast as paid in for taxes, it must be paid out for current expenses, interest and the proposed reduction of the debt, so that the currency would not be diminished at all. No "economy in expenditures" would reduce the currency a dollar. It might increase the ability of the Treasury to pay a larger installment of the debt, but until the whole was paid the currency in use would not be contracted.

What will be the necessary consequence of all this? Evidently, that the industrial and commercial interests of the country must continue to suffer as at present, in consequence of using a circulating medium and standard of value thirty per cent. below the currency of commerce. Our manufacturers in the mean time must operate under a disadvantage of thirty per cent. in all they produce, as compared with those countries that have a sound monetary system, and the nation stand in the same category in regard to commercial affairs and

financial credit as Russia and Austria, which have used a depreciated currency for a long period, and are unable to rid themselves of the terrible nuisance.

A false currency, like that we now have, produces a partial paralysis in every department of the national industry, but presses with peculiar severity upon those who live on wages, because their rate of compensation, when reckoned in such a currency, is never as high in proportion as the commodities upon which they subsist; and, therefore, during the long period that must intervene before the final liquidation of the debt, the laboring man must suffer, as he now does, from high and unnatural prices. And thus, while the nation must be embarrassed and impoverished by a false measure of value in its intercourse with other nations, Labor must suffer still more, proportionately, in its competition with Capital.

If it be argued that "the country is growing in its natural demand for money so fast that seven hundred millions of circulation will soon be none too much," we answer, first, that the country is not growing at its ordinary, normal rate under our present system; and, secondly, if it were, the legitimate demand for currency cannot overtake our present supply within a much longer period than we are contemplating for the payment of the national debt. The whole circulation in 1835 was one hundred and three millions, in 1860 it was two hundred and fifteen millions, an increase of one hundred and nine per cent., or 4.36 per cent. per annum. Yet this was a period of great commercial growth and prosperity. If the circulation, then, in 1860 was two hundred and fifteen millions, at the same rate of increase it would in 1885 be four hundred and fifty millions; still giving to the country, at the end of that period, a redundancy of two hundred and fifty millions. At the rate of increase mentioned, it would require a term of some forty years from 1860 to reach the point at which the currency of the country would be in just proportion to its wants; and as resumption cannot take place until the currency has been

reduced to its natural level, that desirable event must be postponed to the next century. To anticipate an objection, we here remark that the demand for money is not likely to increase in greater ratio in the future than the past, because the facilities for using money are multiplying quite as rapidly as the means of production.

The currency of a country forms a part of its machinery for the creation of wealth. If it be as efficient as that of other nations, it affords an equal chance in the competition of the world's industry; but if deficient in quality, so that its power in exchange is less than that of the general currency of commerce, people who use it must suffer a loss proportionate to such deficiency. If this be the case, would it not be bad economy to continue a false currency for so long a period as has been proposed, when the only alleged benefit would be, that by so doing the public creditors might be paid off with paper some thirty per cent. below par? The nominal gain would be thirty per cent. on, say, twenty-one hundred millions—equal to some six hundred million dollars, while the inevitable loss to the industry and trade of the country would be far more than the entire national debt. We should indeed succeed by Mr. Pendleton's process in defrauding the nation's creditors of six hundred millions, but should impoverish the people to many times that amount.

*Honesty is the best policy*, and a better illustration could not be given than the folly of attempting to discharge the national debt with a depreciated currency.

"Veto," it will be observed, does not propose, like the distinguished object of his admiration, Mr. Pendleton, to expel the National bank circulation and fill its place with greenbacks. He seems to recognize the validity of the act limiting the government issues to four hundred millions, but it makes no difference, so far as the influence of the currency is concerned, whether that change is made or not. The present amount of circulation being retained, present prices and commercial embarrassments must continue.

And here we must notice the hue and cry that is constantly raised as to the enormity and "utter impossibility" of paying so large an amount in gold. GOLD is paraded before us in staring capitals whenever anything is said against the scheme of greenback-repudiation, as if it were ever contemplated that the bonds would be actually paid in coin. No such thing is desired or expected by the bondholders. All they ask is, that they may be paid in a currency on par with gold. They wish the specie standard restored, and will then be ready to accept the same currency that all others receive in the way of business. When this restoration had taken place, there would be, as there certainly should be, but one currency for the rich and the poor, for the capitalist and the laborer; and not fifty million dollars of *gold* would probably ever be required for the payment of the whole national debt.

The great danger to which a depreciated currency exposes any country in which it exists is a cogent reason why it should not be tolerated a moment longer than absolutely unavoidable. A nation is never prepared for war when its circulating medium is defective—twenty-five or thirty per cent. below par—especially when it has, besides, large indebtedness. What would be the condition of this country, vast as are its resources, should another war be forced upon it under present circumstances? Everything needed by the government would cost double its true value, and the market being already glutted with its bonds, how could it negotiate new loans except at an enormous loss? Nothing impairs the military strength of a people like a defective currency, because it implies defective credit. Of this we had most painful experience during the late war, when our greenbacks were at times worth only forty cents on the dollar, and the government was compelled to pay two or three prices for all it purchased; yet we should certainly be exposed to the same calamity, greatly intensified, if we were forced into a war in our present condition.

At the commencement of the war of the rebellion the State banks, upon which reliance was then placed for a circulating medium, had eighty-three millions in specie, equal to eighteen cents on the dollar of their circulation and deposits, while the National banks now have but some eighteen millions against nine hundred millions of immediate liabilities, or about two per cent. Such is the feebleness and inefficiency of our present monetary system compared with that existing at the outbreak of the war; yet "Veto's" plan of operations would continue this system for a long series of years. The peril to which such a course would expose the nation, if there were no other reason, should induce Congress to take the most speedy measures, consistent with the interests of business, for the gradual restoration of the specie basis.

"Veto" makes what he is pleased to call "an appalling exhibition" of the loss of eight hundred millions which would be incurred "if the debt were paid off with gold at forty-four per cent. premium"—a sum, he adds, "equal to the entire funded debt of Great Britain at the close of the gigantic war of the French Revolution." He labors under a mistake here. The British debt in 1815, the time referred to, instead of being eight hundred million dollars, as he states, was eight hundred and sixty-five million pounds sterling, equal to more than four thousand million American dollars. "Veto" further figures up the frightful amount of principal and interest which the people will have to pay if the debt is suffered to run for a long series of years. That may be a good argument in favor of its early liquidation, but has little to do with the question whether it shall be paid in a sound or unsound currency. Nobody wishes the debt paid when the premium on gold is forty-four per cent., and there is no necessity for having it paid while there is any premium on gold at all.

There is one thing more that "Veto" and all others should bear in mind, and that is, that not a dollar of the bonded debt will be due under some fifteen years,

and therefore it is perfectly idle to talk about paying it in gold or greenbacks at the present time; or even to prepare to fund the debt into a new and uniform stock while the notes of the government are worth but seventy cents on the dollar.

Nothing of the sort can be done advantageously until the standard of value, and with it the credit of the nation, has been restored; and then the government can borrow all it needs at the lowest rate of interest. The Dominion of Canada, we are told, can obtain loans at four per cent.: why should not we? When greenbacks are equal to gold we can do so, not before.

We might notice other points in "Veto's" communication, but our limits forbid. We have endeavored to make it clear that, setting aside all considerations of honor and good faith, *we cannot, as a people, afford to pay our bonds in greenbacks*—that while such a course would injure the bondholders much, the nation would suffer in its industrial interests far more. This is *the issue* we make with "Veto," and all others who, like him, inconsiderately propose to continue a false currency for years to come in order that the public creditors may be compelled to take their pay in depreciated paper. Much as some persons might wish to punish the "bloated bondholders" for having furnished the nation in the time of its greatest need with the means of prosecuting to a successful termination the struggle in which it was engaged, it is really a luxury we cannot afford them, since, for every dollar of injustice we thus inflict upon the public creditor, the nation must lose ten.

In view of these considerations, the compulsory payment of the public debt in greenbacks does not seem to be a very brilliant conception, nor likely to immortalize the genius who originated it. What a spectacle would be presented to the world should the United States—a nation the most opulent in resources of any on the globe, with annual exchanges amounting to at least twelve thousand million dollars—continue for a long series of years an arbitrary, irre-

deemable currency which endangers her political existence, deranges her trade, destroys her commerce and inflicts untold injuries and suffering upon her laboring and productive classes, in order

that her creditors may be paid off in paper less valuable than coin! Yet is not this the consummation which "Veto" and his confrères are striving so earnestly to achieve?

## THE YOUNG PRIEST.

### I.

ON an early day in Lent, 1865, just after morning mass in his little Acadian chapel, in the parish of St. Landry, the Rev. Isidore Joseph Gauthier was starting homeward. His face wore a calm and happy expression, and he was in a pleasant mood. The weather was remarkably fine, there had been a large attendance at mass, an unusually large number had partaken of communion, and he had felt more than his ordinary fervor and devotion. It was easy to see that his own elevated feelings had been shared by those around him: indeed, there was a general regret when the post-communion was reached, and when he sung out in his rich, musical voice, the *Benedicamus Domino*. Many an eye seemed sparkling with moisture as he read the last Gospel—many a face seemed to wear a holier expression as the choir sang *O Salutaris hostia* and the congregation moved down the aisles. Removing his robes, the young priest followed his little flock, but paused a moment on the steps to offer a prayer in his own behalf—a prayer of thanksgiving. God had been very good to him. For four years he had been praying for the safety of his only brother, exposed to the perils of war, and a few days before he had seen that beloved brother safe and well. The young priest—he was not yet four-and-twenty, but still in holy orders and appointed to his native chapel—felt at peace with all mankind, and thanked his heavenly Father for life and the good he was permitted to do

with it, as he stood there with uncovered head and eyes turned to the sky. His was a handsome face indeed. Very fair and spirituel, eyes shining with a holy light, the lines of his mouth showing goodness in every curve, he seemed, at that moment like a young apostle of old—very like the well-known pictures of the youthful St. John. From his youth this resemblance had been remarked, and he had been called St. John by the neighbors, who applauded his intention of entering the priesthood.

He stepped lightly down the walk, crossed the road, hesitated a moment there, then entered a narrow footpath leading across the prairie. He walked slowly along, enjoying the fine morning air and in pleasant meditation, running over in his mind the various stages of his life, thinking of the friends of his youth, now scattered he knew not where. Reflecting thus, he had half crossed the prairie when his eyes fell upon an object by the path, and his steps were suddenly arrested. A mere bundle of clothing it seemed at first, but, drawing nearer, he perceived the form of a little girl, apparently sleeping, with her face half concealed in the shadow of a wild pomegranate bush. As he looked at the thin, pinched features, the well-darned dress and coarse, worn shoes, he read a tale of poverty and suffering which strongly appealed to his heart; but he started as he looked more closely into the little face, for there was something there which seemed familiar.

"Wonderfully like!" he said aloud, his mind reverting to some former reflections.

"She has their very look, yet it must be casual. I may have seen her at the chapel," he thought, as he laid his hand gently upon the child's shoulder. Two great eyes opened wearily at the touch and looked up into his.

"What is the matter, my child?" he asked kindly. "Why are you lying here?"

"Oh, Father Joseph, I'm so tired! I've been to fetch the doctor—maman is so sick. I ran until I had to stop and rest." She was too weary to move, and spoke to him as she was lying.

"She knows who I am," he thought as she called his name: "I must have seen her at the chapel." This thought flew through his mind while she was speaking.

"Have you seen the doctor?"

"I have been to his house: I was going home, but had to stop and rest."

"Where do you live, my child?—is it far?"

"Oh no—just over there: you can just see a bit of the house through the trees."

She had risen to point with her finger, but her wearied legs tottered and she fell heavily against him. He caught her in his arms and looked in the direction indicated.

"There!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Why, child, I did not think any one could live there. How long has your mamma been in that house?"

"I believe more than two months," was the childish answer.

"Let me carry you," he said, raising her in his arms: "what is your name?"

"Estelle: that is mamma's name too."

"A pretty name, my child. But get on my back: I can carry you easier so. I want to see your mother, and will go home with you."

"Oh, Father Joseph, if you'll be so good!" was all that she could say, as, clasping her arms about his neck and laying her head upon his shoulders, she burst into tears. The child's heart was deeply touched by this unexpected kindness, but he thought that her tears came from fatigue, and permitted her to weep

while he walked on in silence for some moments.

At length Father Joseph—as the young priest was called in the parish—seemed to wake from some reverie that had carried him far away, and he spoke to her in a cheerful, kindly tone, attracting her attention at once. It took but a moment to quiet her sobbings and to dry her tears, but he had no time to question her farther before they reached the door of the miserable cabin. He lowered the little girl gently upon the step and prepared to follow her in. A single glance betrayed the poverty of the place. He followed his guide across the threshold, and his steps were suddenly arrested as he watched her running across the room to a low bed in one corner. Upon the pallet lay a sick woman, whose emaciated face, flushed with fever, and burning eyes now turned toward him; while kneeling by the couch a maiden of twenty, perhaps, was gently fanning the sufferer. The latter turned slowly and wearily as her attendant rose and stood full before his face. Their eyes met, and with one startled look the girl threw up her arms, her eyes opened, her lips parted, and, swaying to and fro for a moment, she gently let herself down upon the floor. She did not faint, but the surprise was too much for her, and her limbs refused to bear her weight.

"Honore!" exclaimed Father Joseph, also transfixed by surprise. "Thank God that I have found you at last!" He sprang to the bedside and extended his hand to the sick woman. A look of recognition came over the wan face, and, seizing his hand in both her own, she carried it to her lips; but the hold quickly relaxed, and just whispering, "My children! oh, my children!" her eyes closed upon the first happy scene that had greeted them for months.

Meantime, Honore had not once removed her eyes from his face, but sat staring at him with the dazed look of the somnambulist. She was weak, very weak—this poor girl with whom fate had dealt so hardly; and when memory came she bowed her head upon her knees and



sobbed convulsively. With tear-dimmed eyes Father Joseph looked upon this affecting sight, gently chafed the thin hand in his own until consciousness returned, then knelt by the bedside in prayer. Presently he drew a stool close beside them.

"Tell me, Honore—pray tell me how long you have been here. We have searched for you in every direction: every one supposed you were in New Orleans."

"So we were until mamma got sick," Honore answered, without thinking who were meant by the pronoun "we:" "until then we stayed on in the city, but at last crawled back here, hoping—hoping that a—change of air might do her good." She wept no longer, but the heavy sobs that almost choked her utterance were infinitely more painful.

"Why did you not let me know of it?"

"We did not know you were here: we had no idea where you were. When the children spoke so much of Father Joseph, I did not dream it could be you: we had not heard from you for years."

"True, true; and I've been trying to find you all the time."

As well as she could, Honore told him their story of the past four years, and he listened to it with renewed thanksgiving to God. Why he had chosen to cross the prairie on that particular day, instead of taking the main road as usual, he could not tell; but in his own heart he felt that God had directed his steps. The story ended in these sad words: "Until we read of Louis' death," Honore said, "we had some hope in life; but now the future has not one bright spot for us."

"Do not, do not say that, Honore," Father Joseph remonstrated. "We all have sorrows to bear in this life. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and He will surely care for you. Believe me, Honore, the future is not as dark as you think it now."

"I wish I could feel it—oh, I wish I could! I am wicked, I know; but so much suffering has made me doubt that even God can care for us. Two old

and hardened criminals—men who have done wicked deeds all their lives—could not have been punished more than those two innocent little girls, my poor sisters. Forgive me, oh forgive me for it, but I cannot even hope." Again she buried her face in her hands, and tears came freely now.

"Honore, never despair of God's mercy. We do not know His ways, but we must trust in Him. I have much to say to you, but I must go now: I will come later. Believe me, Honore, when I tell you that you all have happy days in store."

A loud rap announced the arrival of the physician, and Father Joseph stepped forward to meet him. For a few moments they conversed aside, and from the doctor's looks and the few words that she could catch, Honore felt that they had found friends at last.

The poor girl rejoiced inwardly at the very idea of friends, but it was not for herself. To her it was humiliation that they should need friends, but for the sake of those who were dear to her, and who were dependent on her, she rejoiced. If only her sick mother could be cared for, she would ask no more: she could teach or sew, and at least make enough for herself and sisters; and, still crouching there by the bedside, she ran over various plans for getting employment the moment that she could see her mother cared for. For a short time blissful forgetfulness came, but a glance at her worn and faded calico dress recalled all the miseries of the past, and she sank still lower upon the floor. She dared not trust her strength again, and so remained there when the good doctor came to examine her mother. It was a sad thought to this sensitive, delicate girl that they were obliged to accept charity from any; but want and suffering had made her weak, very weak, both in body and mind, and for the sake of those she loved she must forget her own humiliation. Promising to call again that evening, Father Joseph turned toward the door, but paused upon the threshold.

"By the by, Honore," he said, as if the thought had just occurred to him, "I

came very near going without telling you that I have good reason for thinking that that report about Louis' death was a mistake. There is a strong probability that it was Louis Gautier of Pointe Coupée who died in prison. This is enough to give us hope."

He dared not tell her the whole truth when her mind was already so much excited, and giving one glance at her face he hurried away. "What an angelic expression!" he said to himself as he hastened across the fields. "I do not think that I ever saw a sweeter, sadder expression in my life." The same thought came to him again and again as he walked homeward, and more than once he found himself saying aloud, "She's a good girl—a good girl, indeed." Musing over the strange vicissitudes of human life, the young priest soon arrived at his own door. Two hours later a negro entered the cabin with a basket well stocked with wine, jellies and other delicacies grateful to the sick—with something more substantial in the shape of flour, eggs, chickens and ham. It was a gift from Father Joseph.

Sitting by his open window that afternoon, the young priest thought much of his youth, and dreamily went over the story of the poor people he had that day met. He had known them in better days. When a boy they were his nearest neighbors, and at that time there could not have been found, in all the parish of St. Landry, a happier home than that of the Courets. He now recalled the time when he had been every day with Honore Couret, his favorite playmate, and he remembered the attachment that, for all their youth, had then sprung up between them. He was a boy of ten—she, a curly-haired little girl of six. Even in those early days it was understood that he was intended for the Church; and, favoring the plan himself, it pleased him to be called by the friends and neighbors of his family, "the young priest" or "the youthful St. John." In English these expressions may sound like levity, or even savor of ridicule, but in the phrases of the Acadians they conveyed an encouraging compliment.

The boy loved to hear M. Couret, Honore's father, praise his intention; and it was by such kindly words and compliments that his resolution was strengthened until finally matured. But there was one who did not applaud his intention, although she uttered not a word against it; and that one was little Honore Couret, a wee thing then, who seemed too young to know the meaning of love. Yet when does love begin, and when does it end? When is a woman too old to feel the sacred passion? When is the girl too young to feel the flames of love firing her heart? The coquettish wiles of your two-year old household fairy almost startle us at times, and we pause to wonder how and when she learned them. Musing upon the delicate subject, we are unconsciously led to confess that love must be a natural gift to womankind, just as the songs of tiny birdlings or the perfume of fresh young flowers are natural gifts from God.

However it came about, it was certain that the little Honore Couret loved her bright young playmate, four years older than herself, with the face of the youthful St. John. To her the praise bestowed upon him brought positive pain. Yet she was often obliged to listen to it, and did so, struggling to conceal her feelings, until the struggle became too hard for her, and forced her to run away to hide her tears. More than once Madame Couret had observed these passionate outbreaks, and had tried in vain to discover what had vexed her little girl; but, watching closely and tenderly, she waited until the secret was revealed. One evening the parish priest had called, and, drawing Isidore Gauthier to him, warmly applauded his intentions: M. Couret joined in praising the lad. Honore listened to them with flushed face and eager eyes, until she could hold back the tears no longer, and, impulsively springing up without a word, she ran away to her own chamber. Madame Couret followed immediately, to find her grieving upon the bed. Gently petting and caressing her, to win her confidence if possible, and talking kindly to her, Madame Couret undressed her daughter,

and tucking the sheets in about her, stooped to give a good-night kiss. Before she could rise, Honore's arms were clasped around her mother's neck. Laying her head lightly upon the tender bosom, Madame Couret was startled by the rapid beating of the little heart within and by the gasping sobs that came in quick succession. She endeavored to look into her daughter's face, but the white arms held her closely; and yielding to them, she rested upon the pillow and drew the sobbing child upon her arm. For a few moments Honore could not speak, and tenderly caressing the curly head upon her arm, the anxious mother waited for quiet and confidence. Presently Honore whispered:

"Maman—I want to—to ask—to ask you something?"

"What is it, *chérie*? Tell maman what it is that grieves you—tell me, pet."

"Maman, can a priest ever marry? Can he ever have a little wife to love him? Marie says not."

Madame Couret began to understand the matter now, but she thought best to encourage the confidence, so there would be nothing left unsaid to worry over:

"No, darling: Marie was right. He gives himself entirely to the Church and to doing good. But what puts such an idea into your little head?"

"Maman—don't be angry with me for telling you," and she clung convulsively to her mother's neck, "but I love *Isi—Isi—Isi—*" and the trembling voice went sobbing away over the name that she could not utter.

Greatly surprised by this evidence of precocity, Madame Couret attempted to soothe her child by telling her that Isidore might never be a priest; that the time was too far ahead to grieve over now; and that she would see about it when they grew older. The promise to "see about it" was a great relief, for Honore had all confidence in her mamma, and her sobbing soon ceased. Madame Couret knew that this little heart was not too young to suffer, and that it was even now aching over imaginary sorrows; so she pressed her cheek close to Honore's, and remained until sleep

came to close the little eyes. She kissed away two or three pearly tear-drops that still clung to their lashes, and stole quietly from the room.

Thenceforth she was careful not to mention Isidore's intention before her daughter, but the gentlemen often did so, causing no little uneasiness. How could she stop them without telling them a secret too sacred to be repeated? And besides, would they understand it, and treat it as delicately as it should be treated? As young as this little child then was, her woman's heart told her that it was not "all nonsense," as M. Couret would probably call it; and so she could only keep the secret, doing the best she could to prevent much talk about Isidore. But for all her own strong feeling upon the subject, Honore did not offer a word of objection or opposition to the plan. The two were much together in those days, frequently wandering hand in hand across the prairie, or sitting for hours on the banks of the Teche; but she had heard her father say that it was wrong for any one to discourage him; and so she stifled her feelings and made a heroine of herself even at that tender age.

Two years later, Isidore Gauthier was twelve, and had to begin his studies with the "Fathers." It was a sad parting to Honore, but childish impressions are soon effaced, and in a few weeks she had ceased to long for him. Besides, she had found a new playmate in Isidore's brother, two years older than herself, and he was very soon raised to the dignity of sweetheart. Louis Gauthier was like his brother in many respects, and though his temper was not always so equable, and though his spirits were higher, his general amiability was as strongly marked. He grew into a fine, manly, dashing fellow, just the kind of a man to win the heart of a young girl. They loved each other: love grew with years, and when old enough they were regularly betrothed, according to the custom of the Acadians of Louisiana and Nova Scotia. This occurred in the year 1860, when Honore was sixteen and Louis eighteen years of age.

The war came soon after, and Louis Gauthier went out, with the young men of his parish, to join General Beauregard. Isidore was at Georgetown College. Honore and Louis renewed their vows before his departure, and she gave him her own medal and the scapula that she had worn from childhood. He promised to return to her soon: she promised to be his wife as soon as the war should end.

## II.

AT this time Madame Couret was a widow, but had been left in comfortable circumstances—with enough, at least, for the support of herself and her three daughters, Honore and two children, Augustine and Estelle. They had a beautiful cottage home, with a fair farm adjoining, which they were enabled to let for a sum sufficient to give them a good income—an income that proved ample for their moderate wants. But the war soon stopped all planting, and they were reduced to the mere comforts of home. Yet they had a *good* home, and wanted none of the necessities of life. A year rolled by, during which they heard nothing from Louis, when one day Fate dealt hardly with this little family.

A gunboat came up the river, and, coming to anchor opposite their cottage, sent a boat's crew on shore. The officer in command, with two or three men, had gone to the next house, and the rest of the party presented themselves on Madame Couret's porch and demanded the papers of "that rebel member of Congress." In vain she assured them that she was a defenceless widow—that no member of Congress lived there or near them—that she had no money or papers: they would not believe her. She tremblingly answered their demand for liquor by giving them some brandy that had been in the house for years; but this made matters far worse. They soon drank themselves into a state of intoxication, and gave her five minutes' time to produce the papers and money, failing which they would fire the house. On

her knees, for the sake of her children, she implored them to spare her home, their all. They were now too drunk to heed her prayers, and one, more reckless than the rest, threw a firebrand into the bedding and scattered live coals about the floor. Nearly dead from terror and agony, Madame Couret clasped her children in her arms and sank in one corner; but the smoke soon drove them from the room, and they were obliged to fly. Honore ran to the next house with all the speed that fright could give her, and seeing the officer there, she fell at his feet and begged him to have mercy on them. He spoke kindly and gently to her, but it was some time before he could comprehend her incoherent words and learn from them that her house had been fired. With a fierce oath he sprang to his feet and ran down the road, but he arrived too late, for the house was already wrapped in flames, and there was no hope of stopping them. For some time he cursed and stormed among the men who had committed this outrage without orders, and threatened to have the last one of them punished for it.

On the road he had met poor Madame Couret with her two little girls, and now went back to see them. The regrets of this gentleman gave poor comfort to them, now that they had been made beggars upon the world; but, very calm and very pale, she listened to him, knowing that he was sincere. The young officer had taken little Estelle upon his knee, and unbeknown to her had pushed some bank-bills into her pocket. Not long could he bear this trying scene. Although he alone shed tears, he saw that the grief of the others was too deep for such relief: a kind of dumb apathy had seized them—a sense of despair that left them bewildered and half crazed. Again he tried to express his regrets, but the scene was too much for him: stopping in the middle of a word, he hastily broke away. At night fifty dollars were found in Estelle's pocket, and Madame Couret understood the gift. She would have returned the money to this gentleman—who in all probability was not himself overburdened with cash

—could she have done so; but the gunboat was already moving down the river.

Mother and daughters were now destitute upon the world. The neighbors offered them a home, but could do little beside. It was a gloomy prospect. Two days later she received a package by the post, and on opening it found three hundred dollars, with a note stating that the sum had been collected for her on board the gunboat; and again the young officer conveyed to her his heartfelt regrets for the injury done her, and blaming himself severely for permitting his men to stray away from him. Madame Courret was touched by the feeling displayed by this young man. With the sum they now had she took her children to New Orleans, where she obtained employment as a teacher in a private school for young ladies. The salary barely sufficed to keep them in the cheapest lodgings. Honore was housekeeper, seamstress and maid-of-all-work, devoting her spare moments to the education of her sisters. A cheap guitar had to take the place of their piano; and after a time the little family got very comfortably settled. Two years rolled away, and yet they heard nothing from Louis, nor could they communicate with Isidore. So they struggled on until the end of the war. Their one hope in life was centred in Louis Gauthier, and they did not know that he was alive. Honore loved him better and better as time rolled on, until her devotion became almost painful to herself; and she grew heartsick and ill as the young men returned, one after another, and she heard not of him.

The burden of sorrow grew still more heavy when Madame Courret's health gave way, so that she was obliged to resign her position in the school. Yet they managed to struggle on, they themselves scarcely knew how, depending mainly upon the small sums which Honore could earn by sewing and by giving music-lessons to one little girl. Every morning she read the newspaper carefully, hoping to find his name; and at last she found it.

They were sitting at the breakfast-

table, Madame Courret, still feeble, pouring out the coffee, when the newspaper came in. Honore seized it and eagerly ran her eyes along the columns, finally halting at a list of prisoners at Johnson's Island. Glancing down the line, she read a few names aloud, gradually sinking her voice into a mere humming as she hastily ran over the names that were strange to her. Madame Courret was gazing intently upon her daughter's face, her heart aching as she saw the paper shaking in the trembling hand, feeling that another disappointment was to be the only result, when she saw Honore sway in her chair and without a word fall heavily upon the floor. The dreadful fall, the one startled look, the gush of blood that came from the pallid lips, unnerved her completely, and it was some time before she could help the girls raise their unconscious sister upon the couch. She seized the paper and found in the list the name of "Louis Gauthier, of Louisiana," and opposite: "Died in prison, January 27."

Some months passed, during which the young men were returning to their homes, but they were months of despair to Honore Courret. For weeks she lingered between life and death. The arrivals no longer drew her attention: indeed, she seldom read the newspapers now, for each name there gave her a fresh pang, and the brave girl saw that hereafter she must be the sole reliance of that little family. Her mother's health was failing: Madame Courret had given up all hope of life, and longed to go back to her old home—to die there, she said; and Honore, thinking that a change of air might prove beneficial, determined to leave the city. They went back to St. Landry. On the verge of their plantation, far back from the road and in a secluded spot, there was a small hut or hovel, almost too poor for occupants, but which Honore determined to make habitable with her own hands. To this poor cabin they came with all that they possessed.

Here they had been living for more than two months when Father Joseph found them. Honore had patched up



the place as well as she could; had made it neat within; had planned a little garden and fenced it in; and with all had attended to the wants of her mother. The one room was made serviceable at least, but at best it was a miserable place. Here the poor girl worked with an aching heart, but always with a cheerful word for those depending on her; and here she kept her sisters at their studies, here she sewed for them, worked for them, planned for them, hoping to fit them, for some position by which they could honestly support themselves in the future. There was not a thought of herself. But often when alone she would stroll down to the river, where Louis had walked with her—centuries ago, it seemed—or walk to a little knoll on the prairie from which she could see the dear old chapel, and sit there musing upon the day she made her first communion, and upon the happy times that she should never know again. In her poor dress she could not go to the chapel, even if she had dared to leave her mother. The younger girls, for whom Honore had cut over all of her own dresses, were sent at times, and they were called upon to repeat the service over and over on their return, and to relate all that they saw or heard. Poor Honore! her heart was there, if she could not go in person. When the girls praised the good looks and kindness of Father Joseph, she was ever deeply touched, and tears dimmed her eyes as she listened hungrily to every word. More than once she had half made up her mind to go to him for the purpose of inquiring for Isidore Gauthier.

Lent had come, and the weather was unusually fine, but Madame Couret's health did not improve. Indeed, she seemed to grow worse and worse, and Honore saw that she was fast failing. One night the little household was alarmed, and they thought that the end had come. Early in the morning Estelle was sent for the doctor, who lived two miles away, but also with a message telling him that they had no money to pay him for the trouble, but that it would be paid some time, and he would now

perform an act of charity by coming to them. The little girl ran the entire distance and delivered her message; then started to return. But she had overtasked her strength. Half-way across the prairie her head grew giddy, her legs tottered beneath her, and she fell. Crawling into the shadow of the pomegranate bush, she remained half unconscious, half dreaming, until she felt a touch upon her shoulder, and opened her eyes upon Father Joseph's face.

It was late that evening when Father Joseph returned to find the little household looking much brighter. Again he prayed with them and read to them, and this time he gave Honore still more cause for hope.

"Honore, I must tell you," he said to her as he was leaving—"I must tell you that I have heard from my brother, in a way that leaves no room for mistake, since the date of his reported death."

Standing two or three paces from her, he saw the convulsive heavings of her bosom, her quick gasps for breath, and fancied that he could even hear the throbings of her heart. She pressed her hands hard upon it, as if to still its beatings, and very pale she grew as she turned her eager eyes upon his face. She could barely speak:

"You—you, at least—would not, could not, be so cruel as to give me false hope. It would crush me to endure all this again—it would kill me."

"No, no, Honore; I would not give you reason to hope unless I felt justified in doing so. By God's mercy, I believe my brother to be alive, and think that we shall soon see him here."

"Thank you! oh thank you!" was all that she could say, as she took his hand and bowed her head upon it.

The next morning Father Joseph sent a boy to Opelousas with the following despatch:

"TO LOUIS GAUTHIER

"(Care of Dufour & Limet),

"New Orleans:

"Come back immediately: I have found them.

"JOSEPH."

The next train brought Louis to Ope-

lousas, and he hastened on to his brother's house. It was late in the night when he arrived.

"I have been sitting up for you, Louis," Father Joseph said to his brother after their first warm greeting; "I knew you would come if you got my telegram in time."

"I did not stop a moment—did not go to my room, even. Where are they, Joseph?"

"I dread to tell you: they are in that wreck of a cabin where poor old Gajac used to live."

"No, oh no! it cannot be!"

"Indeed, Louis, I was as much surprised as you are: I found them by chance. It is an out-of-the-way place, you know, and but for my stumbling on little Estelle—she was the baby, you remember—I had not found them. God must have directed my steps across the prairie, for I seldom go that way."

"It is very strange," said Louis in a slow and thoughtful manner, and keeping his eyes fast upon the candle, "very strange indeed: I cannot understand it."

"Brother, they have suffered much—God only knows how much: I can see it in each face, in every line; but, Louis, she is as pure as a lily: she's as good as a girl can be."

"I know she is—I'm sure she is, Joseph: I must see them the first thing in the morning."

"I will go with you, Louis: it is better that we should go together. You must be patient, and wait for me until after service."

Showing his brother to the chamber prepared for him, the young priest went through his own devotions, thanking God for His exceeding goodness and manifold mercies. Long and fervently he prayed, and at length sought his couch.

The next day was *Mi-Carême*. The Society of St. Joseph had its annual celebration, and the young priest had to say mass early in the morning and also at ten o'clock. But the poor friends at the cabin were not forgotten, for a large hamper had been sent them, Louis adding to the gifts a sum of money, sent in the name of his brother. At midday

Louis was impatiently waiting at the chapel-gate, where Father Joseph joined him, and they walked on in silence, each revolving the same thoughts, until the cabin was in sight.

Louis covered his eyes.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "that *they* should have come to this!"

Father Joseph laid both hands upon his brother's shoulders and gazed tenderly into his face: "Listen to me, Louis: there is a great change in them."

"I know it—I expect it," Louis almost groaned out in reply.

"They have changed sadly, but she is still beautiful. It is a calmer, holier beauty than that of old. God tries us in various ways, my brother, and always for our good. Honore will make you a better wife than she would have done before this great trial."

"But she was always good, Joseph."

"As good a girl as I ever saw; yet we now know that her heart has been tried, as if by fire, and found pure gold. You must expect to find her changed, Louis: remember that they have been very poor."

"I do expect it, brother. Nothing could change me now: do not fear my disappointment. I have loved her through all these years."

Again they walked on in silence, and soon came to the cabin. Louis was greatly agitated. Father Joseph pressed his brother's hand and rapped on the door, which almost immediately opened to admit them, and the two passed into the one little room containing the possessions of this fallen family. Honore was partially behind the door when they entered, and so earnestly studying Father Joseph's face, to see if there was fresh hope there, that she scarcely observed the sunburnt, bearded man by his side; but in a moment a voice that could belong to one only thrilled through and through her:

"Honore!"

She started quickly and stood trembling before him, with both hands pressed hard upon her bosom; but two strong arms were stretched out toward her, and with one indescribable look to heaven,

she impulsively threw herself upon his breast.

It took not long to tell them his story: how he had lived in prison for over two years—of his escape into Canada on the ice—of that dreary trip in the dead of winter from Rivière du Loup to Halifax—of his voyage to Bermuda—of the weeks spent in a coasting schooner, and his wreck on the Florida keys—of his subsequent arrival in New Orleans, to find that the war was over and his companions-in-arms returned to their homes. He had sought his brother at once, and had learned from him that the Courets had gone to the city, since which time nothing had been heard of them by any in St. Landry. He told them of his heavy heart as he went back again, and of those weeks that had been spent in searching for them, ending but the day before, when his brother's despatch had arrived.

It is impossible to describe the joy of that humble household. Louis promptly assumed command, and would listen to no appeals from his decisions. "You all belong to me now," he told them, "and I must be obeyed;" and with tears in their eyes they gratefully listened to him, happy to feel that there was one stronger than they who wished to relieve them of the burdens that had been so crushing. Honore could have died for him at that moment.

"And you, Honore," he said playfully, "attend to orders: you will be ready early to-morrow morning to go with me to Opelousas to get such things as we may need. You shall buy some for me too. But—mind now!—every dime that Joseph sent must be expended on yourself: I'll see to the rest."

She tried to remonstrate, but he stopped her mouth with a kiss and compelled her to submit. And the poor girl looked at him so wistfully and so fondly as he moved about that Father Joseph's heart was touched. "My whole life cannot pay him for this one hour," Honore said to herself as she gazed upon his happy face.

"This shall be a happy Mi-Carême for us all," Louis said, presently; "and

had I come a few days earlier, this very St. Joseph's day should have been our wedding day. The indulgence should have benefited one couple, at least, despite the fashion. But not later than Easter, Honore—not a day later—remember."

How she loved him for those words!

"This is the happiest St. Joseph's day that I ever knew," she said, barely above a whisper, as she stole to his side and timidly took his hand.

"And you must come to mass in the morning, sure," Father Joseph said: "we must give thanks to the Author of this happiness."

"Not to-morrow, Father Joseph: oh, I couldn't go to-morrow."

"And why can you not, pray? Louis shall fetch you."

"Must I confess it? I have not a dress in the world but this I have on. All the others that I had have been cut over for Augustine and Estelle."

"And that is the reason you have not been before, is it? Then I must read you a sermon on the folly of dress. See how you have been punished for not coming two months ago."

"I could not bear that they should see me so."

Both knew that "they" meant her own uncharitable sisters, and saw by the quivering lip and the deep flush on her face how hard the struggle had been between duty and sensitive pride. Louis interfered just as the young priest was himself framing an excuse for her.

"Not to-morrow morning, Joseph: we have to be off by light, or soon after; but next day we will come."

"And you will be regular hereafter? Then I'll let you off for this once," he said kindly.

"Come now, come!" said Louis, clapping his hands; "begin your packing." (Honore stared at him in wonder.) "*Ma mère*, an easy carriage will come for you in an hour. You all leave here to-day. I have quarters for you at M. Leon Dufilho's for the present. Begin now, and no words about it. We will get out of your way until the wagons come; then return to assist you."

Honore again tried to remonstrate, but she could not utter a word. His strong will overpowered her completely, subdued as she was by suffering and sorrow. And at another word from him she sprang up for the work, as if some severe taskmaster was ordering her about; yet she was bewildered, and scarcely knew what she was doing or wanted to do. Louis laughed at her excitement, which flattered and charmed him, and kissed his hand to them all as he went out with his brother. But no sooner had the door closed behind them than Honore threw herself upon her mother's breast and cried for very joy. "Mamma, I would die for him this minute," she said, almost fiercely, the tears trickling in little streamlets down her flushed cheeks.

"Make him a good wife, my daughter, and you may repay him."

"I can never repay him, mamma, but I *will* be that. I will devote my whole life to his happiness. Oh, mamma, my heart is just bursting!"

Again Madame Couret stroked and patted her daughter's hair, as she had done on that other night many years before, and again kissed the tears from her eyelashes. It took not long to gather up the few worldly goods that belonged to them, and when the wagons came they were ready. That night they were all installed in comfortable apartments.

Two days later, Honore, in new but sober clothing, went to the chapel and took communion. And during the rest of Lent she was regular in her devotions. By frequent visits to Opelousas she got her trousseau prepared, and on Easter day they were married by Father Joseph.

By the death of an uncle, Isidore and Louis Gauthier had inherited a small sum of money, and after the wedding ceremony, Father Joseph astonished the bride by putting a sealed packet in her hand. "It is my wedding gift, Honore," he said to her—"the gift of a brother."

This packet contained the transfer of his share in the property left by their uncle, bestowed upon her as a wedding portion. It was a small sum—scarcely seven thousand dollars in all—yet it was enough to rebuild the cottage and to put the farm in tolerable repair. Like a sensible man, Louis turned farmer himself, and went at the work with a cheerful heart and a determined will. Though he could not plant cotton to advantage, he found a large profit in other products, and the first year made much more than he had expected.

Madame Couret's health greatly improved immediately after the removal—indeed, she was dying from want and trouble solely; but she had many years added to her life on that St. Joseph's day. She was now very happy. Her daughter married to so good a man, her two younger girls at school in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and her dear old home rebuilt,—she had to confess that God had been very good to her.

Three years have passed since that happy Mi-Carême, and the Gauthiers are still happy and prosperous. A paragraph in the last Opelousas paper speaks of the good work now being done by Father Joseph, and of his kindness to the poor. On Sunday more than one hundred came to the altar for communion, many of whom had been away for years.

Louis Gauthier has made a comfortable living from the farm, despite the hard times, and has greatly improved the place. His pleasure has been to restore a garden as he knew it years ago, when belonging to a young girl he loved.

And Honore? On the last St. Joseph's day she sat upon the veranda of her new home, looking over to the little cabin across the fields, thinking it just the dearest spot on this earth; and beside her rolled a little girl who will soon be vexing her heart with the troubles of love.

## CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT.

THE tribute awarded in this Magazine to the life and professional career of the eminent portrait-painter, JOHN NEAGLE, has led the writer of the ensuing sketch to believe that a similar paper—alike historical, desultory and reminiscential—upon the late CHARLES L. ELLIOTT may prove equally attractive to its readers. The fame of such artists as Sully and Neagle, and Inman and Elliott, is confined to no local limit; yet there are different peculiarities in the characters, and varied incidents in the career and social history, of each, which are of more than individual interest; and illustrative personal anecdotes, connected with such representative artists and men are always acceptable to the public. An acquaintance and friendship extending through a period of more than thirty years, and almost daily intercourse of intimacy, enable the writer to recall incidents and reminiscences in Mr. Elliott's professional and social career which almost embarrass his pen by their number and variety. The initial historical sketch must therefore be very brief.

## HIS EARLY LIFE: "BENT" OF THE YOUNG TREE.

Charles Loring Elliott was born in Scipio, Cayuga county, N. Y., in 1812, but his parents soon after removed to the adjoining county of Onondaga, and settled at Syracuse while it was yet a mere hamlet; and here his juvenile years were passed. He early exhibited great natural ability in drawing and painting. His father, an architect and builder in the then fast-rising village (now the noble city) of Syracuse, was anxious that he should enter into mercantile pursuits; but the young tree had got its "bent," as he once said to the writer, and was not that way "inclined." He came to New York, studied for a time under Colonel Trumbull and a painter

named Quidor, who was a fellow-pupil with Henry Inman under the celebrated Jarvis. He brought with him from the country several examples of his drawing and coloring, one or two illustrating scenes in Knickerbocker's immortal history by Irving, of whose sly humor he had always the keenest sense. These pictures exhibited much promise, and were favorably received. At the same time he tried his hand at "making faces," as he termed it, but did not satisfy himself. Determined to succeed, however, he returned into the interior of the State, where he devoted his undivided attention to portrait-painting; and there are now portraits of his, painted at that period, in the cities of Rochester, Auburn and Syracuse, which well betoken the coming master.

## HIS ARRIVAL AND RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK.

The writer must now be permitted to assume the first person singular.

On a pleasant afternoon in October, 1834, Mr. Elliott called upon me at the office of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. We had never met before, but he was an "Onondaga boy," like myself; so we were at once acquainted. His whole appearance and manner were most winning. His handsome face, lighted up with animation, had the pure red-and-white complexion, the "smoothness and the sheen," of a young girl's; and his soft hazel eyes, shaded by wavy, dark, silken hair, struck one at once as the sure insignia of genius.

Upon inquiring how he was succeeding in his profession in the city, he replied, "Very indifferently well. I have found but little encouragement," said he; "so little, in fact, that I think of returning to Onondaga county, where I am at least better known, and try to make my way in the world." I dissuaded him from adopting this course: "Hold on:



don't be discouraged: perhaps you are too modest" (which was the exact fact). "Remember that the world meets nobody half-way. You must be better known *here*. Are you acquainted with Henry Inman? I want him to see some of your paintings."

Upon being informed that he had accidentally met that accomplished man and superb artist but once, and then only for a moment, we arranged for a meeting the next day.

On the following morning, therefore, I called upon Mr. Inman, who was an intimate personal friend, and he readily accompanied me to Elliott's little studio, then in an upper room of the Delmonico Building, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. The young painter had upon his easel at the time the noble head of Captain John Ericsson (of iron-clad "Monitor" fame), about half finished—a most expressive face even then, and plainly showing what it would be likely to be in its completed state. When Inman had expressed his approval of portions of the picture, Elliott said that it would give him great pleasure if Inman would give him a sitting; adding that his high appreciation of the subject would make him very careful to do his best toward making a faithful and characteristic likeness.

"You won't have much trouble about *that*, I fancy," replied Inman, passing his hand over his large features: "my face is pretty *blocky*: my nose, especially, is very *showy*. Yes: I'll sit to you with pleasure."

And he did; and a most satisfactory portrait was the result.

The monthly and daily press now began to place the young artist's merits before the public; and it is a pleasure to be able to add, what Elliott often said, that he should certainly at this period, but for the reassurance which the advice above referred to afforded, have left New York, and never returned to it—a characteristic over-estimate of a mere timely suggestion, and a modest under-estimate of his own genius. Indeed, I have seldom known a case where so much merit was mingled with so much modesty.

#### HIS ONWARD PROGRESS.

Elliott's sitters began now to increase and his pencil to be fully employed. Every successive picture from his easel marked an advance in his art. He was a master of color. He had the charming faculty (like Inman, whom in this regard he emulated and equaled) of choosing and transfixing upon canvas the very best, most natural and most pleasing expression of his sitter. An acute judge of character, he would draw his subjects into conversation upon topics with which they were most familiar and that were most attractive to them; and with the utmost adroitness he would thus summon to their pictured faces a *vraisemblance* so striking that everybody smiled at the vividness of the likeness. It was the very magnetism of portraiture. Many a time, at his own request, have I sat by his side when he was painting the likeness of some mutual friend, talking and gossiping among ourselves, as he used to remark, "to keep him from going to sleep." Many a time, I say, have I seen him, with a graceful wave of his pencil, direct a slight turn of his sitter's head, and then in a moment, by one or two magical touches of color from his palette, impart that *soul-life* to his canvas which gave a charm to his portraits which is all their own.

There was a picture of his, of an aged citizen named Hammersley, which was sent, I think, to the Royal Academy in London, at the instance of Mr. Glass, an English painter, then in this country, which, with all its accessories, was pronounced to be a "perfect transcript from life and nature." A similar verdict was awarded to the portrait of Mr. Fletcher Harper, the eminent publisher, which was sent to the Paris Exposition. He painted more recently, from photographs, a bust, and from memory, a portrait of James Fenimore Cooper, and a full-length of Samuel Colt, the distinguished inventor, for which latter he received the sum of three thousand dollars. Both of these likenesses were pronounced by the relatives and friends of the departed

subjects as perfect as if they had sat to him in life.

#### ELLIOTT AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

Elliott, from boyhood, had been an enthusiastic admirer of Washington Irving. I sincerely believe he could have repeated from memory at least half of the humorous portions of Knickerbocker's inimitable history of the Dutch dynasty, one or two scenes from which he had illustrated. In one of my visits to Sunnyside, Mr. Irving had requested me to "bring Mr. Elliott up, some fine day, to dinner." He had heard of his extraordinary merit and his amiable social characteristics; beside which, he was always partial to the society of intelligent and gifted artists. "Very pleasant fellows are these painters," said he: "I have always found among them some of the most delightful companions in the world."

It was a pleasant morning in early June when we crossed the Tappan-Zee to Sunnyside; and the visit was one which Elliott ever afterward spoke of with delight. Mr. Irving (for a wonder) had no other company that day than the family—his eldest brother, Ebenezer, and his charming, affectionate nieces. In a walk about the grounds, and in the library before dinner, the desultory conversation turned upon the portraits which had been painted of him abroad by Leslie, Newton, Wilkie, etc.—so various in expression, and yet each so excellent at the time of their execution. "I think I shall never sit for my portrait again," said he: "I doubt if I ever shall be able to put a better face upon the matter than I have done already."

Elliott, knowing Irving's intimacy with Washington Allston, led him to speak of that great epic poet-painter with a kind of exalted enthusiasm: "He was one of the most genial, refined, delightful men whom I ever knew. He had a keen and delicate sense of humor, great sensibility, and was a most spirited and various controversialist; while upon art and its great masters he always spoke

from a full mind and thorough knowledge and appreciation.

"He came very near making a painter of me," continued Mr. Irving. "When we had been in Rome for some weeks, visiting together the renowned galleries of paintings and sculpture with which the Eternal City abounds, the time at length came when I must return to America, to follow the mercantile avocation which had been pointed out to me. Allston tried hard to dissuade me from going. 'Stay in Rome,' said he, 'and become one of us. You have studied and practiced drawing: you have an affection for the art. Stay in Rome: tarry with us: I will impart to you what I know, and we will work together.'"

"Never do I remember a harder struggle between inclination and prudence than I experienced the night before I left Rome. I was off in the morning, however, and my literary career was soon after established."

I have recently seen attributed to Elliott an anecdote which appertained to Jarvis, and which Mr. Irving mentioned, among others, on this occasion. It was to the purport that a Southern prelate (Bishop Moore, of Virginia, "not to put too fine a point upon it"), sitting to this popular artist, was cautioning him against the ultimate effect of his convivial propensities, which at the time were somewhat notorious; and while he was yet speaking his words of warning, Jarvis, to change the conversation, motioned with his suspended pencil and said:

"Bishop, turn your head and *shut your mouth!*"

This anecdote of Jarvis led Elliott to mention another of the same eccentric painter, which his son, also an artist—and a very clever one—had recently told him: A blunt-spoken man, who had "sprung from nothing," as he said, in the country, but had become a wealthy New York merchant, waited upon Jarvis at his studio, in company with his wife, whose portrait he was desirous to have painted.

Madam was anything but a beauty, being tall, angular, raw-boned, scrawny, with very prominent features, and those

not the most regular. While his wife was looking at the unfinished portraits in the room, the merchant, knowing the painter's besetting sin, took him aside and said:

"Jarvis, I want you to make a good-looking picture of my wife: I will pay you your price, but you must *be yourself* while you are painting *her*. She has very peculiar looks, at times, that are hard to catch. She is not handsome, but by getting her best expression you can make her a first-rate-looking woman. You shall have a pint of fine old wine at every sitting (and no more), to keep your spirits up and brighten your imagination."

"Make it a quart!" whispered Jarvis, glancing at the lady, who had turned round and was regarding them somewhat suspiciously—"make it a quart, my dear sir! I couldn't make that face and figure good-looking under a quart of good, sound wine, at the very least!"

This bluff, untimely joke lost him his sitter.

#### HIS SENSIBILITY AND KINDNESS.

One of the most striking characteristics of Elliott was his genial sensibility. His heart was as tender and impressible as any young maiden's, and it so continued to the end of his earthly career. He was as modest as he was gifted. As he rose, step after step, in the line of his profession, he never "put on airs," nor adopted the "Sir Oracle" in his comments upon the productions of other artists. I have taken him many times, in the country and in town, to look at the first attempts of mere tyros in his art, and he invariably picked out of their efforts something for the encouragement of a new beginner—*something* which he could conscientiously commend: "That is a good bit of color;" "This drawing is very correct;" "A little more brown, I should say, to deepen the background, would not perhaps be amiss;" and so forth. He disarmed jealousy and envy among his brother-artists by his utter absence of pretension. "In his heart was the law of kindness." This was

shown in many ways and in divers little things occurring in his daily walks and talks. Let me mention one or two illustrations of this lovable feature of his character—trifling occurrences, it may be, but all the more significant.

We used to meet or overtake, in our frequent walks up and down Broadway, a benevolent-looking, elderly gentleman, who was marked by a purple cluster of grapes, covering half of one cheek. I noticed that Elliott, in meeting or passing him, always took the side on which the defect was not exposed. "I hate to let him see that we notice it," said he; "and it is easily avoided." It was the same with another person, who was afflicted with St. Vitus' dance: "Don't let us look at him," he would say: "it only makes him worse." And so also with a mutual acquaintance who had an impediment in his speech, at which some people were accustomed to laugh in his face; but Elliott always anticipated the word he was struggling to utter, placed him at his ease and unloosed his stammering tongue, inasmuch that at length he could and did talk in our presence without a sign of impediment.

This beautiful nature of his was exhibited in like manner in other similar "trifles," as they are usually called, but which nevertheless are "close denotements, working from the heart." For example: he would never see in the streets a peach or banana skin, an orange peel or apple paring, without knocking it from the sidewalk with his burly cane. "Somebody may step on it," he would say, "and perhaps break a leg or an arm."

We used often to pause and look at the massive stone structures going up in the city; and as the great blocks of marble descended to their places, Elliott was wont to say: "L—, how long those will remain, and pass under the gaze of thousands, when you and I are clean gone for ever! If there could be such a thing as a photograph for thought, there is many a building in this town which would be plastered all over with my premonitory and admonitory reflections."

## HIS LOVE OF HUMOR.

I can recall no friend of mine, in all these long years, who had a keener appreciation of humor than "Charley Elliott," as his friends loved to call him. And he was himself replete with wit and humor, which often almost unconsciously escaped him. I remember two or three examples of this, which I will take the liberty to jot down in this connection.

When the Bavarian beer, now known as the universal lager, was coming to be a popular drink in the city, Elliott was invited to try a glass of the beverage. He did so, but said he "didn't like it." "Oh, but you will after a while," said a friend: "it is a fine tonic, let me tell you, this German ale." "Yes," replied Elliott, "it is a little *Tau*-tonic to suit *my* taste."

One day, when he was engaged in painting an intimate friend, Mr. Sparrowgrass Cozzens plied another intimate friend (who was sitting by the artist's side, watching the facile touches of his cunning pencil) with brief quotations from sundry old English poets, and somewhat imperatively demanding the names of their authors: "Who wrote this distich? Who penned these lines? Where do you find this beautiful passage?" and the like. All were assigned to their proper authors, with a single exception. "Who is the author of this?" "Ben Jonson." "No." "Beaumont and Fletcher." "You are out." "Shakespeare." "Wrong again." We were mistaken. "That," said Mr. Sparrowgrass, "is from Prior." "Very well, let it go so," said Elliott: "we've only got your word for it, anyhow; but if it is his, he has a *prior* claim to it, and that is enough."

Dimness and drizzle prevailed in the air one sour March morning as we were walking together down the Eighth avenue, when "the present writer" remarked that the umbrella which Elliott carried was only an incumbrance. "It don't rain: only a Scotch mist." "That's so," said Elliott, holding out his hand to test the moisture, and lowering the um-

brella; "and if it were gone altogether, it wouldn't be *missed*."

Now he was no punster. This little play upon words sprang from the occasion: he was upon no cold scent after the lingual game.

Nobody told a story or related an anecdote better than Elliott. He never encumbered either with adscititious accessories, like your ambitious *raconteur*. I remember one of the latter which illustrates a characteristic of himself—namely, the propensity to say the best he could of everybody. An old fellow, whose "hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him," by reason, as Artemus Ward has it, of his "constitutional cussedness," died in the town of Scipio. At his funeral the neighbors who attended were anything but mourners. Nobody said a good word for the deceased over his final resting-place, except an old Dutchman, who, as the last turf was laid over the grave and the last neighbor was turning away, took out his pipe to say: "Well, den, he was a *goodt schmoker*!"

A more acute discriminator of "originals" than Elliott I think I never knew. He was always picking them out, and "booking" them in his memory. "Do you see that big-nosed, comical-looking fellow under the lamp?" he asked of me one night in a Broadway restaurant. "He is the funniest dog I ever met. He never laughs himself, but he tells a story in such a dry way that he sets everybody around him in a roar. He told me last night of two workmen engaged in 'putting down a job of sheet-lead sheathing' upon the stairs of one of Collins' steamers. Every night, when they left the vessel, they would wind a roll of the metal under their overalls and walk off with their plunder, for which they found a good market at the junk-shops. One night, however, when these 'heavy weights' were going ashore on the gang-plank, it so chanced that one of them toppled overboard. 'Get out a boat!' was the cry: 'go to the end of the pier: the tide is coming in: stand ready to grapple him: he'll come up!' 'No, sir,' said the drowning man's com-

panion, 'he'll never come up—NEVER !'  
'What makes you think so?' 'Because  
I KNOW it !'

"You can't imagine," said Elliott,  
"what an effect that solemn-looking old  
fellow gave to this simple story. That  
'Never !' was so impressive. He looked  
like Holland, the actor, in one of his  
lugubrious burlesques."

But I must bring these desultory re-  
miniscences to a close. I feel that I have  
done but imperfect justice to the memory  
of my departed friend, but I have not  
been able to resist the impulse to lay a  
humble autumnal wreath upon his too  
early grave. His blameless life was  
closed by a painless death, inasmuch

that it may be said of the loving friends  
who stood beside his bed, when the elo-  
quent eyes, closing upon this world, were  
opening wide upon the glories of the  
next, that

"Their very hopes belied their fears—

Their fears their hopes belied:

They thought him dying when he slept,

And sleeping when he died."

He passed away in the prime of his  
years, when his God-given gift of genius  
had culminated ; so that there is conso-  
lation to his survivors springing from  
his very grave ; for, after all, the shortest  
life is long enough if it lead to a better,  
and the longest life is too short if it do  
not.

L. GAYLORD CLARK.

## STRENGTH, AND HOW TO USE IT.

### ON USING STRENGTH TO ADVANTAGE.

IN the actual use and application of  
our strength no principle is of higher  
importance to be borne in mind than  
that we should seek to use it according  
to our *organization*—to use it in the  
line in which our physical and intellec-  
tual capacities will enable us to accom-  
plish most. This principle is applicable  
to every form of human activity, and in  
every form of human activity its observ-  
ance is essential to the highest practical  
success. The famous circus-rider, Stone,  
who a few years ago used to personate  
the Indian horseman of the Pampas in  
our traveling hippodromes, simply turned  
his remarkable, panther-like physical or-  
ganization to account—and, for all money-  
making purposes, at least, the best ac-  
count—in plying for a profession an art  
dangerous at best, and which, at the stand-  
ard of his execution, would be sure de-  
struction to every attempting practitioner  
except perhaps one out of millions, but  
which his wild-cat structure enabled him  
to exercise with impunity. The famous  
acrobats and gymnasts, the Hanlon

Brothers, are living illustrations to the  
same purpose in the same line of effort.  
The Hottentots of South Africa and the  
native negro inhabitants of Australia are  
well known to be distinguished by an  
excessive leanness of the lower limbs,  
in respect to which they bear almost as  
marked a resemblance to the antelope or  
deer as the normally-constituted human  
subject. This peculiarity of structure  
constitutes them the swiftest runners in  
the world, so that they are popularly re-  
puted able to run down ostriches and  
kangaroos ; and were there any field  
for their profitable employment, as in the  
postal system of ancient times, it would  
constitute them the most valuable workers  
in their department extant. On the other  
hand, the Miao-tsee, the mountaineers of  
Southwest China, in compact solidity of  
build are perhaps the foremost race of  
men ; and from amongst them, accord-  
ingly, are drawn the famous "hug"-  
wrestlers who play so important a part  
in the national amusements of the em-  
pire, and who doubtless would carry off



victory from any other form of men of equal numbers in existence in their peculiar exercise, or anything correspondent to it.

Now these two types of men could both be set at the same business, as carpentering or corn-raising, and both probably could earn a living at it; but each to become superior, both to the other and to all other men, must be put at something in which his peculiar work will enable his strength to operate to the very best advantage. If one happens to get into the place the other ought to occupy—a thing that happens constantly in the actual affairs of life—both make a failure; comparatively a failure, however hard they try to succeed—a lamentable thing, which also quite constantly occurs in life.

The principle in hand applies to the most common, every-day sorts of work. We have sometimes noted in a gang of railway shovellers to how much better advantage one style of man could take the work than another. The very short-statured worker, reduced to the level of his labor by Nature herself, and who all day long hardly has to bend over at all, obviously has decided advantage over the six-foot giant, who from day's end to day's end holds one-half his body at right angles to the other, and then is obliged to lift his shovelful at the end of this strength-wasting leverage. The same advantage may be noticed on the side of the small or the middle-sized man over the large in bricklaying, as we were once curious to notice in the case of two masons at work upon a building going up near our house. One of them stood six feet four in his stockings—a shackle-jointed, loose-strung style of man, whose arms hung down beside him, and swung as he moved like the pendulums of cathedral clocks; the other a compact epitome of humanity, about five feet two in stature, as lithe and nimble in motion as a cat, and who had only one hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois to carry about, against his co-laborer's one hundred and ninety. Now every time the first-mentioned picked up a brick, he had to lower and raise his

head and shoulders through the arc of a circle whose diameter was a full third larger than his fellow-workman's; every time he moved his immensely long arms with a brick at the end of them, and his long legs with his feet at the end of them, he had the leverage against him as compared with the shorter-limbed trowel-man; so that it became entirely obvious that to accomplish an equal amount of work the big man had actually to labor harder than the little one.

On the other hand, we have noticed in other sorts of labor that the long style of man has decidedly the odds over the short; as in picking apples, for example, especially from large and long-branched trees. In this business the former, having mounted his ladder, can clear a space about him on all sides a fathom and a half in diameter, without moving his main position; whereas the latter must go down and set his ladder along and then climb it again to effect the same amount. So, too, tall workmen often have the advantage over short in finishing off carpentry-work in high-studded rooms, over the tops of windows, round about staircases, etc.; and such work is usually left to the tall man from an un-studied perception of his superior facilities. It is the strong man in the machine-shop who is set to swinging the sledge-hammer, and the weak one who is put to tending the lathe or the screw-bit. It is the giant of the rolling-mill who works the "puddling" lever, and the half-grown boy who runs off the strip sheet-iron. The house-builder sets his stout apprentice to shoving the fore-plane, and the weak one to nailing on laths or other light work. So that the principle in question is in quite constant application in the actual business of life, but it needs to be applied still more generally and thoroughly.

The principle is operated upon with equal success in the field of effort intermediate between hand and brain labor. Jenny Lind has an acorn-shell more of room in her larynx than common women; so she is caught up and drilled to sing, and presently the whole world wonders and weeps at her angelic mel-

ody. Fanny Ellsler comes into the world with an organization realizing the dream of the sculptor, of grace and power blended in equal and extraordinary measure; and a little training gives her such execution in the usually inane art of dancing as makes the world her captive; so that in the guise of a peasant-girl simply sitting down in a rustic chair she used to "tear off the roofs of the theatres" with the applause that acknowledged her matchless performance. Could Benjamin West probably have done anything else so well as paint? to whom, a mere infant, the various-colored dirt of the neighborhood became stores of pigment, and the cat's tail a magazine of camel-hair pencils.

So in all departments of proper headwork it is equally true that the greatest accomplishments in any given direction, with a given amount of working-power, can be wrought only in the line of favoring organization. The geometrician whom Helvetius mentions could doubtless with difficulty have become a poet, since he found the tragedy of *Iphigenia* intolerable from its want of logical sequence in the thought. Equally unpromising in the poetic line was the noted Abbé Longuerue, who discovered nothing of any interest in Homer except the clue he gives to ancient chronology. Consider the case of Petrarch exchanged in places and in training with John Bernoulli, the great mathematician; of Molière set to composing the *Mécanique Analytique*, and Lagrange to writing the *Amphitryon*; of Walter Scott tasked with exploring the bases of the metallic oxides, and Humphrey Davy working up *Ivanhoe*; think of Laplace, the Coryphæus of modern analysts, disciplined for Tennyson's work, and Tennyson for his!

Now we have every day to be seen amongst us absurdities of treatment quite as marked as those supposed, and for the parties interested—and for the world also, in the proportion of their power—quite as disastrous in result. It is very true and very important to be borne in mind that to some extent all men should be educated alike, as all men

should be to some extent fed and clothed alike. The very object of general culture is to bring up into sight and aggrandize the naturally belittled and depressed faculties, and to establish equilibrium amongst the various mental momenta. All general systems of education must be based upon this principle. Amongst our friends at college there was one young man who had by nature the faculty of language remarkably developed. The stream of his words would go up at his will to the volume and breadth of an inundation. But his mind was deficient in the co-ordinating power that arranges ideas in the order of their importance and in logical relation, so that he was neither a good reasoner nor a judicious thinker. Contemporary with him was another student of singular good understanding and sound reason, who was mighty in the mathematics, but was afflicted with poverty of words. In conversation or the debating-club, or wherever anything was to be said, he always came out second best, and more frequently did not come out at all. Now it is with reference to just such differences of capacity, which occur in almost every class, that the courses of college study are arranged—mathematics, logic, etc., for the special treatment of the illogical, incompact minds; the languages, composition, and the practice of recitation for those ill-furnished with the instruments of utterance; the general tendency being to bring the students out at graduation as nearly par as may be. This is just as it should be with reference to the purposes to be accomplished at college.

But when the questions arise, What shall a man *do*? and, What special training shall he adopt with reference to his doing? the indications of organization and of lines of power should be solicitously followed. At what point in the general educational curriculum this course should be entered upon depends upon circumstances. If a young man has command of means, he can afford a broader general culture than one pinched with poverty and who must get at work soon. If furnished with only moderate

abilities, and with no very decided or remarkable talent in any direction, he will be justified in longer continuance at general studies than the prodigy or the genius, whose gift is a real gift of God and needs special treatment, and is to be sedulously turned to the highest account. It is precisely because these particular indications are neglected, and individual specialties of power are not carefully determined and put to account, that we have, as above remarked, so many cases of mis-directed or non-directed, of blunted and stunted capability amongst us—so many cases of men in the pulpit who should have been at the forge; of lawyers who should have been stone-cutters or carpenters; of artists who should have been artisans; of working men who should have been thinking men by trade, as they are in reality and capability. Men miserably out of place; out of place all their lives; consciously out of place; unhappy because out of place; inefficient because out of place; unrespected because out of place; out of place to their own loss, their friends', their families' and the world's loss. Surely the evil, in so far as it exists, is a great one.

As regards a considerable majority of boys and girls, the question, What shall they do for a living? is not one of very momentous importance, because for common-average persons there is not a great choice amongst the common-average employments of the world, there being indeed in such persons no susceptibility of very special adaptation to any particular employment. Accordingly, it happens that while their business falls to the greater number of workers as it were by mere accident, yet the greater number are well enough suited in their business—suited in point of taste and capacity both. But there remain a number, great in the aggregate of a large population, to whom on various accounts this question is one of very great consequence, as involving their entire success and happiness in life. Of the numerous class referred to, those who, while they differ in various other respects, are alike in that they are *poor*, and are therefore

under the necessity of earning their living, have the most vital and a common interest in the solution of the problem proposed. The boy who never has the good fortune to get into the right place for the exercise of his faculty, be he ever so "well off," will doubtless suffer and doubtless be unhappy; but he will not have to drink that mingled cup of bitterness which poverty holds to the lips of the destitute, the which they may drink of always, but can never drain. The question, therefore, as it concerns the well-being of those who chiefly need all available aid, should receive attentive consideration.

The inquiry is of peculiar importance with respect to those who are poor, not only in money but in *health* also. A lad of vigorous constitution, if put to labor ever so uncongenial and ever so unsuited to him, can generally fight his way through to moderate success, and earn a living, if no more. But the boy who is born weak, constitutionally and radically weak, in such a plight is crushed under his burden, and either flings it down in despair and does nothing, or kills himself attempting to carry it on. Here is a pale, delicate lad, fourteen years old, the son of a widow: it is necessary he should do something. Some influential neighbor is consulted, who has perhaps an iron-foundry or a machine-shop. Without devoting two minutes' thought to it, he offers to take the stripling into his establishment, meaning well enough, but without considering the unfitness of the business for such a worker. So the little fellow, full of spirit and courage and ambition, is set off to work all day long in damp moulders' sand, or around white-hot furnaces, or in rooms whose atmosphere is steel-dust and floating silex; stands it for a year or so, and then breaks down with a sudden hæmorrhage, or a rupture at a hard lift, or dull thoracic pains and sleepless nights, that tell how death has got in at the central seat of life; and dies before long, killed by labor that to him is murder.

Take another case: A boy of the same deficient physical endowment, but

with a clear head and much love of study, it is determined, shall prepare for professional life, and the more readily as he has some pecuniary means. Accordingly he is sent to the hardest-working academy in all the region, and in due time graduates into college with the highest expectations. College is accomplished likewise with distinguished honor, in spite of "intermittent and precarious health." On top of this is piled the professional course, the last straw that breaks the camel's back; and off he gallops in a consumption, or runs down in slow decline, or burns up in a fever "resulting from a low state of the system;" and that is the end. This is the farce—or the most mournful tragedy, rather—that we see played before our eyes constantly, its particular phases varying indefinitely, but coming to the same dismal termination with monotonous regularity.

Now with respect to these weaklings, with which society is filled, and will continue to be filled so long as ailing, sickly people go on and marry and rear families, the grand point to be considered as to their proposed occupation is, Can they endure it?—all things considered, is it the most wholesome thing they can do? Simply to have an eye to the fact that workers at a given trade get high wages, without regard to the endurableness or healthiness of that trade, is downright folly in respect to laying plans for the feeble sort in debate. Many a lad might earn a living at watch-making, or shoe-mending, or tin-working, or upholstering, who would be killed by even learning the trade of machinist, stoneworker, axe-maker or heavy wheelwright. It is worse than folly—it is guilt. Yet not a few parents and guardians are utterly inconsiderate in the matter: they would as soon, apparently, put their delicate children or wards to learn the business of iron-worker or quarryman, of scissors-grinder or razor-polisher, as of orchardist, miller or gardener. In other words, they put them, or would put them, from want of reflection or knowledge, doubtless or of course, where they are "lame ducks" always, and laughing-

stocks to their fellows, and cripples and total break-downs at last, while they might have put them where their services would have been really valuable and their working life in a measure successful.

In particular in regard to those *feeblings* whom it is attempted to educate professionally, the mistake is quite frequently made to give them too much general culture prior and in addition to their professional. In the endeavor to rub these up they get rubbed out. Many a lad might fit himself to practice medicine, or to preach, or to teach in some of the departments a little below the highest, by dropping general studies at his entrance upon college, and devoting his whole force to his profession, and carry the thing through successfully; to whom a full course at the college or seminary, or both, would prove wellnigh fatal, at least as things are managed in colleges and seminaries now. This is not a course which a young man of spirit and ambition, in which the physically feeble are by no means generally deficient, would prefer; but it is one which in many cases he would do better to take, and if necessary flagellate and scourge himself into taking. It is one which parents and guardians and friends of experience and wisdom are under moral obligation to insist upon for him, when his heart is set upon more than he can carry through, knowing, as they do, how much better it will be for him to do less, and *do* it, than attempt to do more, and *not* do it or anything. It is by no means every diamond that is a real diamond that the lapidary will attempt to polish thoroughly, because he sees that the operation would lay bare a fracture and ruin it altogether, and so contents himself with touches here and there that will just disclose its lustre.

Consider the case of a *girl* who is under the necessity of earning her living, and who has but little strength to earn it with. If she enters upon service in a factory, the probabilities are that two years or less will suffice to break her down utterly; so would heavy housework in a large boarding establishment

or hotel; so would ironing in a laundry. But she might reasonably expect to set type in a printer's office, or do millinery work, or clean watches and clocks, or take in light sewing, and endure it for a very considerable length of time, especially in those branches in which temporary intermissions of labor could be secured. Accordingly, the question of choice of business becomes for such a person of the highest importance, involving as it does the probabilities or possibilities of permanent efficiency. If scope for the exercise of her capacities be sought in the higher departments of exertion, even nicer precaution is required. Many parents, having the disposal of such a child, would resolve to give her a good education, a superior education—that being, as they suppose, the best investment possible. Accordingly, she is fitted for college—Latin, Greek, mathematics and all. Next she proceeds to read college Latin, learns to read, write, and possibly speak French, to read and write German, to read Italian; practices drawing and painting to some extent, attends to music, studies Butler's *Analogy* and Paley's *Evidences*, Locke on the *Human Understanding*, with a good deal more that need not be recapitulated. What is the result? By the time she is twenty years of age she is nearer dead than alive. Her digestion gives way, her spine grows crooked, her lungs collapse, female ails set in with a legion of functional disorders; and when she is all ready to set at work, the only work she can do is to swallow hypophosphites or cod-liver oil, and nurse herself like a sick baby. Nothing else could be expected. She was set to carrying too many packs, and has broken down under them, and can carry none.

Now, if instead of being thus diffused over so great a surface, her capacity had been concentrated upon a single point, the chances of her accomplishing something in the way of earning her living would certainly have been much better. If, when a fair English education had been obtained, she had been set at drawing and painting, provided she exhibited a decent capacity for those arts, and had

pushed through to unusual proficiency, she might at twenty years have still been in good working condition—as good as she could ever hope to be with her health—and been possessed of ample professional resources. She might have reserved during all the years of study and preparation so much strength by physical culture and recreation as to actually increase her working force from year to year, and come out for all practical purposes of usefulness a more valuable woman, if not quite so accomplished. Instead of painting and drawing, music might be substituted, according to the indications of capacity or preference, or the prospects for employment and compensation.

In fact, it is a great and expensive luxury to be, or be trained to be, an accomplished woman. A woman may be accomplished as a whole, and yet have no one gift so developed or cultivated as to be of great service in getting a living. When teachers are sought for the best-paying situations in the largest schools, in academies and colleges, they are sought for their special proficiency in some particular branch. A young lady who can read, write and speak French or German with correctness and elegance, for example, can command a higher salary, in better schools, with less labor, than another far more thoroughly educated on the whole, but of no remarkable proficiency in any one province. We are not arguing the question at all whether it is a thing desirable and agreeable for a young woman to be trained thoroughly in all regards, provided she can afford it; *i. e.*, afford the strength and money for it: of that there can be no doubt; but we are simply debating what is the best thing for a girl to do, with reference to earning a living, who has only a limited share of working power, only a little money in trust, and no expectations.

As regards prospects of success in the matrimonial field, undoubtedly general accomplishments take decided precedence over the special and particular, but not if, as in the case above supposed, they are acquired at the cost of health. Moreover, ventures in this direction are



hardly of a sort to be entered upon as an occupation, or even to be taken into the account; certainly not by the feeble in health and the stunted in pecuniary means; so that for the class now in question the special training above referred to would still seem to be best, even when the consideration of marriage is taken into the account. A woman may be none the less a woman, and none the less desirable for a wife, who has no other reputation than that of musician, artist, or teacher of languages or calisthenics; whereas her reputation may serve her excellent purpose in earning a livelihood in case she is not chosen for a wife.

The question, What shall they do for employment? or, How shall they be trained to employment? assumes the second degree of importance with reference to the peculiarly *gifted*, in which class we embrace not only occasional prodigies and miracles of endowment, but also the frequent examples of unusual capacity and singular qualification met in nearly every community. The treatment accorded to these is of peculiar importance on more than one account. In by far the larger proportion of all cases of extraordinary mental endowment—and this form of endowment alone will be here considered—there is a decided tendency toward morbid if not absolutely diseased bodily condition, particularly of a nervous and cerebral character. This tendency in a large proportion of instances requires what will be, for ordinary subjects, only a very slight measure of mismanagement to proceed into pronounced and incurable distemper, involving great suffering and partial or total loss of power, if not of life itself—a loss not alone to the individuals particularly interested, but among the greatest of its possible losses to the world in general. Even when mismanagement results in consequences less distinctly deplorable, and involves only a misdirection of capacity, it is still greatly to be regretted, for there can be no such misdirection without great comparative failure in accomplishments, and resulting disappointment and sorrow.

Unfortunately, the mismanagement referred to is not a mere theoretical possibility, but an actual and not unfrequent reality. It consists first and most commonly in subjecting the sensitive and highly-organized minds now in debate to the heavy pressure and rude contacts of the ordinary educational machinery, which is as if the jockey were to smite his proud and delicate racer on the course with the cart-whip of a drayman or with the bludgeon of the muleteer. What a piece of murder it was when Henry Kirke White was put into the same mill to be ground with common, dull, thick-skinned English boys! Perhaps it was the only thing possible, but it was a brutal thing after all; and it shows up the perfection of our civilization that no better thing was possible. Our colleges and schools are adapted to the training of average minds: they cannot deal with idiots—no better can they deal with geniuses. We have our special institutions for the imbecile—would that we might have for the gifted and the inspired! Consider the case of Mozart, who would almost faint away at the blast of a trumpet, if once put into a class of common students to be drilled in music; or of Blaise Pascal in a common school or academy studying mathematics, and subject with the rest to the scoldings and instigations applied to ordinary boys!

The thing is actually done amongst us in many cases, where the wrong to the individuals is really as decisive as in the examples just referred to—both the real and the supposed—though the loss to the world is not so great, for such signal endowment is rare. Hence it comes about that brilliant young minds so frequently fall into disastrous eclipse and fail of fulfilling their early promise;—a thing that occurs so often that the public quite lose faith in these “young prodigies,” and refuse to embark money and labor in their special training, settling down in the notion that the best sort of boy to invest capital in is the boy of “good common sense.” Nothing else than the obscuration of the young minds in question could, in the majority of instances, as things are now managed, legitimately be

expected, for ordinary training will not suffice for extra-ordinary minds. Suppose young Safford had gone through the regular course at Harvard, instead of having been taken into the special tutelage of Professor Pierce, is it to be presumed that by this time he would have been one of the first of mathematicians and astronomical calculators? If Alexander Pope had been forced to spend his slender modicum of strength in ordinary academical routine, in place of untrammelled excursions in his father's library, would English verse or literature probably now stand where it does?

We do not refer to those more atrocious cases of mismanagement, of which biography, if not every-day life, furnishes examples, such as that of poor Zerah Colburn, dragged about over the world by an ignorant, avaricious father, anxious only to turn his son's gift into ready money; totally undisciplined, so far as respects any suitable discipline for his mind in general or his amazing faculty in particular; daily set to tasks, for show, of such overwhelming laboriousness as at length broke down his extraordinary powers, and left him for life a mere wreck of mind in comparison with what he probably might have been. We do not refer to Chatterton, slain by the brutality of the world's indifference and his unequal struggle with circumstances. But we do refer to cases to be met in very many college classes, of young men of really very remarkable capacity in certain directions, who are nevertheless compelled to drudge on in the immemorial rut with minds utterly mediocre, with no room for choice in studies, no opportunity for special training, and no encouragement to it; and who in all directions are cut down, hand, feet and head, to the Procrustes pattern of the "regular course." Such men are spoiled by college education: if influenced by it in any considerable degree, they turn out worse than the dullards and blockheads of the class. An eagle clipped of his wings cannot fly so well as a hen unclipped.

We understand perfectly well the practical difficulties involved in any change

from uniform methods in academic instruction in favor of real or supposed superior talents; but the difficulties, though great, are not insuperable; and whether great or small, will not be overcome until some effort is made to overcome them.

We take the liberty to add that the popular assumption of the failure of brilliant young minds to fulfill their early promise is oftentimes quite without foundation, and is really based upon the popular inability to judge what success in the given case really is. With the large portion of the general public, who take their estimate of a man from the number of times they see his name in the newspapers, doubtless many a doughty brigadier-general in our late volunteer army will be thought to have achieved a far more distinguished success in life than William Rowan Hamilton, the inventor of the mathematical method of the quaternions, or Leibnitz himself, the father of the modern calculus.

Those concerned in the disposal of unusually gifted minds, or such as are presumed to be thus gifted, will of course exercise all due precaution to make sure of their superior qualifications before inducting them into a course of special training. This injunction is believed to be of peculiar importance to parents, to even the most judicious of whom it is difficult for their child to seem entirely mediocre. Such caution should be exercised not merely for the purpose of taking reasonable security against the ultimate disappointment of their own hopes, but against the liability of placing the party chiefly concerned in a situation for which he has no adaptation, in which he will be only ridiculous, and from which he can graduate only into failure.

It seems hardly necessary to say that the unusually gifted should be allowed and encouraged to put their gift into actual use as a profession, provided, in view of the circumstances of the case and the demands of civilization about them, such application be at all admissible. The qualification suggested is one of decided importance. A young man may have a really remarkable mathe-

mathematical talent or aptitude for art or music; but there may be no such demand for his capacities as would justify the outlay of time and money in large measure, and especially a long-continued struggle with adverse conditions, in the cultivation of his gift. There are multitudes of men amongst us who have the ability to push the study of languages as far as German professors, or of mathematical science as far as French savans, who nevertheless, yielding to the presumed now-existing demands of our civilization, turn railroad presidents, manufacturing superintendents, or even farmers and mechanical hand-workers, and in so doing apparently do well.

But the necessity which compels any inferior use of superior powers is a thing to be regretted whenever it exists, and to be struggled against manfully so long as a reasonable promise of success is afforded; and to degrade such powers to lower uses when no necessity compels, or to other uses than those for which they are specially qualified, is indeed a lamentable and monstrous perversion. We never can think of Pascal's desertion of scientific pursuits for the barren fields of polemical controversy without positive pain, nor do even the *Provincial Letters* reconcile us to the loss which at that juncture exact knowledge presumptively sustained from that defection. Never have we been able to pardon Sir Isaac Newton for flinging away his matchless powers—powers already proved incomparable, and which he must have known were incomparable—upon the comparatively idle and fruitless topic of ancient chronology—upon work which patient dullness could have done as well, and which no capacities soever will ever be able to carry through to satisfactory conclusions. We think, though very many others will think far otherwise, that the greatest of all Swedes, and one of the greatest of all men—Swedenborg—would have subverted the interests of mankind in far higher degree had he continued his scientific studies, and carried out into actual experiment and the region of positive knowledge the intimations and suggestions of remarkable

truths, for the realization of which the world waited for generations after the "seer" had made revelation of them. On the other hand, we, in common with all the rest of the world, rejoice that discovery was made, at last though late, to Sir Walter Scott of his real field of labor and of triumph, and that he had the resolution to quit the old and enter the new: we are glad for him, we are glad for the world. We are glad also, both for him and the world, whenever we know of or see any young man of shining qualities lifted up by generosity and discriminating judgment from the lower level of commonplace men and commonplace labors to the companionship of higher intelligences and the theatre of nobler activities, by whom and upon which he shall be guided to the most beautiful and valuable results. The triumphs of such are the triumphs of humanity, in which every human being has the right to glory, and does glory, in so far as inspired by generous sentiments and expanded by liberal culture.

The question of choice of employment assumes the third degree of importance with reference to those who, either with or without any special qualifications, exhibit a decided bias in favor of any particular occupation. Decided bias, however, should not be confounded with temporary notion, however strong. Every boy, at some stage of his career, is doubtless fully possessed of the idea that the happiest thing in the whole world for him would be to be cast away upon some desolate island, and chase goats for a living and catch fish, after the manner of Robinson Crusoe. At another stage he resolves to be a soldier, and fills his imagination with exploits of daring: then he purposes to follow the sea, and in his fancy roams over the whole globe. He visits a machine-shop, views the wondrous complications of machinery and its marvelous products, and determines, come what will, to be a machinist. Now if, while in one of these "spells," he happens to be approached with a business proposition that accords with his notion for the time being, he will be quite in a rage to take

up with it, irrespective of the actual proprieties or improprieties of the case. Of course in such instances he needs to be held in check until the fit is over, and prevented from undertaking to do what his elders know he cannot or should not do.

In general, the safe rule is, that boys and girls under eighteen do not know really what they ought to do, any more than they know what is best for them in multitudes of other matters. Whether their preference for occupation shall be indulged or not, should, therefore, depend not upon its urgency, but upon its accordance with the judgment of experience. In the majority of cases, undoubtedly, these preferences can be safely indulged. Average boys and girls can be allowed to apply themselves to average occupations without any great nicety of discrimination or painstaking selection. In weighing the desirableness or undesirableness of any particular employment under consideration, the principle should be kept in mind that each worker knows his own hardships best, and will be likely to estimate them at the largest as compared with what must be undergone in other avocations. This holds true and is operative to so great an extent that nothing is more common than for the children of laborers in all departments, by the counsel and urgent persuasion of their parents, to take up with some other occupation than the hereditary. The farmer makes his boy a trader, and the trader his a farmer, each to avoid the evils that he knows of and thinks the heaviest in the world; and in general the minister is "resigned," not glad, when his boy resolves to be a minister like himself.

We say, then, where a marked and sustained preference for any employment is exhibited, it should be regarded, even if the subject has no special qualifications for it, or even rather superior qualifications in some other direction. We know a lady who has a decided passion for music, but no marked talent for it, and who very wisely, as we think, has been allowed to make music her profession, and earns her living at it, or a part of it,

and enjoys a great deal, though making no figure and attaining no distinguished success as a musician, and although what skill she has, has been acquired at considerable money-cost and the outlay of great labor on her part. We know a young man who from the first loved to dabble in colors, and who has persisted in being an artist, notwithstanding his incapacity to accomplish anything of notable credit has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody; who nevertheless perhaps did the best thing, since he enjoys his art, manages to live out of it, and probably nurses a constant hope of doing some great thing yet. We know a young man, now about entering the ministry, who was made, in the judgment of all his friends, for some active business employment, but whose heart has been so fixed upon divinity for a profession that all concerned have yielded assent to his determination, as under the circumstances the best thing possible, though not a thing that was to be desired.

So far, then, of the use of strength to advantage, looking at the matter solely with reference to the capacities of the worker. A few words upon the same topic, having an eye special to one or two of the more important *external* conveniences and relations involved in the case. The young man who expects to work for his living should in general make up his mind to work for it along some one or other of the established lines of labor; in other words, in some one or other of the regular *trades* and *professions*. It may seem almost superfluous to make such a suggestion; but it not unfrequently happens that young men, upon canvassing the attractions and hardships together of the various regular occupations, find so much of the laborious and disagreeable in all that temptation comes upon them to strike out into something new, or at least to wait for something better to turn up. There are no trades and no professions but have a good deal that is irksome about their practice, and there never will be so long as the world endures; yet any young man will be likely to rue the day he attempts to get

along by labor outside of them. The trades and professions represent the adjustment of human labor to human wants—an adjustment which it has been the experiment of ages to bring about. Whoever works within their lines simply avails himself of all this completed effort and this thoroughly organized system. Outside of these lines he will find himself holding no adjustable relations to the world's work. His wares or services, even if intrinsically valuable, will find no buyers or hirers, because the world buys and hires by habit and routine, as well as works. It looks for the trade stamp and the professional badge, and distrusts whatever does not bear them.

Again, the *position* which a man occupies exercises a very important influence upon the effectiveness of his labor. Young men sometimes cherish a noble purpose of fighting their way up by the sheer force of their merit, and with that idea scorn preferences and opportunities for advancement which influential friends or an honorable name put it in their power to secure. The sentiment is a noble one, but it is not always wisely entertained. We know of more than one fine fellow who went into the ranks a common soldier in our late war, whose capacity was all but thrown away in such use, who had talent and force of character for command, and who might have had command with the slightest effort for it. We know of many men who will not seek and will not accept responsible positions in society, in politics and in business, who choose to do what they can with their solitary capabilities, and want no other influence than what attaches to their personality. But position will give men a power that they cannot have, and cannot hope to have, without it. A town constable might arrest the Emperor of the Russias for a misdemeanor in our streets, and the whole power of the nation would back him up. The governor of a State is no more of a man than when a private citizen, but his influence will be likely to be a hundred-fold greater. Jefferson Davis in the Presidential chair of the Southern Confede-

racy was a very different personage to deal with from Jefferson Davis, the Mississippi planter. What a power in a community a very common man may come to wield who happens to occupy the position of pastor in that community! We have known a case where a dry-goods clerk, in the position of president of a lecture association, has determined for a whole season the leading intellectual amusements of a considerable city. How long would Horace Mann have been obliged to write and talk as a private citizen before he could have commanded the ear and mind of Massachusetts to school reform, as his very first report as secretary of the State Board of Education commanded them! We say, then, if a young man has capacity, let him get into the best position to exercise it—not to aggrandize himself, but to do the utmost with it for himself and for his generation. Further, he multiplies his power indefinitely who works in and through *organized external agencies*. George Whitefield was a far more eloquent and effective preacher than John Wesley: the influence of his personal presence and of his utterance was something wonderful; yet there is next to nothing in existence to-day that serves to remind us that such a man ever lived. He established nothing—he worked through no instrumentalities other than himself. Wesley, on the other hand, framed a system of agencies that should be self-perpetuating, and that should continually enlist the activities of succeeding generations of laborers. So to-day he stands the mightiest name in Christendom, save perhaps John Calvin, and his work seems but just begun. Mormonism has gone up to its present measure of strength in virtue of its thorough organization, in virtue of its permeation of and incorporation with the daily habits of its votaries: its system of living, and not its system of doctrine, supports it. Mark how temperance reform has achieved its successes! Not by the labors of solitary workers mainly, but through organization. How are our great political campaigns conducted to successful results? By organization, by



systematized efforts. In all this there is a lesson to the young man who has great purposes, and who aims at great results of a general and public character. Of course, no amount of organization will enable a man destitute of power to exercise power, for organization is not creation ; but it will, if duly managed, multiply power actually existing and operating, a thousand-fold.

Lastly, those alone will bring about the greatest results who are able to attach their capacities unto and to operate through the great *moral forces* of the world. Henry Ward Beecher is a very great man in virtue of personal presence and power alone. But the influence associated with that personal power is very trifling in comparison with what results from its attachment to that mighty engine, the Press. In his pulpit he preaches to three thousand—in various newspapers, to hundreds of thousands and in all parts of the world. Lyman Beecher was probably in his prime nearly as effective a pulpit orator as his greatest son, but no newspaper multiplied him a thousand-fold, and accordingly his aggregate influence fell far short of Henry Ward's. What an astonishing influence Horace Greeley has exerted in this country through the same instrumentality ! The police of Boston reported of William Lloyd Garrison that nothing serious was to be feared from him in the way of sedition, since his only visible auxiliaries were a printing press and a negro boy ; yet the lever of that press overturned American slavery.

For aught that appears, the institution of knight-errantry would have stood for ages longer, as it had stood, an imperious and powerful combination, against which kings had banded themselves and popes thundered their anathemas in vain. But Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote*, made it ridiculous, and it fell. So mighty may one man become who works through the great moral engine, Literature. Would it have been believed beforehand that the daughter of a New England clergyman could have shaken the colossal fabric of slavery to its lowest foundations ? Yet Harriet Beecher Stowe did this through *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The pens of a few men, who without their pens were nothing, but with them were stronger than all the existing forces of society, broke in pieces the whole system of government and the hereditary forms of civilization established in Western Europe, and especially in France, and instrumentally brought on that most awful, though on the whole healthful, moral cataclysm—the French Revolution. There are of course but very few workers out of even millions who will ever be called upon to lay their hands to any such mighty tasks as are referred to in the examples cited. But the principle illustrated in these examples is one susceptible of application in concerns of far less magnitude, and by individuals of smaller powers, and deserves therefore to be laid to heart as of practical importance in every-day life.

WALTER WELLS.

## "IN UTROQUE FIDELIS."

ALONG the woods the whispering night-airs swoon  
A single bird-note dies adown the trees,  
Clear, pallid, mournful, droops the summer moon,  
Dipped in the foam of Cloudland's phantom seas;—  
Soundless they heave above  
The dim, ancestral home that holds my love.

How breathless, still! A mystic glamour keeps  
Calm watch and ward o'er this weird, drowsy hour:  
Yon heaven's at peace, the earth benignly sleeps;  
And thou, thou slumberest too, my woodland flower—  
Fair lily steeped in light  
And happy visions of the marvelous night!

I waft a sigh from this fond soul to thine—  
A little sigh, yet honey-laden, dear,  
With fairy freightage of such hopes divine  
As fain would flutter gently at thine ear,  
And, entering, find their way  
Down to the heart so veiled from me by day.

In dreams, in dreams, perchance, thou art not coy;  
And one keen hope, more bold than all the rest,  
May touch thy spirit with a tremulous joy,  
And stir an answering softness in thy breast:  
O sleep! O blest eclipse!  
What murmured word is faltering at her lips?

Awake for one brief moment, genial South:  
Breathe o'er her slumbers—waft that word to me,  
Warm with the fragrance of her rosebud mouth,  
Enwreathed in smiles of dreamful fantasie:  
Come, whisper, low and light,  
The name which haunts her maiden trance to-night.

Still, breathless still! No voice in earth or air:  
I only know my delicate darling lies,  
A twilight lustre glimmering in her hair,  
And dews of peace within her languid eyes:  
Yea, only know that I  
Am called from love and dreams, perhaps to die—

Die when the heavens are thick with scarlet rain,  
And every time-throb's fated: even there  
Her face would shine through mists of mortal pain,  
And sweeten death, like some incarnate prayer:  
Hark! 'tis the trumpet's swell!  
O love! O dreams! farewell, farewell, farewell!

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

IN closing our second volume, we feel that valuable experience in the conduct of a Magazine has been gained during the past year, and that we are warranted in predicting for *Lippincott's* a steady improvement in the future. The next will be a holiday number, containing Christmas stories, tales, miscellaneous articles of a light character, and the opening chapters of the original American novel already announced: its title is—

## BEYOND THE BREAKERS:

## A STORY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

"From seeming evil still educing good;  
And better thence again and better still,  
In infinite progression."

THOMSON.

Contributors to the Magazine are respectfully notified that in future their names will, in ordinary cases, be printed at the foot of their articles, unless they signify a wish to the contrary.

... The number of writers in this country is increasing, and those who watch the development of our literature must be struck with the fact that since the close of the great contest which has stirred the American mind to its profoundest depths, a decided improvement has taken place in the tone of the periodical press. First-class American newspapers already excel those of any other land in the fullness of their news, and the quickness with which it is laid before subscribers; and if their editorials do not yet equal those of the *London Times* and the *Paris Sicle* in purity of style and neatness of expression, they often fall no whit behind in readiness of apprehension, clearness of thought and strength of argument. The editors of the *Nation*, the *Round Table* and the *Statesman* would be the first to admit that we have in this country no weekly papers to be compared, in point of uniform ability with the *Saturday Review*, a

journal which has sixteen writers on its editorial staff, and at whose annual dinner no less than eighty contributors sit down to eat and drink, and rise up to play the orator; but the fact that such able and scholarly journals as those first named continue to exist at all is a matter of just pride to those who know what good writing is: twenty years ago they would have starved to death. It would seem to be almost time to revive *Vanity Fair*, it being perhaps an even chance whether a first-rate weekly in the style of *Punch* might not now succeed in the United States. The improvement in the literary tone of the best American monthlies over that of the old *Museum*, *Portfolio* and *Analectic* is no less marked than in the case of the dailies and the weeklies; and it cannot be denied that articles are often published on this side of the water which would do credit to the best magazine in the world. As to the reviews, while there is one which seems to seek its ends by irregular methods, others may be pointed out which need not shrink from a comparison even with the *Edinburgh* and the *Deux Mondes*. The venerable *North American*, under its present editorship, if it does not pay much profit to its owners, is at least an honor to American literature; and there are occasional articles in the *Southern Review* which for manliness of tone, originality of thought and precision of style leave little to be desired. The career of the *Princeton Review* has been, on the whole, a distinguished one, though, like the rest of us, it is liable to nod occasionally. In its October number, for example, of the current year, occurs an article on the Antiquity of Man, in which the reader is gravely informed (p. 581) that "there is every reason to believe that the extinction of the mammoth, the European rhinoceros and their contemporaries dates no farther back than that elevation of

Scandinavia and Greenland, *less than three centuries ago*, which closed the Polar Sea, and changed the climate of all Northern Europe and America, rendering Greenland uninhabitable." Shakespeare, then, who was living three centuries ago, must have been contemporary with the mammoth and the European rhinoceros, and it is singular that he makes no allusion to either. Can it be that the writer has confounded Hobbes' *Leviathan* with the woolly rhinoceros? Further on (p. 595) is an assertion hardly less astounding: "No three Egyptologists can agree on any common principles of interpreting the hieroglyphics!" So far is this from being the case, that Egyptologists generally are agreed upon principles of interpretation based upon the discoveries of Champollion, the only rival school being composed of Herr Seyffarth, and perhaps one or two who follow him. The writer, while here (and again on p. 604) rejecting the solid results wrought out during the past fifty years by the patient labors of Young, Champollion, Rosellini, Lepsius, Bunsen, Hincks, De Rougé, Birch and Mariette—labors by which the principal grammatical forms and three-fourths of the words of the old Egyptian language have been ascertained—gives in his unhesitating adhesion to the doubtful fancies of Piazzi Smyth! It is mortifying enough to turn from such a crude performance as this article in the *Princeton Review* to the masterly essay entitled *La Paléontologie Appliquée à l'Étude des Races Humaines*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th August last.

The faults of American writers as a class are superficiality and haste; but we are improving, and there is reason to believe that the time is now at hand when our periodical press will be a mouth-piece worthy of the great nation for which it speaks.

The Italian Opera—delicate, beautiful exotic as it is—is perishing slowly but surely from the face of the earth. Here and there we find an uneasy ghost

from the burial-place of its departed glories (for instance, Mario, that luckless stage-lover, bent by the weight of nearly sixty years) haunting the opera-houses of Europe, and still clinging to that spectral mantle for which wait the shoulders of no successor. Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Persiani, Lablache,—all are either dead or voiceless, and the land of their birth sends out no young singers to seize the sceptres which they have let fall, to seat themselves on the thrones which they have left vacant. Italy no longer produces great musical artists nor even extraordinary voices. Her celebrated composers, too, belong as much to the Past as do her great painters, and a second Rossini, even a new Donizetti or Bellini, appears to be as unhoped-for and impossible as a boon as another Raphael or Michel Angelo. And this decadence has taken place in spite of all the fostering patronage which Fashion and Royalty could bestow. Impresarios have planted and kings have watered this fragile blossom of Art, but the increase has been denied them.

London, during the season, is the chosen home of the Italian Opera. This year, two Italian Opera companies flourished there—one at Covent Garden, and the other (late of Her Majesty's Theatre, which was burned down some months ago) at Drury Lane. These two establishments comprised nearly all the best musical talent in Europe, and were called emphatically *Italian Opera troupes*. Looking carefully over the lists of the singers of both companies, we can find but three Italians who are known to fame—Patti, Graziani and Mario. Signor Mongini of the Covent Garden troupe is also well spoken of, and is said to possess an excellent tenor voice. The latest sensations in the operatic world in London were created by Clara Louise Kellogg and M<sup>lle</sup> Nilsson—the first named an American, and the latter a Swede.

Nor need we confine our observations to the Italian Opera in London. Titiens, whose name is properly spelt Tietjens, the greatest Norma, Medea and Fidelio now on the stage, is a Dutch woman.

Marie Saxe, the prima donna of the Grand Opera at Paris, and the original Selika of *L'Africaine*, whose voice Meyerbeer pronounced to be the finest soprano in the world, is a Belgian. Her predecessor at the Grand Opera, the world-renowned Sophie Cruvelli, was a German, and her real name was Kruvel. Nilsson—the beautiful, gifted Nilsson, who lately aroused even the *blasé* Parisians to enthusiasm by her personation of Ophelia in the dull, heavy *Hamlet* of Ambroise Thomas, thereby saving the opera from total condemnation, and changing an utter failure into a partial and pecuniary success—is, as we have before said, a Swede. Pauline Lucca, the most renowned Marguerite in the world, who is equally celebrated for voice, artistic culture, power and beauty, is of Italian parentage, it is true, but is by birth, musical education and residence, a German. The charming Desirée Artot is a Belgian. Miolan Carvalho—for whom Gounod wrote his Marguerite, his Mireille and his Juliet, whose Pamina in the *Enchanted Flute* was a marvel of vocal and dramatic perfection, and whose Reine Topaze still haunts the memory of those so fortunate as to have seen and heard it—is a French woman. Italy's favorite prima donna of the present day is an American lady, Mrs Jenny Van Zandt, the daughter of our well-known and patriotic townsman, Signor Blitz. The finest tenor voices now to be heard belong to Wachtel, the German, and Montaubry, Naudin and Capoul, who are Frenchmen. There are no Italian baritones to compare with the Englishman Santley and the Frenchman Faure—no Italian basso who rivals Herr Schmidt, of the Imperial Opera House at Vienna.

Against this long list we can place but few names of great Italian singers. The number comprises the veterans Mario and Ronconi, the baritone Graziani, the well-known tenor Gardoni, M'mes Penco and Trebelli, and, last and greatest, the world-renowned siren, Adelina Patti. Yet even the claims of this last to be considered an *Italian* prima donna are not incontestable, as she was born in

Spain, and grew to womanhood and received her musical education in the United States.

In 1864, Meyerbeer's opera of *L'Étoile du Nord* was revived with great splendor in London, and was sung in Italian. Yet before it could be produced it was found necessary to engage M'me Miolan Carvalho and Messieurs Naudin and Faure, all French singers, to play the parts of Catharine, Danilowitz and Peter the Great, respectively. In like manner, when *L'Africaine* was first brought out in London, Pauline Lucca and Wachtel, both Germans, were the Selika and the Vasco de Gama, of the occasion. *Le Nozze di Figaro* was performed at Drury Lane during the past season. It was produced by Mr. Mapleson with great care and with a cast of extraordinary excellence, and rewarded his task and enterprise by proving a wonderful success, every seat in the house on each occasion of its performance being occupied before the rising of the curtain. The cast of this *Italian* opera (written by a German) was as follows:

The Countess Almaviva, M'le Titieni (a Dutch woman).

Cherubino, M'le Nilsson (a Swede).

Susanna, M'le Kellogg (an American).

Count, Mr. Santley (an Englishman).

Figaro, M. Gassier (a Frenchman).

The subordinate parts, were, it is true, filled by Italians; and this fact, coupled with the idea that the words of the libretto were Italian, may afford some small consolation to the devoted admirers of "real Italian Opera."

As to composers, we have only to turn to the list of operas written during the last twenty-five years to see how little the lyric stage really owes to Italian art. No great Italian opera has been produced since *William Tell*, and very few have since seen the light which have outlived the season of their birth. Verdi, it is true, has with strange inequality of power, given to the world some magnificent scenes in combination with some utter trash, and he has written some few entire operas which, by dint of dramatic librettos, striking effects and abundance of noise, have attained



to something like enduring popularity. But setting aside his contributions to the lyric stage, what remain? Petrella's *Ione*, Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare*—the list is but a short one. Of the three most celebrated composers of the present day, Meyerbeer was a German, Gounod and Auber are Frenchmen.

Go to Germany, O lover of music! and you may listen to the operas of Beethoven, Mozart, Von Weber, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Auber, sung by fresh, well-trained voices, and with chorus and orchestra of magnificent size and unsurpassable perfection. Go to Paris, and four opera houses woo you to enter and be enchanted—namely, Les Italiens, the Grand Opera, La Lyrique and the Opera Comique, to say nothing of the witching melodies and inimitable drolleries of "Les Bouffes Parisiennes," where Offenbach is king. Go to Italy, O deluded mortal! and you will find nothing but the weakest operas of Verdi and his disciples, wretchedly sung and worse acted, but accompanied by a ballet of unparalleled splendor. The great theatres of Italy are given up to the ballet, which flourishes in rank and unwholesome luxuriance over the grave of the Lyric Drama.

Hitherto no authentic portrait of the founder of Pennsylvania was generally known to exist, with the exception of the oil painting in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, itself believed to be copied from a medallion on ivory painted in Dublin in 1666. This represents William Penn as a young man of twenty-two, in armor, with the family motto on one side (quite unfit for a Quaker)—*Pax quaritur bello*. Recently, however, an original crayon likeness of Penn, as he looked in middle life, has come to light, together with one of his second wife, Hannah Callowhill. They are in the possession of a gentleman who resides near Darlington, England, and who says that these portraits have remained, with others by the same artist—Francis Place, an ancestor of the present owner—as an heirloom in his family ever since they were drawn. A

confirmation of this assertion occurs in Surtees' *History of Durham* (vol. III., p. 371), where the author speaks of "several admirable crayon drawings by Francis Place—a fine head of Charles II. and William Penn and his wife" being among the number. One of the Penington family formerly lived near Darlington, and Place is known to have been on intimate terms with the Peningtons. It is presumed that during one of William and Hannah Penn's visits, Place, who was an amateur artist, drew these portraits: this would account for their being at Dinsdale, near Darlington, so far from Penn's residence. Photographs of these portraits have been sent to Philadelphia, and it is proposed to have them engraved to illustrate the Historical Society's forthcoming volumes of the Penn and Logan correspondence. William Penn's face is quite handsome, and has far more character than the ordinary portraits of him in later life, all of which are taken from a bust cut in ivory by Sylvanus Bevan, from recollection, after Penn's death. In addition to the above there is a painting on glass mentioned in *The Penns and Peningtons*, which has been conjectured to be a likeness of Penn, but which is far from being well authenticated, and which more probably represents one of the Gurney family.

. . . It has been falsely announced that the novelist "Ouidá" was recently married in Paris; and a passenger on one of the Cunard steamers the other day assumed to be Ouidá. That author writes us that she will be obliged to any editor who will be good enough to contradict these claims.

. . . The Hon. Amasa Walker, author of the valuable articles on Currency and Finance which have appeared from time to time in *Lippincott's Magazine*, is now engaged in preparing the fifth edition of his *Science of Wealth*. This excellent work has been quite generally adopted by colleges throughout the United States as a text-book of Political Economy.

The remains of a large reptile have

been recently discovered in Kansas, near the present terminus of the railroad. The skeleton, according to information obtained from Dr. W. H. Webb, Secretary of the National Land Company of Kansas, is about seventy feet in length, the vertebra nearest the head being nearly eight inches in diameter, those at the end of the tail but one inch. The jaws are five feet in length, and contain many teeth, the form of which has not been made known to us. In a previous number we mentioned the discovery of another reptile—*Elasmosaurus platyrus*, about forty feet in length, the remains of which have since been deposited in the Academy of Natural Sciences. The presumption is, that both these are from the same geological formation—the middle group of the Cretaceous.

A gentleman just returned from London reports that the urbane and conciliatory yet dignified manners of the American Minister and his accomplished wife have produced a most favorable impression upon English society. In conversation Mr. Johnson desired that his countrymen should know that "the American claims are in process of rapid adjustment, and will be settled in entire accordance with the wishes of the United States Government." It is to be hoped that, so far as the principle of paying the Alabama claims in full is concerned, our government has not dared to yield an iota from the demand for an unconditional surrender. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*

... Another, recently from Paris, sends us the following, which was going the round of the *salons*: A young and handsome American lady was recently presented at the French Court by Minister Dix. The Emperor inquired her name, and being informed that it was Helen, gallantly said, "I should like to be Paris." To which she replied, "That is impossible, sire, since you are France."

... The following anecdote is also current in Paris, illustrative of the well-known ill-feeling existing between the Emperor and his Republican cousin, the Prince Napoleon: The Emperor's

son asked his father to explain the difference between the words *accident* and *malheur*. His Majesty replied: "If your cousin should fall into the river Seine, that would be an *accident*, but if he should be rescued, that would be a *malheur*."

... The Emperor learned a year or two ago that the Americans in Paris complained that they could not get any good cigars; whereupon His Majesty ordered an agent to be sent out to Cuba with instructions to secure a regular supply of the best Havana cigars for the service of the Imperial tobacco monopoly. The consequence is, that now all our countrymen's wants are well supplied.

... A gentleman who was honored by the Emperor with an interview in the private apartments of His Majesty at the Tuileries, was surprised to find lying on the table of the room into which he was ushered a copy of Victor Hugo's *Napoleon le Petit*. As he picked up the terrible volume, the subject of it came into the room, and seeing what had attracted his visitor's attention, quietly remarked, "*Victor Hugo le Grand!*"

... The *Charivari*, giving credit to the *Moniteur* for the news that Mlle Déjazet has just made her first communion at Lyons, at the age of sixty-two years, adds, "This awaits *confirmation*."

... An English lady observed to a Philadelphia lady: "How beautifully your city must be situated, with the De la Warr on one side and the Squirrel-queue on the other!"

... Two members of Congress, about forty years ago, were in company with some other gentlemen. In the course of conversation one of them (Gouverneur Morris) pronounced the name *Gertrude*, *Fertrude*. "Not Jertrude, but Gertrude," said the other: "in the beginning of words, G is always hard." "I will try to remember it," said his friend. Shortly afterward, the one who had made the correction spoke of his travels in Germany, on which Morris inquired: "When you were in Germany, did you see anything of Lord Gorge Germain?"

... The clerk of a district attorney in Schuylkill county was in the habit of taking bribes for using his influence to have cases in the quarter sessions continued. A German farmer waited on him to ask for his services in a case where there were many witnesses from a distance who wished to go home. "I will do what I can for you," said the clerk, "but if I succeed, it will cost you a *ten*." "Will not a *five* do?" said the farmer. "No; it must be a *ten*," said the clerk; and the farmer finally agreed to pay a ten. The case was continued, and on leaving the court the clerk applied to the farmer for his pay, who offered him a ten-cent piece. "I was to get ten dollars," said the clerk. "There was nothing said about dollars," said the farmer. "Here is the ten that I promised; and if you think I was wrong, just ask the opinion of the court about it;" and he went away, leaving the clerk unpaid.

... When the Philadelphia prison was at the south-east corner of Walnut and Sixth streets, and what is now Washington Square was Potter's Field, Dr. Dorsey resided in Walnut street, in the first house west of Potter's Field, the site of which at present is occupied by the Saving Fund Society. Dr. Chapman, one day, looking out of one of the eastern windows, said to Dr. Dorsey, "Doctor, you have got but a gloomy prospect beyond the grave."

... When William M. C—— applied for admission to the Philadelphia bar, Edward E. Ingraham was one of his examiners. Knowing that Mr. C——, who was a young man of fortune, had no intention of practicing, he put but one question to him, which was: "Mr. C——, how do you make chicken salad?" Mr. C—— described the process. "Very satisfactory," said Mr. Ingraham, who immediately signed his certificate.

... Mr. Girard was much of a physiognomist. On one occasion, whilst he was engaged in his counting-house with some persons, a man came in to purchase some article of which Mr. Girard had a stock on hand. "I do not

wish to sell any of it just now," said Mr. Girard. After the man had gone away he said to those present: "I do not like that man's looks." This had been his motive in refusing to sell. A few days afterward the man committed a fraudulent insolvency. Mr. Girard escaped being one of his victims.

... A person who had visited Annapolis on business was preparing to depart after he had concluded it. "You are not going away already?" said one of his friends. "I thought you would spend the day here." "Oh, no," answered the stranger: "life is too short to spend a day in Annapolis."

MR. EDITOR: The following plays might perhaps be properly placed on the same shelf with the works whose titles are mentioned in No. 4 of your Gossip:

Boston Modesty: An Extravaganza. By the author of "London Assurance."

Old Rye: An Interlude. By the author of "Wild Oats."

The Black Buck: A Serio-Comedy. By the author of "The White Fawn." (Played with great applause at the colored theatres.)

White Calves: A Ballet. By the author of "Black Sheep."

She Lies Down to Lecture: A Romance in Real Life, being a Sequel to "She Stoops to Conquer." By Mr. Caudle.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts. By Greenbacks. (A Tragedy.)

The Polite Mule-Driver: A Screaming Farce. By the author of "The Gentle Shepherd."

Still Waters Run Deep: A Mystery. By a Distiller, whose apparatus is in his sub-cellar.

Enraging a Bumble-bee: A Pastoral Comedy. By the Author of "Taming a Butterfly."

Spiders on the Ceiling: A Domestic Drama. By the author of "Flies in the Web."

Over the Fire: A Spectacle. By the author of "Under the Gaslight." (Time—July, 1868. Place—Philadelphia. Thermometer—104 in the shade. Scene—A kitchen with a range in the foreground.)

To the above might perhaps be added a novel or two, as, for instance:

Going to Jail. By the author of "Waiting for the Verdict."

Out of Stocks. By the author of "In Bonds." L. H. H.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

*Principles of Geology; or, The Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, considered as illustrative of Geology.* By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart. Tenth and entirely revised edition. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 8vo. pp. 671, 649.

The science of Geology has advanced so rapidly during the fifteen years which have elapsed since the ninth edition of Lyell's *Principles* was published, and the subjects (such as the Antiquity of Man and Darwin's Theory of Species) which have been discussed for the first time during that interval are so important, that the summing up of our existing knowledge, which is contained in the present edition of Mr. Lyell's great work, will be of interest to every thinking mind. Indeed it may be said that there are portions of the present work which every intelligent man will read with a more eager interest than he would the last new novel.

The chapter on the Progressive Development of Organic Life at Successive Geological Periods has been entirely rewritten, and the author gives his assent to the theory proposed by Lamarck sixty years ago, that life first showed itself on the earth in the simplest forms, which were followed successively by shells, fishes, reptiles, birds, quadrupeds, and finally by man himself. In former editions Mr. Lyell indulged freely in doubts as to the soundness of the theory of progression. "But," he says, "after numerous corrections have been made as to the date of the earliest signs of life on the globe, and the periods when more highly organized beings, whether animal or vegetable, first entered on the stage, the original theory may be defended in a form but slightly modified. . . . We have been fairly led by paleontological researches to the conclusion that the invertebrate animals flourished before the vertebrate, and that in the latter class fish, reptiles, birds and mammalia made their appearance in a chronological order analogous to that in which they would be arranged zoologically according to an advancing scale of perfection in their organization." This theory, indeed, may now be said to be generally accepted by scientific men.

Hardly less interesting is the doctrine of Lyell himself, now widely received among

geologists, which, rejecting the theories which assume sudden and violent catastrophes and revolutions of the whole earth and its inhabitants, accounts for all the past changes on our globe by the agency of causes still existing, and at work as vigorously now as at any former period. Of this theory, as combined with that of a progressive advance in time of organized life, Mr. Darwin's hypothesis of a gradual and insensible modification of older pre-existing forms may be said to be merely a development, and accordingly it is not surprising to find Mr. Lyell a decided advocate of the views advanced in the celebrated *Origin of Species*. Nine chapters in the second volume of the work before us are devoted to this important subject, including a most interesting section on "Man Considered with Reference to his Origin and Geographical Distribution." Mr. Lyell is a believer in the doctrine of the descent of all mankind from a single stock. What that stock is may be inferred from the cautious phraseology in which the author expresses views which in Page's recent work, entitled *Man, Whence and Whither?* are more distinctly uttered:

"Was Lamarck right, assuming progressive development to be true, in supposing that the changes of the organic world may have been effected by the gradual and insensible modification of older pre-existing forms? Dr. Darwin, without absolutely proving this, has made it appear in the highest degree probable by an appeal to many distinct and independent classes of phenomena in Natural History and Geology, but principally by showing the manner in which a multitude of new and competing varieties are always made to survive in the struggle for life. The tenor of his reasoning is not to be gainsaid by affirming that the causes and processes which bring about the improvement or differentiation of organs, and the general advance of the organic world from the simpler to the more complex, remain as inscrutable to us as ever.

"When first the doctrine of the origin of species by transmutation was proposed, it was objected that such a theory substituted a material, self-adjusting machinery for a Supreme Creative Intelligence. But the more the idea of a slow and insensible change

from lower to higher organisms, brought about in the course of millions of generations according to a preconceived plan, has become familiar to men's minds, the more conscious they have become that the amount of power, wisdom, design or forethought required for such a gradual evolution of life is as great as that which is implied by a multitude of separate, special and miraculous acts of creation.

"A more serious cause of disquiet and alarm arises out of the supposed bearing of this same doctrine on the origin of man and his place in nature. It is clearly seen that there is such a close affinity, such an identity in all essential points in our corporeal structure and in many of our instincts and passions, with those of the lower animals—that man is so completely subjected to the same general laws of reproduction, increase, growth, disease and death—that if progressive development, spontaneous variation and natural selection have for millions of years directed the changes of the rest of the organic world, we cannot expect to find that the human race has been exempted from the same continuous process of evolution. Such a near bond of connection between man and the rest of the animate creation is regarded by many as derogatory to our dignity. It certainly gives a rude shock to many traditional beliefs, and dispels some poetic illusions respecting an ideal genealogy which scarcely appeared less than that of an archangel ruined.

"But we have already had to exchange the pleasing conceptions indulged in by poets and theologians as to the high position in the scale of being held by our early progenitors for more humble and lowly beginnings, the joint labors of the geologist and archaeologist having left us in no doubt of the ignorance and barbarism of paleolithic Man.

"We are sometimes tempted to ask whether the time will ever arrive when Science shall have obtained such an ascendancy in the education of the millions that it will be possible to welcome new truths, instead of always looking upon them with fear and disquiet, and to hail every important victory gained over error, instead of resisting the new discovery long after the evidence in its favor is conclusive. The motion of our planet around the sun, the shape of the earth, the existence of the antipodes, the vast antiquity of our globe, the distinct assemblages of species of animals and plants by which it was successively inhabited, and, lastly, the antiquity and barbarism of primæval Man,—all these generalizations, when first announced,

have been a source of anxiety and unhappiness. The future now opening before us begins already to reveal new doctrines, if possible more than ever out of harmony with cherished associations of thought. It is therefore desirable, when we contrast ourselves with the rude and superstitious savages who preceded us, to remember, as cultivators of Science, that the high comparative place which we have reached in the scale of being has been gained, step by step, by a conscientious study of natural phenomena, and by fearlessly teaching the doctrines to which they point. It is by faithfully weighing evidence, without regard to preconceived notions, by earnestly and patiently searching for what is true, not what we wish to be true, that we have attained that dignity which we may in vain hope to claim through the rank of an ideal parentage."

This eloquent passage will find an echo in the breast of every lover of truth; but it is one thing to be ready to follow Truth whithersoever she leads, and quite another to accept a theory which denies that stability of species on which the science of natural history is based. It may be granted that the doctrine of universal progress by law tends to dissipate the gloomy and heathenish notion that there is something malignant in Nature, and to elevate our conception of the foresight, wisdom and power of the Creator; but, regarding it from a scientific point of view merely, it would be rash to jump to the conclusion that man is developed from the ape. Progress is a fact—progress by natural selection, a theory. Much patient investigation and cautious induction are necessary before theories so startling as those of Darwin can be accepted; and so long as men like Von Baer, Faivre, Agassiz and Dawson reject them, while Owen refuses to speak, it is not safe for the unlearned to pin their faith even upon Sir Charles Lyell.

Old Deccan Days: or, Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India. Collected by M. Frere. Narrated by Anna Liberata de Souza. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 342.

These are the household stories of India, embedding much wisdom, but chiefly good because combining all the excellences of stories for children with an insight into the traditions of primitive times not unworthy to be studied by folks of matured years. As the Peris, whereof they summon many, gossamer-winged, lustrous and dewy, are visible



in them but to the little ones, and known to the parents solely by their prattled report, so it will be that the legends themselves, pure as *Peris*, will come only to the mother's cognizance because of the small brains to be charmed by them. Were there no children at our knee, we would know, mayhap, naught of *Anna Liberata*. But when known, hers is found to be a literature of some importance to the student; and truly there are characteristics altogether lovely, alike in her life and in her tales, which commend both to a full consideration.

Her grandfather's family were of the *Lingaet* caste, and lived at *Calicut*; but they went and settled near *Goa*, on the *Arabian Sea*, at the time the English were there, where they became Christians, and, whilst enrolling themselves as followers of the foreigners' one God, likewise served in the armies of their new friends—fighting for temporal glory with them, as well as for a spiritual crown. The worldly profit, of course, lay all one way. *Tippo Sahib* was their dread foe, and *Wellesley Sahib* was their hero, as, in truth, he was the hero of most people in any degree akin to the dominant nation in that part of India—of the woman *Charlotte Brontë*, in the distant island, and of the other loving creature, this uneducated *Anna Liberata de Souza*, living and developing her brain on *guavas*; each observant, each in her own degree reverential and appreciative of the giant qualities of *Wellington*, but having nothing else in common.

*Anna's* own story is as good as the stories she repeats. These were given her by her grandmother, who, outliving her grandfather, served *Anna's* mother in many ways, keeping the house in order and ruling the children. They were nine, all told, "and, like all children, great little fidgets." After age had crept upon her, ending her labors in the bazaar, whither, when lusty, she went to grind rice for half a rupee in money and the bran and chaff besides, the "granny" scarce left the house, and wooed the eager brats at the roadside to abandon the dust and stones in the sun by the ancient *Orpheus'* strategy of sweetly-whispered tales. They clustered under the hut's shadow to hear her odd histories. There can be no doubt that they tormented and hurt the good old creature, who served up her entertainment untiringly for hours. She filled her office well. For years thus she did the mother the great service of keeping accidents and illnesses from her offspring; and that she failed not as long as na-

ture vouchsafed her the power is clear from the number and the oral report of *Anna's* stories, all of which must have been many times repeated to have remained for years so safely unwritten, ere *Liberata*, in her turn a child's gossip, reproduced them.

The pure morality of this old Indian makes a great charm and strong recommendation of the book. Her Eastern tongue added Eastern glories to the ordinary nursery tales of Nature and her handiwork. She made a pretty account of everything, and explained the mysteries of the universe only by suggesting other things mysterious—a manner most charming and alone impressive to children. She pointed a finger at the stars in the tropical heavens, and called the Milky Way the *Ascension Path*, the *Southern Cross* their Saviour's cross, whereon He bled for them. She liked not stars with smoky tails—meaning war, she feared. And when a star fell, she bowed her old head to her knees, for it betokened that a great man had died at that falling.

All these very superstitious, very pretty fancies of comets and meteors, of the fixed glories of the heavens, and indeed all her odd sayings of the *Peris*, the *Rakshas*, the *Cobras*, are not the less wholly healthful, pure and instructive. And there was a sincerity in her belief astonishing in its completeness—the faith of a Hindoo creature with no heritage of like faith, quite beautiful and touching. The strength of this and its largeness are shown in the habit, recorded of her, of never failing, when she saw Hindoo deities, a red stone, an image of *Gunputti*, to kneel and frame a prayer before it, saying, "Maybe there is something in it"—a faith like that of the Gentile who sought chance crumbs from the alien table of the Jew, murmuring, *Peradventure* there was grace there; and linking her in her womanhood to the patriarch's wife, who, centuries back, got dates and bread for her angel visitors, smiling in her glee at the fulfilment of her life's faithful hope.

When *Anna* the grandchild was twelve years of age, she married, and, after bearing her husband two children, she was left a widow at twenty; so that, as in other climes is apt to be the case, the burden of her support was shifted to her own shoulders. She entered the service of the English, her children hanging at her spare skirts, and in time got to repeating to the little ones of her mistress the old *Deccan* legends which her grandmother had given her.

The Moonstone. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper and Bros. 8vo. pp. 212.

"I'm sick to death of novels with an earnest purpose. I'm sick to death of outbursts of eloquence, and large-minded philanthropy, and graphic descriptions, and unsparing anatomy of the human heart, and all that sort of thing. Good gracious me! Isn't it the original intention or purpose, or whatever you call it, of a work of fiction, to set out distinctly by telling a story? And how many of these books, I should like to know, do that? Why, so far as telling a story is concerned, the greater part of them might as well be sermons as novels. Oh, dear me! what I want is something that seizes hold of my interest, and makes me forget when it is time to dress for dinner—something that keeps me reading, reading, reading, in a breathless state, to find out the end."

Wilkie Collins' confession of faith as a novelist is comprised in the above speech of his sprightly heroine, Miss Jessie Yelverton, in *The Queen of Hearts*. He is emphatically a story-writer. He is unrivaled in the construction of an elaborate and intricate plot, and he certainly succeeds in making his readers "go on reading, reading, reading, in a breathless state, to find out the end."

Wilkie Collins' career has been a progressive one. There are some ardent novel-readers who will doubtless remember the publication, years ago, of *Antonina*, and a few years later of *Basil*—two books of singular power, but which, we believe, were failures; and no wonder. *Antonina*, a tale of the days of ancient Rome, was filled with ghastly pictures of famine, murder and other "onpleasantnesses," while *Basil* was a veritable literary nightmare. The very force and vigor of the author only served to add to the discomfort of the reader by making its painful pictures strangely vivid and impressive. The scarred face of the fiend, Mannion, and the fever-deathbed of Margaret Sherwin, have haunted many an imagination in persistent and uncomfortable fashion. Soon after Mr. Dickens commenced the publication of *Household Words*, there appeared in that periodical a number of short stories which were remarkable for the perfection of their style, the elaboration and originality of their plots and their general artistic finish. "A Terribly Strange Bed," "Sister Rose," "The Yellow Mask," etc., were praised, reprinted and universally read, and were afterward issued in book-form in various collections, under the titles of *After Dark*, *The Queen of Hearts*, etc.

Then came a novel, *The Dead Secret*, also published in *Household Words*, in which the wonderful skill of the author in constructing and unfolding a plot was for the first time fully displayed. *The Woman in White* followed, and the claims of Wilkie Collins to be considered a great novelist were at once firmly established. *No Name* and *Armada* succeeded—both, however, inferior to *The Woman in White*.

Wilkie Collins is, however, no mere weaver of intricate plots—no teller of elaborately constructed stories only. Few characters in modern fiction are as well drawn and sustained as that of Count Fosco, the cool, sensible, intellectual villain in *The Woman in White*, or the swindling but soft-hearted Captain Wragge in *No Name*. Collins also possesses, in common with Anthony Trollope, the power of delineating a heroine who shall be neither a dressed-up doll nor an impossible angel. Rosamond in *The Dead Secret*, Magdalen Vanstone in *No Name*, Marion Holcomb in *The Woman in White*, and Rachel Verinder in the book before us, bear witness to the truth of this assertion. Nor does his powerful mind and pencil fail when called upon to depict scenes of purer and gentler emotion. Rosamond, revealing the "dead secret" to her blind husband, and the vigil of Rachel Verinder beside her sleeping lover, are pictures drawn with a touch truthful, delicate and tender as that of a woman.

The novel that now lies before us is the best that Mr. Collins has of late years given to the world, and we are inclined to consider it, with the one exception of *The Woman in White*, the best he has ever written. The story is singularly original; and when we remember the force and extent of Hindoo superstition, we can scarcely venture to pronounce it improbable. And how admirably is the story told! Clear, lucid and forcible in style, never straying into the alluring but pernicious paths of description or dissertation, the narrative moves onward in its unbroken and entrancing course. Let the impatient reader, hurrying to reach the dénouement, skip half a dozen pages. Instantly the thread of the story is broken, the tale becomes incomprehensible, the incidents lose their coherence. *The Moonstone* is a perfect work of art, and to remove any portion of the cunningly constructed fabric destroys the completeness and beauty of the whole. We will not attempt to give any sketch of the plot or *résumé* of the incidents. Suffice it to say that the story turns on the fortunes of an Indian diamond (which

gives its name to the book), stolen from the shrine of a Hindoo idol, and bequeathed, with sinister purpose, by a vindictive uncle to his unloved niece.

It would be well if some of the New England writers, who look upon a novel as a mere vehicle for the introduction of morbid and unwholesome metaphysical and psychological studies, or long dissertations on Art—well enough in their way perhaps, but strangely out of place in a story—would study the elements of their art from Wilkie Collins. Then would the words "American novel" cease to be synonymous with weariness of spirit and much yawning on the part of the reader; and arguments for amalgamation would be placed before the public in their naked deformity, instead of under the thin disguise of novels possessing little plot and less probability.

### *Books Received.*

**The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors:** with some inquiries respecting their moral and literary characters, and Memoirs for our Literary History. By Isaac Disraeli. Edited by his son, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 349, 411.

**A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant.** Illustrated by twenty-six Engravings, eight fac-similes of Letters and six Maps. With a portrait and sketch of Schuyler Colfax. By Alfred D. Richardson. Hartford: American Publishing Company. 8vo. pp. 560.

**Our Branch and its Tributaries;** being a History of the Work of the North-western Sanitary Commission and its Auxiliaries during the war of the Rebellion. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell. 8vo. pp. 432.

**Excelsior;** or, Essays on Politeness, Education and the means of Attaining Success in Life. Part I. For Young Gentlemen, by T. E. Howard, A. M. Part II. For Young Ladies, by a Lady. (R. V. R.) Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 12mo. pp. 290.

**The Invasion of the Crimea:** its Origin, and an account of its Progress down to the death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. With Maps and Plans. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 632.

**Recollections of a Busy Life:** including Reminiscences of American Politics and

Politicians; to which are added Miscellaneous. By Horace Greeley; with Portrait. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 8vo. pp. 624.

**Life in the Old World;** or, Two Years in Switzerland and Italy. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 488, 474.

**A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America.** By Nathaniel H. Bishop. With an Introduction by Edward A. Samuels, Esq. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 310.

**If, Yes and Perhaps.** Four Possibilities and six Exaggerations, with some bits of Fact. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 296.

**Sydney Adriance;** or, Trying the World. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 355.

**Dotty Dimple Out West.** By Sophia May. Author of "Little Prudy Stories," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 171.

**Freaks of Fortune;** or, Half Round the World. By Oliver Optic. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 302.

**The Little Spaniard;** or, Old Jose's Grandson. By May Manning. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 221.

**Make or Break;** or, The Rich Man's Daughter. By Oliver Optic. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 328.

**The Lily of the Valley;** or, Margie and I; and other Poems. By Amy Gray. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 12mo. pp. 114.

**The New England Tragedies.** By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 179.

**The Half-Dollar Edition of Tennyson's Poems.** Complete. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 244.

**Lives of Horatio Seymour and Frank P. Blair, Jr.** Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 95.

**What Answer?** By Anna E. Dickinson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 301.

**Smoking and Drinking.** By James Parton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 151.

**The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly.** A Novel. New York: Harper and Bros. 8vo.

**Life Below.** In Seven Poems. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. 286.

**Atlantic Almanac, 1860.** Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 4to.



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